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TOM MEANY'S 1954 BASEBALL PREDICTIONS

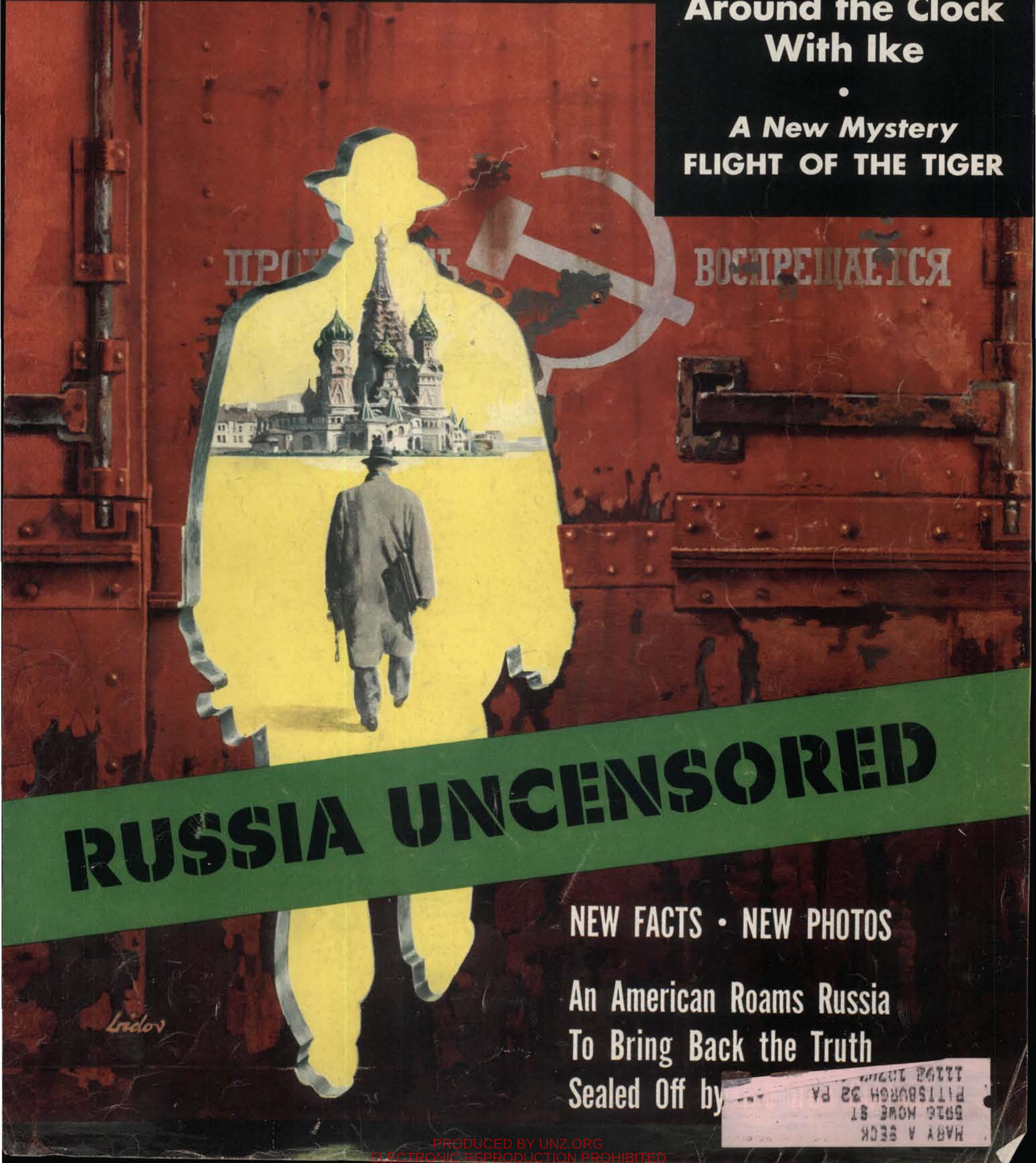
•

Around the Clock With Ike

•

A New Mystery

FLIGHT OF THE TIGER



RUSSIA UNCENSORED

NEW FACTS • NEW PHOTOS

An American Roams Russia
To Bring Back the Truth
Sealed Off by

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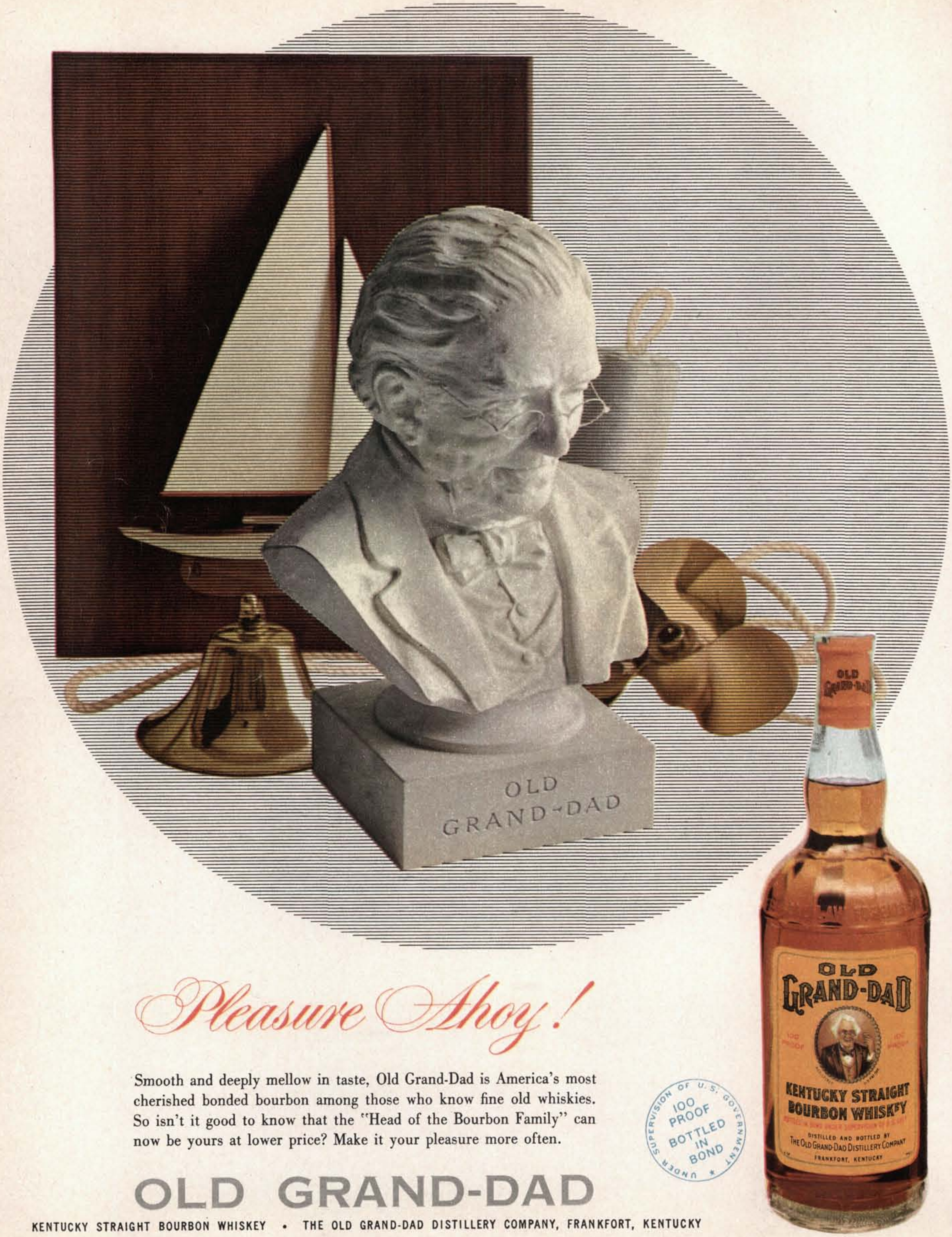
MARY A BECK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100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
100 PROOF
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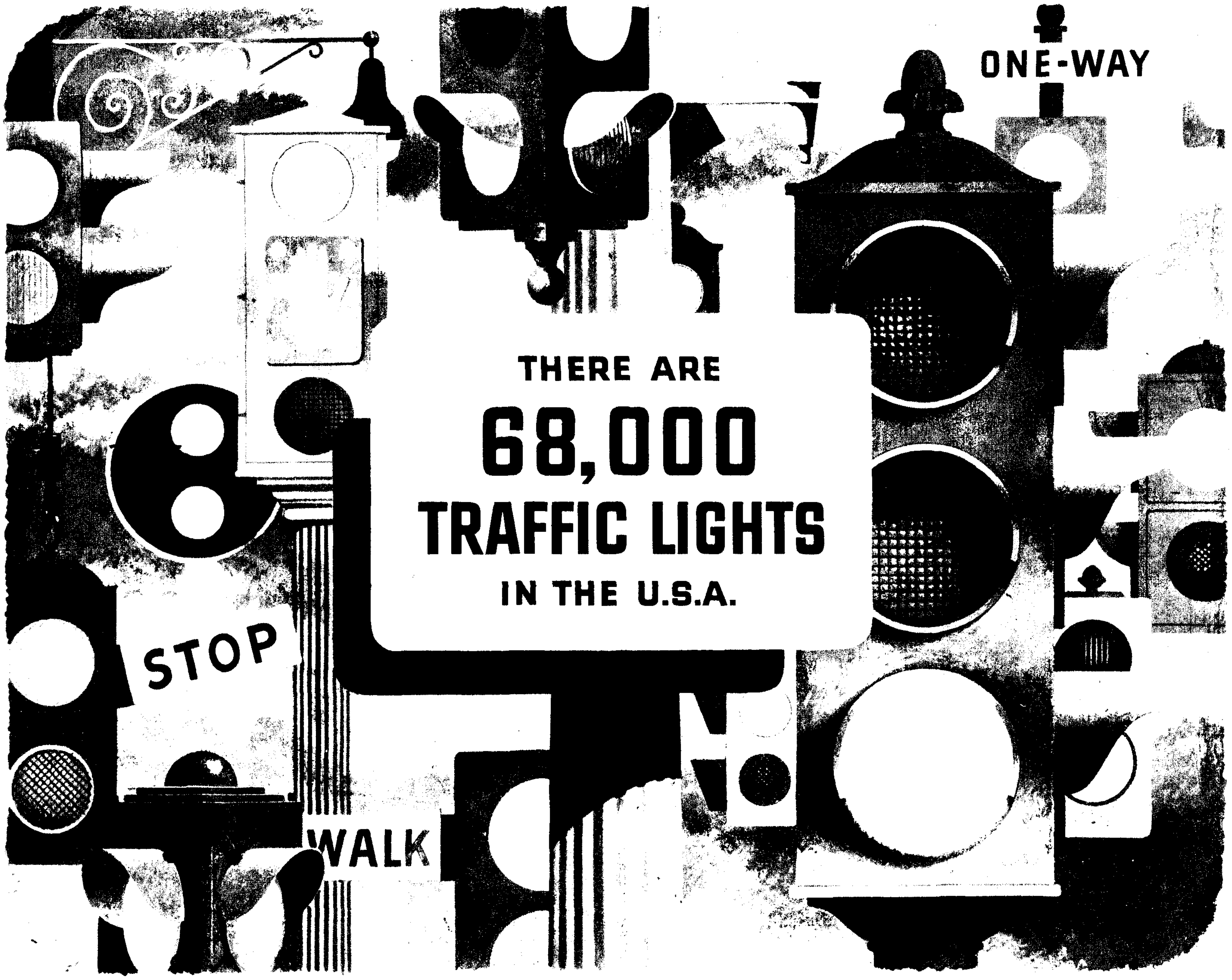

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Enjoy full power—
use high-octane
"ETHYL" gasoline!

Picture OF THE MONTH

In a wonderfully gay and giddy Valentine's gift from the studios of M-G-M, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, America's favorite couple of television, come to us in a full length feature film "The Long, Long Trailer".

It's a real delight to see the stars of TV's top-ranking "I Love Lucy" program, appearing together for the first time on a motion picture screen bigger than life-size and twice as natural, all filmed in beautiful color. And their story of a happy, scrappy honeymoon on wheels is every bit as original and refreshing as you'd expect.

Here we see Desi as Nickie, a young construction engineer about to marry an impulsive and exuberant redhead named Tacy. She reads a trailer advertisement, and catches fire with the idea that with a cottage on wheels she could make a real home for him wherever his work takes him.

In her own irrepressible, irresistible way she maneuvers him into a trailer show, where he finds himself signing up for a king-sized mobile mansion complete with dishwasher, laundromat, tiled shower and fluorescent lighting. "Look how we're saving, Nickie. This $5150 trailer costs only $1700, down payment." The real fun begins when they wheel "The Whale" out into traffic, never quite sure whether they are pulling it or being pushed.

There are wonderful sequences where Nickie takes a bath in a stall shower built for midgets—or when the bright-eyed bride undertakes her first meal out of cooking school in a kitchenette that's jolting over a bumpy back road to a wild, weird symphony of pots and pans cascading about her.

Their honeymoon trip, through the majestic scenery of our great national parks, the Arizona desert, the Redwood forests and the lake country of the Northwest, is shown in glowing color photography that will thrill you, despite the way Nick and Tacy blunder through this wonderland in their smile-a-minute safari.

There are nice comic assists from Marjorie Main as a too-friendly trailerite; and from Keenan Wynn as a too-courteous cop.

All in all, "The Long, Long Trailer" is the picture you would expect from director Vincente Minnelli of "Father Of The Bride" fame and producer Pandro S. Berman who did "Knights of the Round Table". Consider it a "must" on your movie calendar!

* * *

M-G-M presents LUCILLE BALL, DESI ARNAZ in "THE LONG, LONG TRAILER" with MARJORIE MAIN, KEENAN WYNN. Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Based on the novel by Clinton Twiss. Photographed in Ansco Color, Print by Technicolor. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

An M-G-M 30th Anniversary Jubilee Picture!

Collier's

MARCH 5, 1954

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THE COVER . . Arthur Lidov

Marshall MacDuffie, an American lawyer, has just returned from the Soviet Union with the most complete report yet of life in postwar Russia. Lavishly illustrated with photos by the author, it begins on page 90. The cover painting symbolizes Mr. MacDuffie's passage through the iron curtain (bearing the legend in Russian, "It is forbidden to pass"). In the background is a familiar Moscow landmark—St. Basil's Cathedral, on famed Red Square

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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If you drive carefully, like the man in this picture, you're not likely to get into auto accidents.

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- ☐ **Avoid passing on hills or curves**
- ☐ **Avoid mixing alcohol and gasoline**
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INSURANCE

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. . . when the third's a Mars Bar. Thick milk chocolate . . . crisp, crunchy almonds . . . fluffy creamy nougat. A wholesome *energy food.* Stop at the next candy counter for your April Fuel!

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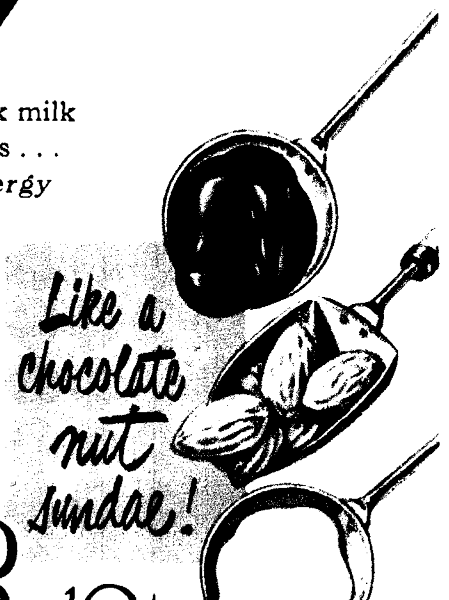
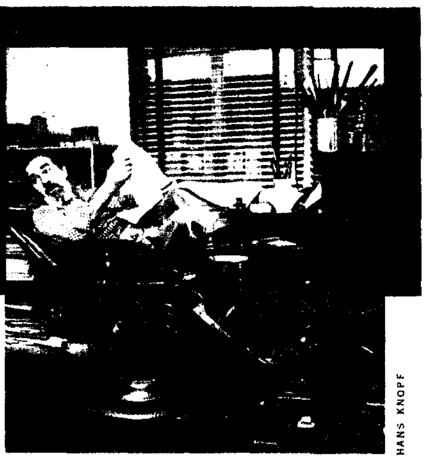

Like a chocolate nut sundae!

COLLIER'S CREDITS..


HANS KNOPF

Artist Al Hirschfeld at work

UNLIKE the average man, whose mind goes into a soothing state of torpor the instant he sinks into a barber chair, artist Al Hirschfeld never does a lick of work *unless* he's sitting or reclining in a barber chair. The unretouched photograph has doubtless already revealed our feeble jest. For 25 years this tonsorial chair has been an adjunct to Hirschfeld's drawing board and is, he asserts, "the most functional piece of furniture ever designed."

The St. Louis-born (1903) sculptor and artist, whose familiar technique now graces John O'Hara's new Collier's column, was educated here and abroad, is permanently represented in noted art museums and has illustrated many books, one being Westward Ha! (1948) by S. J. Perelman, with whom the artist lightheartedly circled the globe, and one being his own Show Business Is No Business (1951). Since 1925 he has produced theatrical caricatures for The New York Times, and his proudest possession, besides his red-haired wife (actress Dolly Haas), is their daughter Nina (eight) whose name he occasionally weaves into his pen-and-ink pictures. Because the Times engravers vie with one another in finding Nina, we thought you might like to try to locate her in a Collier's drawing. It's on page 16. At least, Hirschfeld *says* the name is there and that it's not his fault if our own eyesight is on the blunt side.

Charisse and Florea

* * *

FICTIONEER John D. MacDonald, last represented serially in these pages by My Brother's Widow (March and April, 1952), calls himself a very dull-type writer who gets up in the morning and works until around five, including some Sundays. After that he likes drinks, food, conversation, chess, bridge, "hi-fi" music and living, presently in Sarasota, with Mrs. MacDonald. If this is a dull life, we'll swap chores with the author and no questions asked. In any event, there's nothing dull about his new serial, Flight of the Tiger, which awaits your rapt attention on page 28 and is warranted to hold it through the next two issues.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHERS are a versatile breed, a statement we make on the strength of John Florea's zeal in emulating the specialties of the people he pictures. Someday we expect to be handed some such wire as this from our West Coast staffer: MY COVERAGE OF AVIATION STORY DELAYED BECAUSE JET PLANE I DRIVING YESTERDAY WITH LEFT HAND CRASHED SOUND BARRIER AND BUSTED CAMERA IN MY RIGHT HAND. WIRE 200 DOLLARS EXPENSES.

Today's example of Florea's fervor on an assignment is graphically represented herewith. The lady is ballerina Cyd Charisse (for bigger and better photographs of this talented beauty, see page 24 *et al.*); the lithe gent in the loafers and shockproof wrist watch is our boy John. Cyd Charisse removed her slippers for this informal shot and shortly thereafter sprained a toe while executing a graceful leap, but the injury did not prevent her from keeping a movie shooting schedule a couple of days later.

* * *

"IN ASSEMBLING information for the Baseball Preview on page you-insert-number-of," writes contributing editor Tom Meany on a machine that needs a new ribbon, "I found it necessary to consult many of the game's bigwigs, including Commissioner Ford C. Frick and restaurateur Toots Shor, who runs a restaurat. *(Note to proofreaders: joke.)* Mr. Frick is paid to supervise the game; Mr. Shor attempts to supervise it for free. Shor carries a bit more weight than Frick (see photo below), but not at baseball's council tables, where it counts."

Well, Tom, the Preview page number is 20. And now that all the frivolities have been observed, we extend an unlimited Credit to our glib colleague for his ability to take over a radio mike at a game without notice or notes and deliver an unbroken stream of informative chatter that has sent many a pro announcer to the showers. In connection with his oratorical powers, following a talk he gave at the Touchdown Club Dinner in Washington a few weeks ago, sports analyst Meany received a communication which reads in part: "Your talk Saturday night was tops. It was a beautiful after-dinner speech. I congratulate you." Signed: Wm. O. Douglas, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Don't just stand there, Meany, old boy. Say something.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

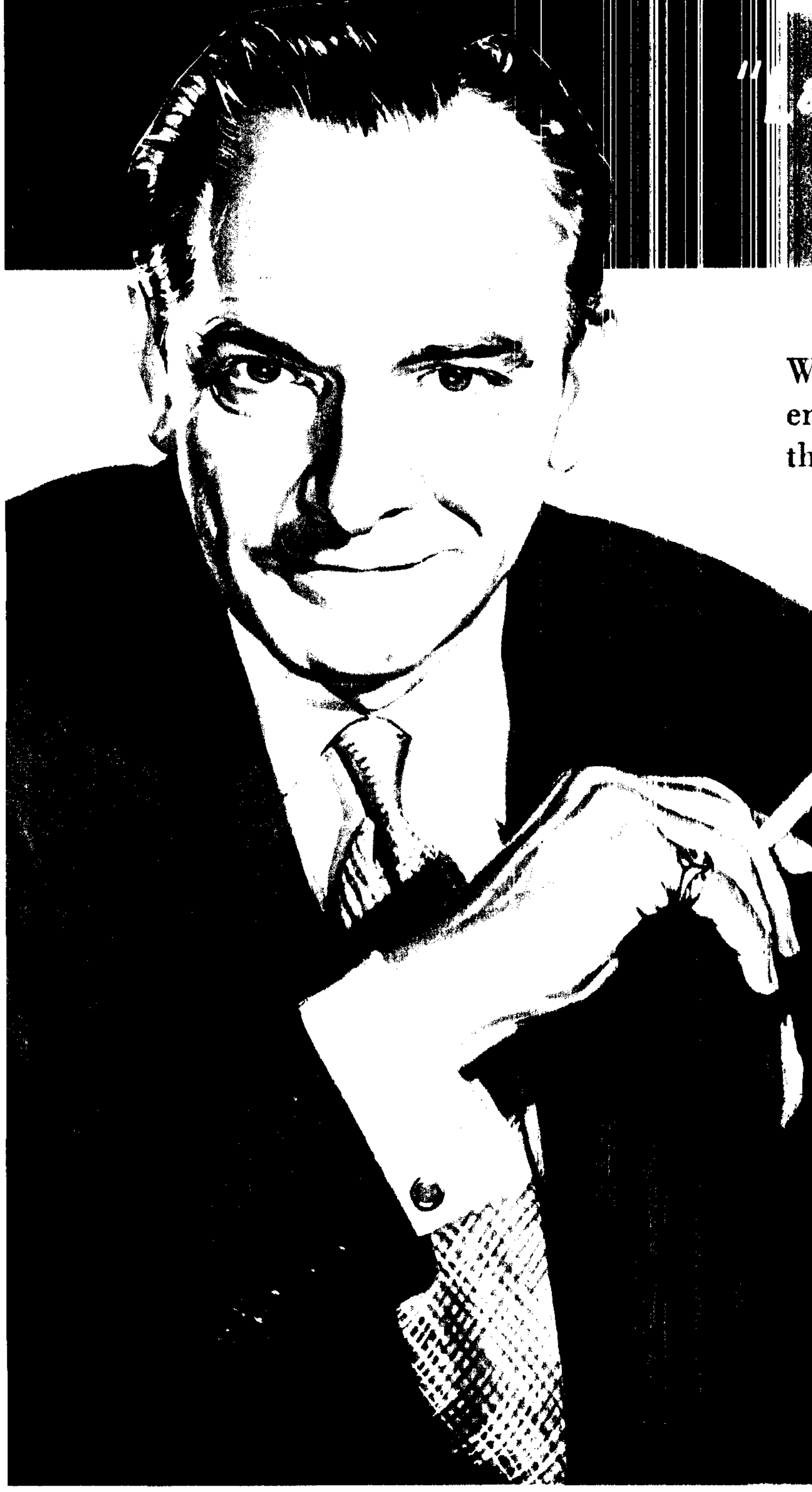
HUGH BRODERICK

Frick . . . Meany . . . Shor

Fredric March says—

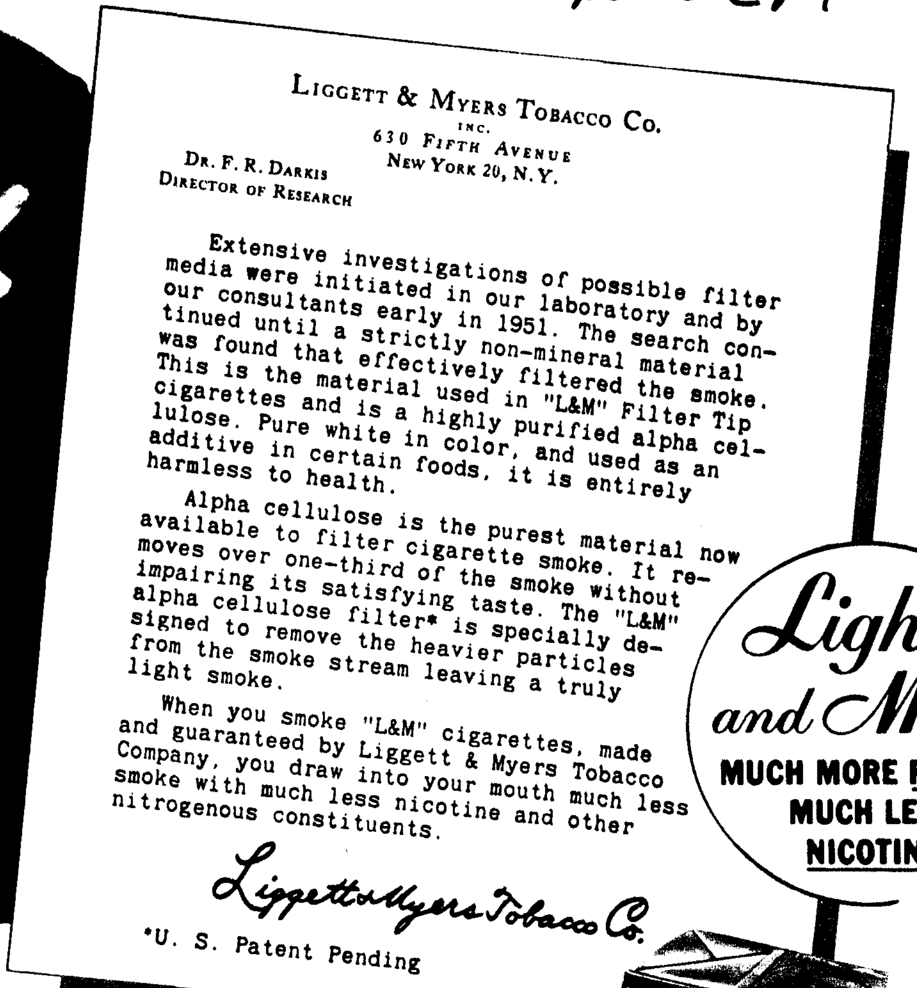
THIS IS IT

"L&M FILTERS ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!"



When I read Dr. Darkis' letter I tried L&M Filters. I'm really enthusiastic about them. They're a wonderful smoke—with a filter that really does the job. I'm sure you'll like them as much as I do.

Fredric March



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630 FIFTH AVENUE
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DR. F. R. DARKIS
DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH

Extensive investigations of possible filter media were initiated in our laboratory and by our consultants early in 1951. The search continued until a strictly non-mineral material was found that effectively filtered the smoke. This is the material used in "L&M" Filter Tip cigarettes and is a highly purified alpha cellulose. Pure white in color, and used as an additive in certain foods, it is entirely harmless to health.

Alpha cellulose is the purest material now available to filter cigarette smoke. It removes over one-third of the smoke without impairing its satisfying taste. The "L&M" alpha cellulose filter* is specially designed to remove the heavier particles from the smoke stream leaving a truly light smoke.

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MUCH LESS NICOTINE

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3. **Much Less Nicotine**—the L&M Filter* removes one-third of the smoke, leaves you all the satisfaction.
4. **Much More Flavor and Aroma.** At last a filter tip cigarette with *plenty* of good taste. Reason—L&M Filters' premium quality tobaccos, a blend which includes special aromatic types.

*U. S. Patent Pending

EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
20
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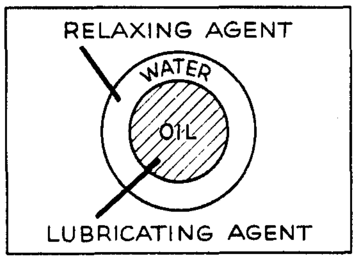
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

L&M

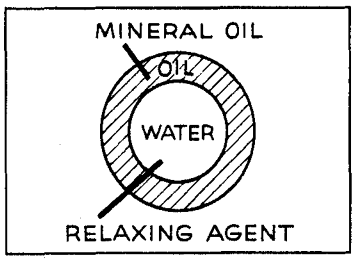
FILTER TIP *Cigarettes*

Big news for men with DRY HAIR!

The microscope shows new secret of hair grooming in every molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream!



A molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream. *Water* is the ideal agent for temporarily "relaxing" your hair and making it manageable. Observe water on *outside* of molecule of Vitalis Hair Cream. When the water evaporates, the exclusive lubricating agent *inside* goes to work on dryness, *keeps your hair in place all day*. Try a bottle!



A molecule of ordinary hair cream. The oil is on the outside, making it sticky and hard to "work in." Hair shaft is coated *before* water on inside can affect it. This causes greasy blobs, slicked down, unattractive appearance. For handsomer hair, more effective control of dryness—switch to Vitalis Hair Cream! At all drug counters.

VITALIS
HAIR
CREAM

NEW Vitalis® Hair Cream

A product of Bristol-Myers

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

That Alabama filling-station sign read: Mississippi Dead Ahead. Last Chance for 28¢ Gas. So Mr. Seven Anderton, wandering Iowa boy, told the man to fill her up. As he paid, Mr. A. asked: "How much *is* gas in Mississippi?" And the fellow answered: "Twenty-four cents."

* * *

From Barre, Vermont, Dr. Jonas Johns advises us that age must be catching up with him. He finds himself frequently yearning for a return to the good old days when we were sitting on nothing more dangerous than a keg of gunpowder.

* * *

Looking over court records in Reno, Nevada, Mr. Tom McDooin was interested to see the names Drake, Swallow, Lyon, Baer, Wolfe, Byrd and Fox. He lost no time in notifying this department. Then he spoiled it all by saying: "They're zooing for divorce."

* * *

We rush to the aid of Dr. Jack Myers, University of Texas scientist. He has been trying to identify a strange organism somebody gave him. He says it's a small, green, single-cell thing of the most primitive type, part animal, part plant. It swims. It swallows food. It contains chlorophyll. It helps sustain life by photosynthesis—using sunshine, like a plant, to enlarge itself. Well, if it weren't for that reference to chlorophyll, we'd say he'd got hold of a columnist.

* * *

To that young man in Laramie, Wyoming, whose initials are R.B.L. we say no, we do not think it likely that stores dealing in surplus Army supplies will be offering the public obsolete atom bombs in the near future.

* * *

Error is hard to avoid. The Waverly, Iowa, Independent pulled one and the editor was almost suffocated by the protests of his readers. He acknowledged the boner, but added: "In an ordinary newspaper column there are 10,000 letters and there are seven possible wrong positions for each. That makes 70,000 chances per column to make errors and also several million chances for transposition in my newspaper of 48 columns. In the sentence To Be or Not to Be, by transposition alone, 2,759,022 errors can be made."

* * *

In Chicago, the right dilapidated prisoner told the judge that he really hadn't intended to drink the whole bottle at a sitting. "Then why did you?" asked His Honor. Replied the right dilapidated prisoner, "I lost the cork."

* * *

Guess we pulled a Piltdown in that paragraph we ran some time ago about why a hog's right ham is less tender than the left. Forty-three Midwesterners can't be wrong. They give the correct reason too. It isn't, as we reported, because the hog lies on his right side. It's because he always scratches with his right hind leg, thus developing muscle on that side. And are we glad that's settled?

* * *

On the morning after the wedding in Springfield, Massachusetts, the father of the bride laughed heartily as he read the paper. He explained to his wife that there was a very funny line in the account of the wedding: "It refers to the *groom* as the lucky man."

* * *

This innocent lad asked his father what a sweater girl was. His old man pondered briefly and said a sweater girl was a girl who made sweaters. "Where did you pick up that question, my boy?" asked Father. The kid replied: "Dunno. Maybe the same place you picked up that answer."

* * *

Near Sacramento, California, the car passed the traffic cop in a blur. It was doing at least eighty. In fact it was going so fast, reports Mr. Lorenzo Gemmi, that the cop thought it must have been a flying souser.

* * *

Maybe it wouldn't be wise to depend too much on this one. Nevertheless, Miss Terry Gladfeldter, of Buffalo, New York, says her sister soaked her first strapless formal in coffee before going to the party. The idea was to keep it up all night. ▲▲▲

IRWIN CAPLAN

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Even on the ground, this graceful Skyliner seems poised in flight. And in the air, it's the pilot's dream, the passenger's delight. Such an easy-going feeling of speed and dependability. Such luxurious accommodations throughout. So much more room to walk around in that it actually surprises you. Yes, no wonder TWA Constellations have become the symbol of the finest in air travel . . . the first choice of the world's most experienced travelers.

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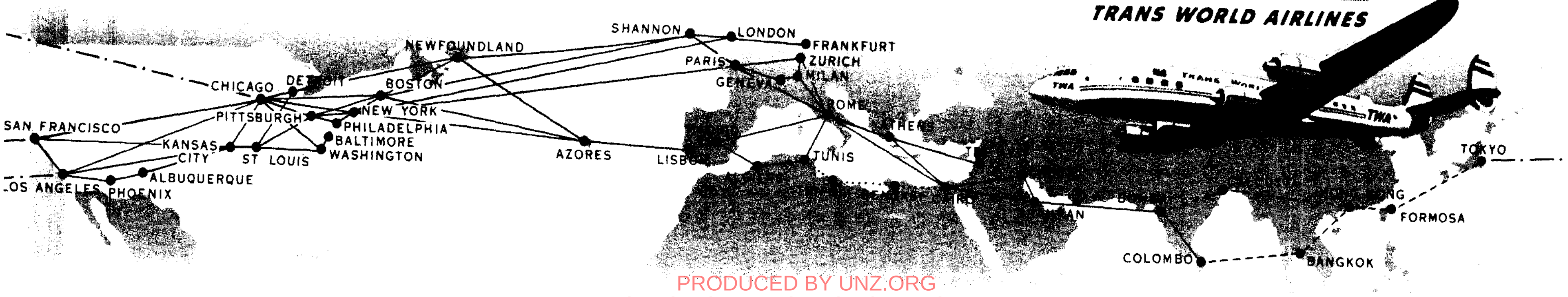
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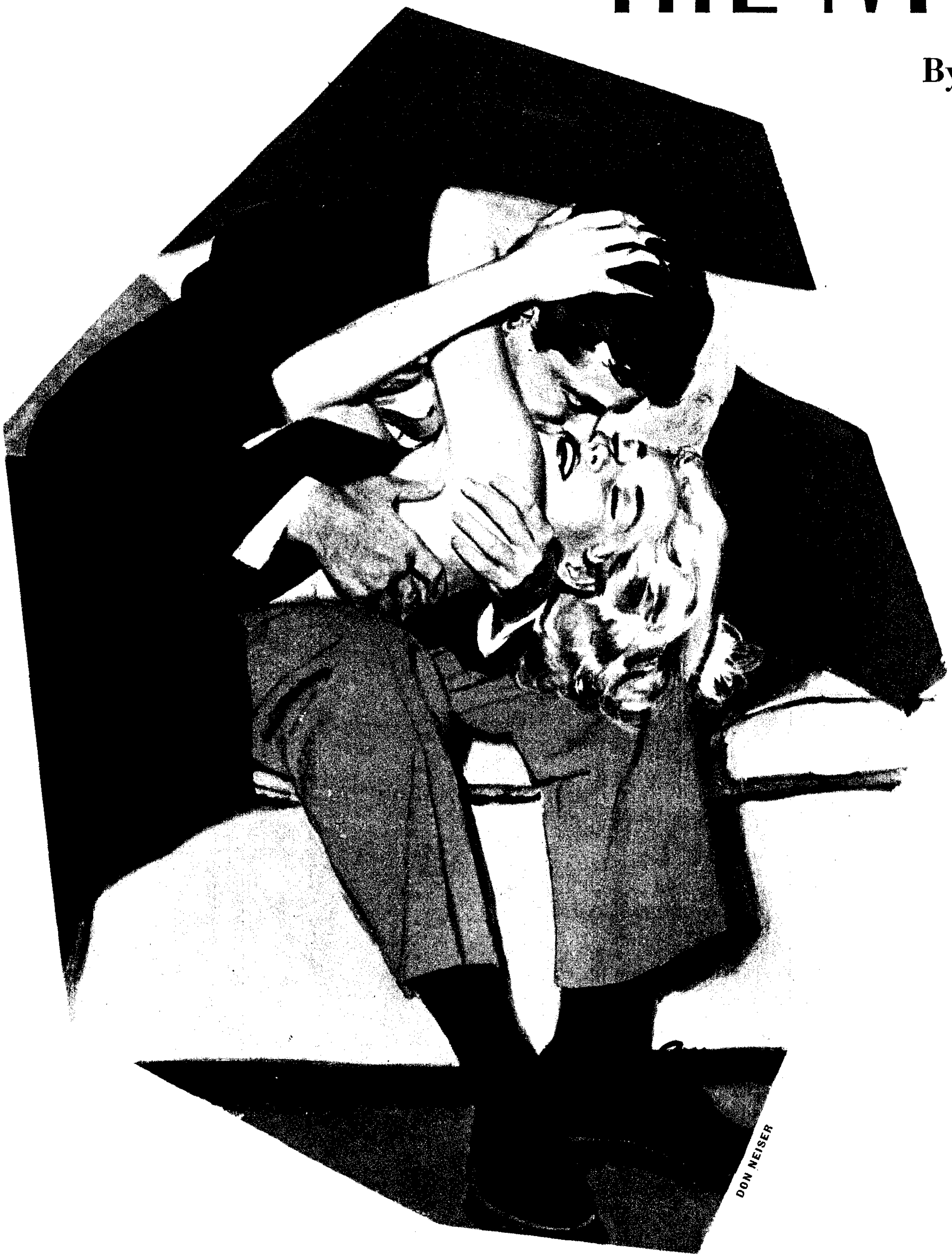
TRANS WORLD

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Ask for THE MOON

By CHARLES MERGENDAHL



And then, feeling Guy's arms about her, she surrendered herself to his kiss. Her crying subsided in the security of his embrace

JANE SOMERS and Kay Dunbar always waved good morning to each other from the picture windows of their respective living rooms. On this particular morning, however, Jane Somers missed their daily encounter, because at meeting time she was still at the breakfast table listening to a lecture her husband was giving.

"And even when I do have my own business," he was saying, "we'll still need every cent we can save. So how can you ask me to throw away everything we've planned?"

"I'm not, Guy. I just want us to have something *now*—like a car or a vacation or—"

"Which means you don't think my own sporting-goods store is worth all this scrimping. All right, then, we'll just forget it and go on being a clerk in a department store." He paused, and discovered he was not really angry, which left him slightly confused. "You know," he said, "sometimes I almost feel the same as you: it just isn't worth the sacrifice." Then he stood up. "Well—I've missed my train."

Now it was Jane's turn to conciliate. "Guy, you know I was enthusiastic when you first planned to set up your own store. But that was three years ago, and I'm tired of budgeting, and—well, it's just Kay Dunbar, I guess. She and Ralph get a new car every year, and this summer they're going to rent a cottage, and—"

"But they don't have a child, and he's not saving to start his own business. So why don't you forget the Dunbars?" He felt real anger welling inside him and he strode out the door before it could take full hold.

Watching him through the kitchen window, Jane thought he looked very tired as he walked down the treeless street, past the identical houses of Glendale Village.

After a while, Jane Somers walked wearily into her living room. Through the picture window she could see Kay Dunbar idly dusting her living-room furniture.

Kay looked up, waved, and opened one of the side windows. "Hi, Jane," she called, when Jane had opened one of her windows, "wasn't Guy late today?"

"Yes, we—were discussing something."

"Us, too, Jane. An argument really," Kay confessed. "Money. It's always money." She laughed nervously.

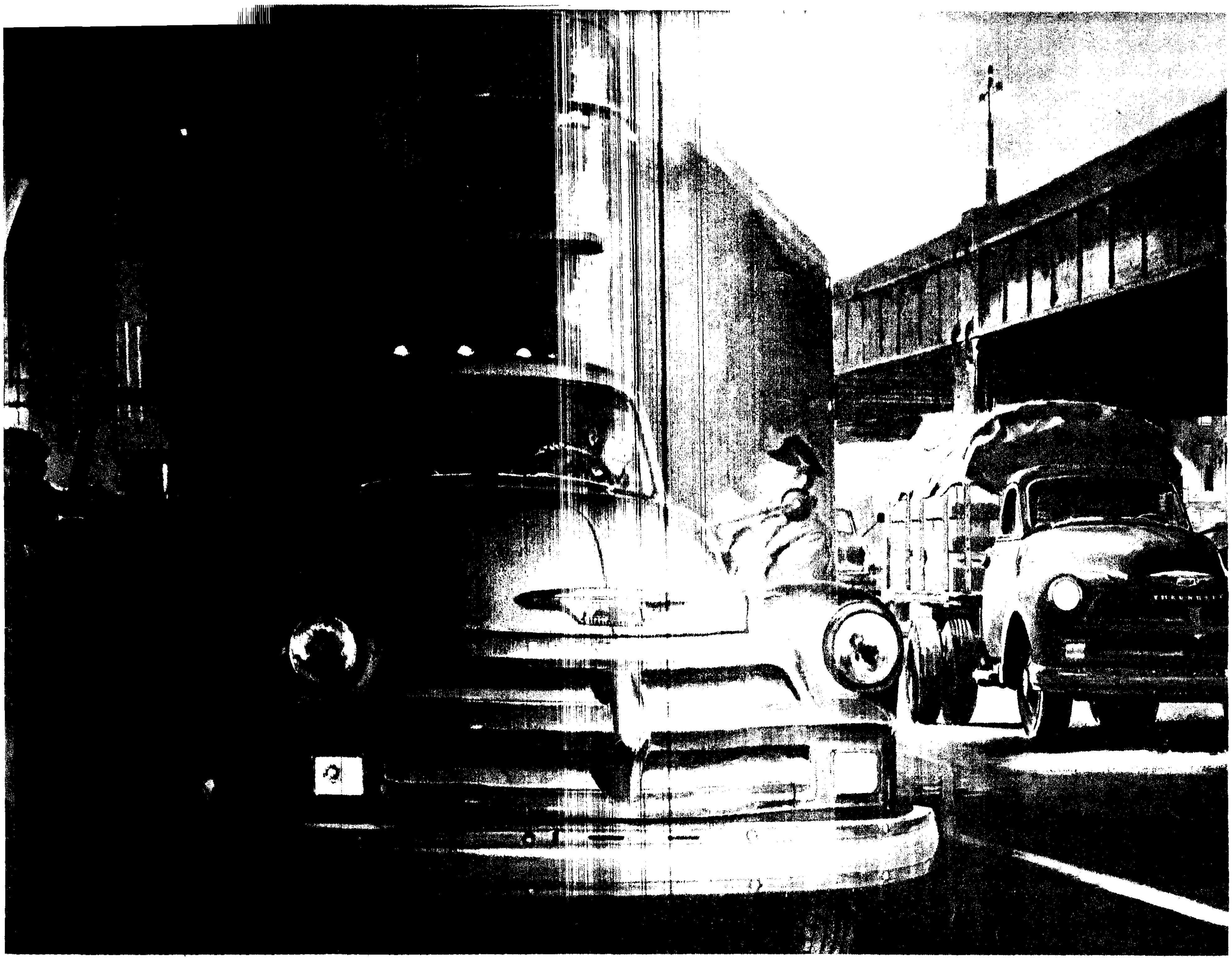
"Today it was about the summer cottage. Oh, well, I always get what I want, though."

"Do you?" Jane tried to keep the envy from her voice.

"Except a child. I mean you do have Mary, and—well, I would like a child, but they tie you down so much. I guess we'll wait a while, though I sure do envy you." She smiled again, closed the window and went back to her cleaning.

Jane turned from her window. Yes, you envy me! she thought, and she began to work furiously, thinking how very little it would take to brighten her days of monotonous scrimping.

Guy telephoned at ten. He was sorry he'd lost



New chassis ruggedness! Longer truck life!

Here's why new '54 Chevrolet trucks cut down upkeep . . .

New Chevrolet trucks for '54 are built to roll up more miles on your job with less time out for maintenance. They're engineered to do more work at lower upkeep cost—and to keep on doing it over a longer life span.

That's because these great new trucks bring you new built-in ruggedness and stamina. Greater strength has been added to vital chassis units in every model.

For example, there are heavier axle shafts in two-ton models . . . newly designed clutches and more rigid frames in *all* models. And these are just a few of the many rugged new chassis features you'll find in the new Chevrolet Advance-Design trucks for '54.

In addition, there's a new heavy-duty 3-speed transmission* available on ½-, ¾- and one-ton models. It not only provides greater capacity, but also offers you the added convenience of a steering column gearshift lever on 1-ton models. It's specially designed for smooth, trouble-free operation on tough jobs.

You get new strength and stamina in other important places, too. All three of the powerful, thrifty 1954 Chevrolet truck engines offer new advancements and refinements that mean lower operating and upkeep costs and longer life. And the new, roomier pickup and stake bodies are built to stand up under rough usage and keep coming back for more.

Plan to find out about *all* the ways you'll save with new '54 Chevrolet trucks at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

They're *completely* new . . .
with all these big new benefits—

New Engine Power: Brawnier "Thriftmaster 235" engine. Rugged "Loadmaster 235." All-new "Jobmaster 261" engine.*

New Comfortmaster Cab: Offers new comfort, safety and convenience. New one-piece curved windshield for extra visibility.

New Automatic Transmission*: Proved truck Hydra-Matic is offered not only on ½- and ¾-ton trucks, but on 1-ton models, too!

New Ride Control Seat*: Seat cushion and back move as a unit to "float" you over bumps. Eliminates back-rubbing.

New, Bigger Load Space: New pickup bodies have deeper sides. New stake bodies are wider, longer and roomier.

New Advance-Design Styling: New front-end is more massive in appearance. New parking lights show the full width of the truck.

Optional at extra cost. Ride Control Seat is available on all cab models, "Jobmaster 261" engine on 2-ton models.

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Most Trustworthy Trucks on Any Job!

first in demand in value in sales CHEVROLET

SAVORY OIL
BINGHAMTON, N

"SEE WHY we've got to stay on the ball," says George Savory, showing driver how fuel oil competition works. Here 3 of his 20 competitors deliver at the same time on a typical residential street. To win new customers and keep old ones, Savory must always find new ways to keep ahead of his rivals. That means fuel oil users are assured of good service and the best products possible.

HOW A WHOLE CITY BENEFITS

Because George Savory Has 20 Rivals For Binghamton Fuel Oil Business

Ask George Savory of Binghamton, N. Y. about the secret of his success and he'll say: "I never forget that our local fuel oil users just have to open the phone book to take their choice of 20 other oil companies eager to serve them.

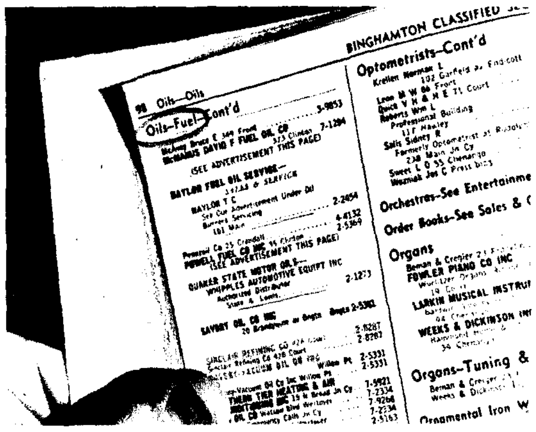
"The only way to meet that kind of competition is to offer people the most, the best and the newest services available. And if you set a higher standard of service today, you must try to improve it tomorrow. This is a 'must' in the fuel oil business."

The competition which faces George Savory pays off for the people of Binghamton. It keeps prices down and assures outstanding service, not only from Savory, but from his rivals. They, too, know how easy it is for their customers to open the phone book.

All over the U. S. you'll find that competition for oil business is keen. And you'll find that every American family heating with oil gets the finest service possible. That's because fuel oil dealers like George Savory can only keep their customers by serving them as well, or better, than their rivals.

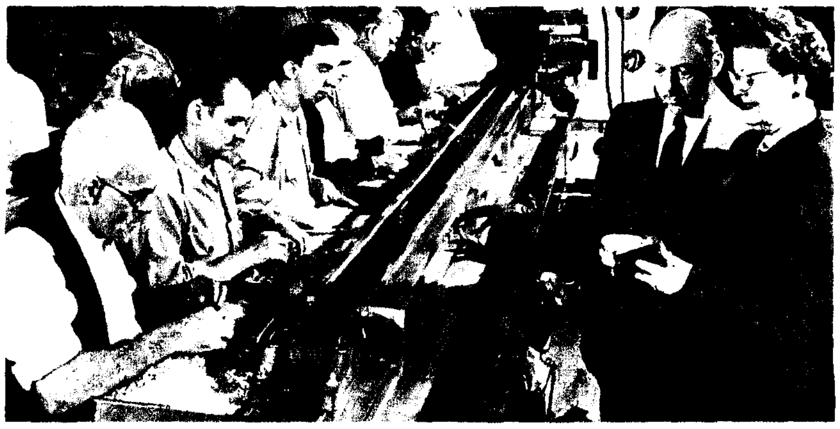
That's one example of how everybody benefits from the fact that America's oil industry is in the hands of private business.

AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.


BINGHAMTON CLASSIFIED
Oils—Fuel—Cont'd
Optometrists—Cont'd
Orchestras—See Entertainme
Order Books—See Sales &
Organs
Organs—Tuning &
Ornamental Iron

HOME OWNERS can take their choice of 21 fuel oil dealers listed in Binghamton classified telephone directory. Check the yellow pages in your phone book—find out how many companies compete for *your* fuel oil business.

3 A. M. George Savory's oil burner serviceman answers an emergency call from a suburban home. Complete 24-hour burner service, pioneered by Savory in Binghamton, helps win him new friends and new business—is now offered by many of his rivals.



PRESIDENT OF BLIND WORK ASSOCIATION, oilman Savory inspects new factory employing 75 local blind people. He played important part in raising money for this factory. As chairman of the mayor's citizens committee, and as a leading member of many other local activities in the Triple Cities (Binghamton, Johnson City, Endicott), Savory tries to repay the community which has been good to him.

his temper. "I'm—I'm getting us a little surprise. Something special."

"That's nice, Guy."

"And, Jane—if there was something you wanted to do, something that didn't cost anything."

"Thanks, Guy, we'll see." She said good-by, hung up and thought: Something I want to do. Something that doesn't cost anything. And she was still thinking about Guy's suggestion when she prepared Mary's lunch and got her off to afternoon school, still thinking about it when the front doorbell rang.

THE man on the front step was wearing dungarees and a flannel shirt. Parked at the curb was a huge moving van. "A delivery," he said, and wiped his forehead.

"A delivery?" Jane repeated, looking out at the van.

"This is twenty-one Cliffside Road, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"This is the place then," he said, and went out to the van.

Jane watched as he lifted a large mahogany box from the back of the truck. She whispered, "It's a television set—a television set," as the man came up the walk with his "delivery."

"Built-in aerial," he said, plugged the set in, tested it on a couple of channels, turned it off and went back to his truck.

For a long moment Jane did not move. Then slowly, distrustfully, she turned a knob and watched a picture come into focus. And suddenly enthusiasm came, bringing a burst of energy. She pushed the sofa near the window, rearranged all the occasional pieces, until the new television set had become the focal point of the entire room. She was still entranced, still laughing and loving Guy more and more for his "little surprise" when suddenly she stopped by the window. The moving van was parked in front of the house again and the man was coming up the walk.

He was polite, apologetic. "Sorry," he said. "There was a mistake."

"Sorry?" she said, knowing what was coming.

"That television. Belongs next door. Twenty-three, not twenty-one. Mistake down at the office." He walked across the room, unplugged the set, and lifted it from the table.

She followed him automatically, like a child, and watched him carry the square cabinet out through the doorway. Then she walked dumbly back to the picture window, where she could see the man again. Now he was placing the television set in the Dunbars' living room. Kay was gesturing excitedly, giving directions.

Jane wanted to cry. She turned and ran into the bedroom and stared at her hurt, angry reflection in the dresser mirror. "Someday we'll have our own sporting-goods store!" she said bitterly. "But until then we won't have *anything!* And I'm supposed to find some way to amuse myself free of charge while Kay Dunbar has a new television set—a car and a cottage, and now a new television set!"

She looked down at a small card lying on the dresser. There were crossed baseball bats in one corner and golf clubs in the other, and printed across the middle were the words: *Guy Somers, Sporting Goods.* She picked it up, and then suddenly tore it in two and flung the pieces to the floor. . . .

When Mary came in from school she said, "It's different, isn't it, Mummy? You moved everything around, didn't you, Mummy?"

"Yes—yes, I did," she said, and she bent abruptly and kissed the child with a fierceness that she did not quite understand.

Mary had been put to bed and Jane was in the kitchen when Guy finally got home. She heard him come to the doorway, but she didn't turn. He said, "Jane, I—I told you I was getting a little surprise. Here it is—a fifth of Scotch. We haven't had Scotch for ages, and—well, I thought we might have a couple of drinks before supper. Sort of—well, make up."

"Fine," she said, wiping her hands. "That's very nice." She walked past him and into the living room. She sat down on the sofa and stared vacantly at the barren table where the television set had stood; then she closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Guy sat down beside her. "Came out on the train with Ralph Dunbar," he said. "He was telling me he had bought a television set; he said it was supposed to be delivered today."

"Yes, I know," she said, and after that neither of them spoke.

It grew dark outside. And then, after a while, they heard strains of music coming from the Dunbars' house. They both turned to look out the picture window and in the dark they could see the big lighted television screen in the Dunbars' living room. The night was very quiet except for the music. And then they heard Kay Dunbar, her voice rising angrily, shouting that she'd wanted a walnut console, not a table model, while Ralph argued that they were already spending a whole lot more than he earned, and she could have this model or nothing.

IN THE sudden silence that followed, Guy Somers reached for his wife's hand. Their fingers touched, and he said, "Someday we'll get a set." He was leaning toward her now, clutching her hand while his voice rose in anticipation. "Not a table model either, but one of those big consoles with a phonograph and radio, and—well, you wait, honey. You just wait." He leaned back then, sipped at his drink, and there was silence again.

Jane closed her eyes. She listened to the music coming across the lawn, but through it she still heard Guy's reassuring tone—the tone that told her he believed in himself. She thought back to their argument this morning, and suddenly she felt overwhelming relief. Guy was his old optimistic and wonderful self again.

He laughed and said, "You see, I told you so. If I brought home a surprise and you found something you wanted to do that didn't—"

"Something I wanted to do?"

"You moved the furniture around so we could see the Dunbars' television! Pretty good, too, with that twenty-one-inch screen."

Jane began to laugh. She tried to stop, but the laughter had got hold and would not go away. Finally she managed to say, "Yes, I thought we might look at television tonight." And then, feeling Guy's arms about her, she surrendered herself to his kiss. Her laughter and crying subsided in the security and love of his embrace.

—CHARLES MERGENDAHL

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Another famous Florsheim first, the Lotop—the new look in shoes—lower, lighter, casual-looking, but down to business! In step with the switch to lighter more comfortable male garb! Here's style as rakish as a foreign convertible, yet comfortable as a genuine moccasin! Truly the answer to "what's *new* in shoes?"

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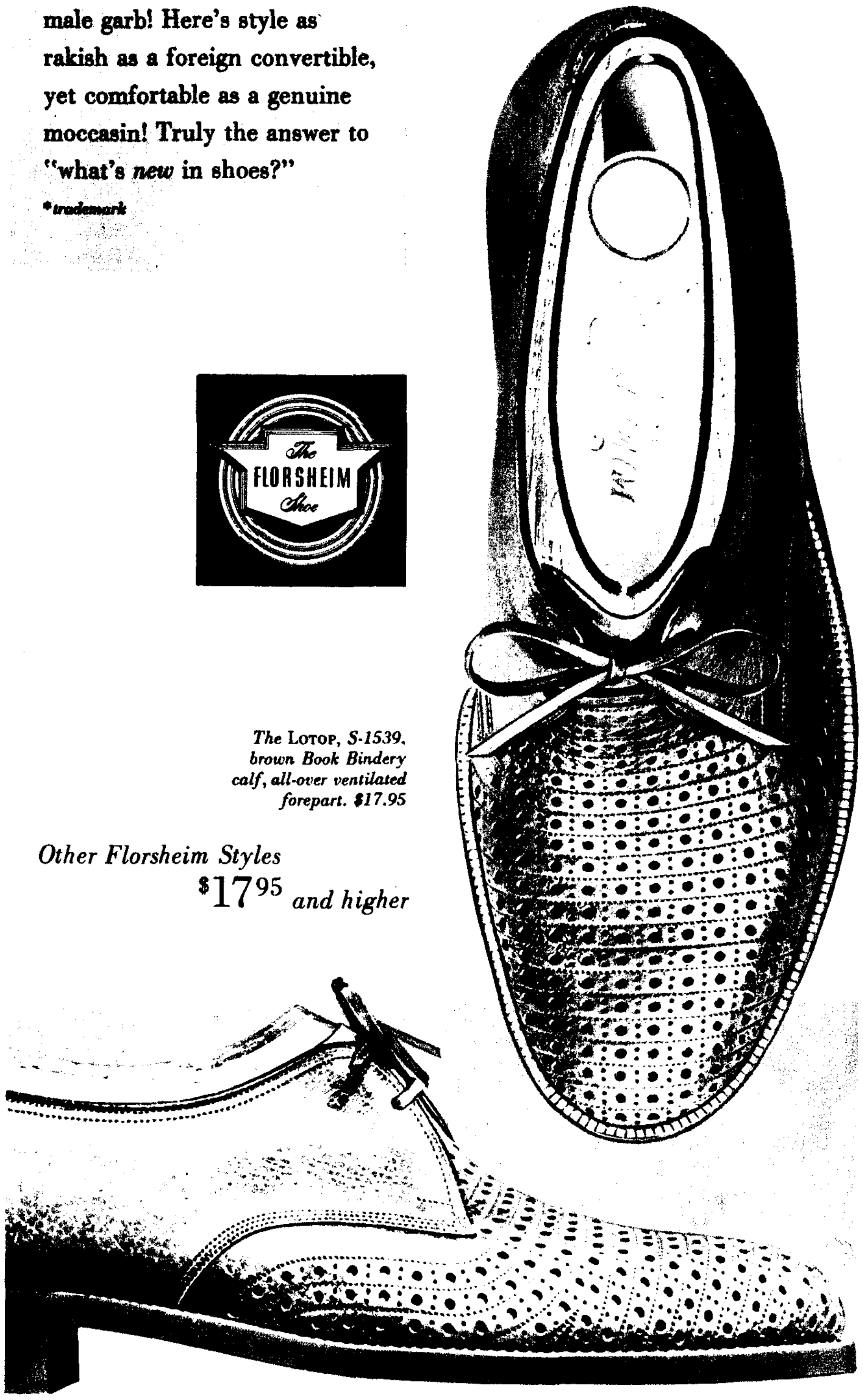

The Florsheim Shoe

The Lotop, S-1539, brown Book Bindery calf, all-over ventilated forepart. $17.95

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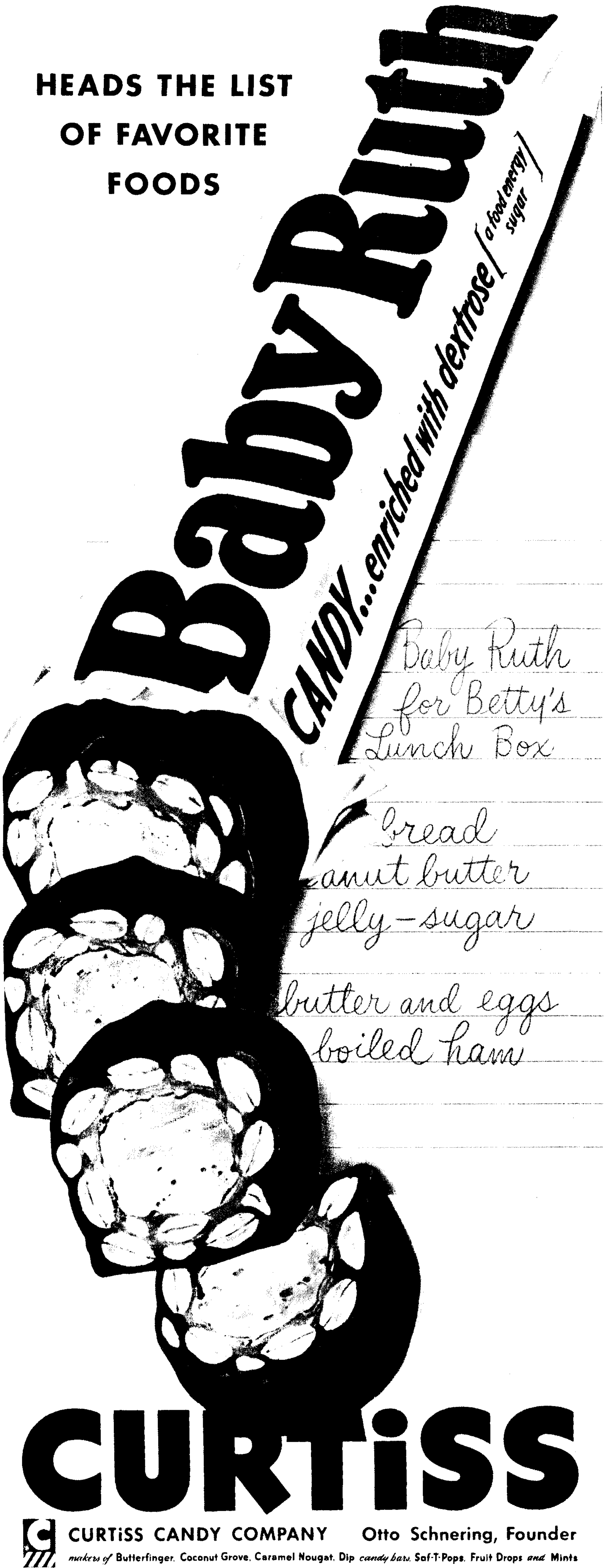
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FOODS

Baby Ruth

CANDY...enriched with dextrose (a food energy sugar)

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CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars*, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

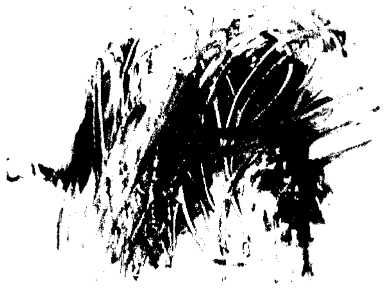
Letters...

Dada?

EDITOR: The pictures on pages 44-45 of your January 22d issue (Does Your Child Paint Like This?) are not the pictures by two chimps but pictures by the world-famous Dadaist painter Aloys Adolph Wurzelhuker, of Munich, who escaped Hitler in 1933, lived for several years as a psychoanalyst in Baghdad (Iraq) and is now the chief of the Academy of Arts in the city of Katmandu, capital of Nepal. The worth of the four pictures you have printed, and which were lost since 1933, may well be several hundred thousand dollars.

KURT-LUTZ HORNEBACHER (Dadaist painter and psychoanalyst sculptor), New York, N.Y.

On receipt of Mr. Hornebacher's letter, Collier's sent off to Baltimore for a fresh example of the work of the eminent chimpanzee painter, Dr. Tom. We aren't sure that it's Dadaist art, but it's simon-pure simian—guaranteed.



Oldsterville

EDITOR: Regarding your article The Town That Wants Only Old Folks (Jan. 8th), we wish to express sincere thanks and appreciation for the fine publicity you have given our project.

We of Ryderwood are very happy in our new home, and much more can be written of this unique place.

Nation-wide interest is evidenced by the many inquiries being received by those who were mentioned in your article. JOSEPH A. JONCAS, SR., President, Ryderwood Senior Citizens, Ryderwood, Wash.

... As a retired pensioner, I hope that other towns will follow the splendid example of Ryderwood. With our ever-increasing population of elderly people, this problem becomes more serious and our city planners must provide ways and means for retired people who do not know where to go, or what to do to readjust themselves to a new life.

G. EDWARD LIND, Waukegan, Ill.

No Dining Room

EDITOR: I was very interested in the article A Tour of Mamie's Cabin (Jan. 22d), but cannot find a dining room in her cabin. Does poor Mamie eat in the kitchen, or in the living room?

MRS. F. A. MESTA, Pittsburgh, Pa.

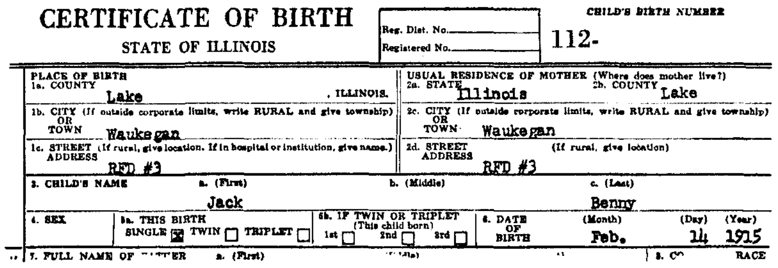
According to Rolf Klep, who did the cutaway illustration of Mamie's Cabin, the first lady definitely has no dining room in the Augusta house. Originally one was planned on the first floor, but it was later converted into a bedroom. So now the President and Mrs. Eisenhower have to take their meals either at the main clubhouse or off a card table in one of the two living rooms.

McNulty Dropped an L

EDITOR: Reader McNulty (Letters, Jan. 22d) would receive an "F" for calling an Erlemeyer flask by the name Erenmeyer.

JOHN HENNEBERGER, Baltimore, Md.

Younger than Springtime



CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
STATE OF ILLINOIS

Reg. Dist. No.
Registered No.

CHILD'S BIRTH NUMBER 112-

PLACE OF BIRTH
1a. COUNTY Lake , ILLINOIS.
1b. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) OR TOWN Waukegan
1c. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location. If in hospital or institution, give name.) RFD #3

USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER (Where does mother live?)
2a. STATE Illinois 2b. COUNTY Lake
2c. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) OR TOWN Waukegan
2d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location) RFD #3

3. CHILD'S NAME a. (First) Jack b. (Middle) c. (Last) Benny

4. SEX
5a. THIS BIRTH SINGLE ☒ TWIN ☐ TRIPLET ☐
5b. IF TWIN OR TRIPLET (This child born) 1st ☐ 2nd ☐ 3rd ☐
6. DATE OF BIRTH (Month) Feb. (Day) 14 (Year) 1915

7. FULL NAME OF [illegible] a. (First) [illegible] 8. C[illegible] RACE

EDITOR: In your February 19th issue you ran my article concerning the apprehensions I felt at becoming forty years old on February 14th, Saint Valentine's Day (After 39 Years—I'm Turning 40).

I'm sure you will be interested to know that my sister Florence, who lives in Chicago, read the article and thought me delightful and witty as usual.

However, a sudden hunch caused her to rush to my home town of Waukegan and get a copy of my birth certificate, a photostat of which I am enclosing.

It shows, as you can see, that all my fears were groundless. Instead of reaching forty on my recent birthday, I actually became thirty-nine for the first time and I can assure you that I feel twenty years younger.

JACK BENNY, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Dear Mr. Benny (born Feb. 14, 1894, Waukegan, Ill.): This couldn't by any chance be another gag, could it?

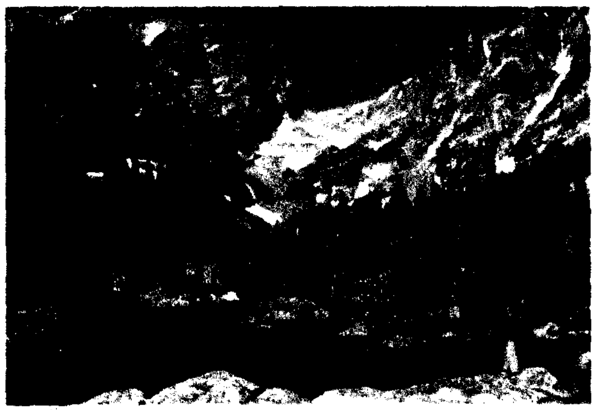
7 Great Vacation Regions

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

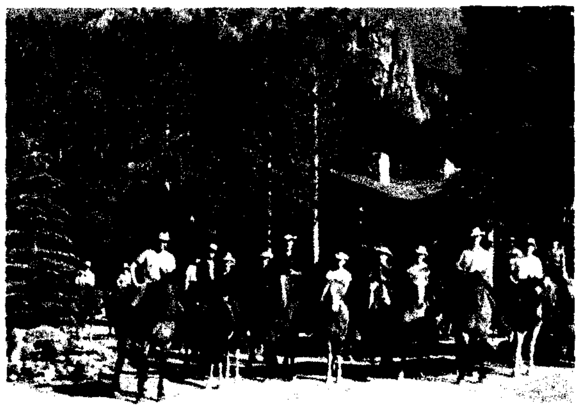
3 in 1 See all 3 — Fantastic **Bryce,** beautiful **Zion,** breathtaking **Grand Canyon** — each colorful, each different, but all grouped for one unforgettable tour.

2 in 1 A few miles from **Yellowstone National Park** is **Grand Teton Nat'l Park** — the greatest mountain scenery in America. Both on Union Pacific.

Circle Tour All of **California** — Los Angeles to San Francisco and beyond — presents a wealth of scenic variety. Rent a car for sight-seeing.



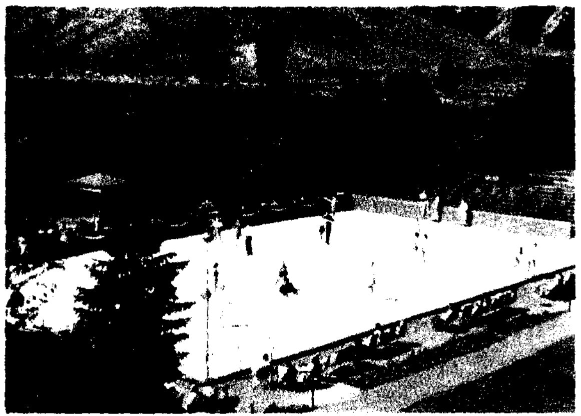
Nearest High **Colorado** vacationland is centrally located. Majestic mountain scenery, trout streams, cool refreshing climate.



Real West **Dude Ranches** that make you feel alive! Saddle trips, barbecues, gracious hospitality amid romantic western scenery.

- Restful travel through the West, in Streamliners and other fine trains. Quiet rooms with all conveniences, berths, or deep-cushioned coach seats with leg-rests and reclining backs that invite easy sleep. And, a choice of wonderful dining car meals, freshly prepared and graciously served.

Beauty **Pacific Northwest,** the evergreen empire where mountain and forest meet the surging sea. Variety of activities. Beyond — lies Alaska.



Sports **Sun Valley, Idaho,** for all that's fun under the sun — golf, ice skating, swimming, fishing, riding, shooting — everything, with fine accommodations.

All Available on... 1 Great Vacation Railroad

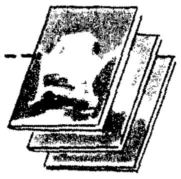
- Let us help you make this year's vacation the one big memory of your lifetime. Your travel, your lodging, tours, or car rentals, can all be arranged for you.

View the ever-changing western scenery at eye-level. Enjoy congenial company in Club or Lounge car. Relax all the way.

Select the vacation region which interests you most. Then mail coupon or write for the colorful booklet about that region.

For fine trains, fine service and fine foods — go Union Pacific.

Free Booklet!



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Suave* FOR MEN

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IN a write-up about Cameron Mitchell, the movie actor, it was reported that his real name is Cameron MacDowell Mitchell and that it was changed by Lynn Fontanne. Mr. Mitchell not only gives her credit, but says: "She was very kind and helpful."

Well, I should think he *would* say she was kind and helpful. Like Miss Katharine Cornell and Miss Helen Hayes, Miss Fontanne is the First Lady of the Theater, and a very busy woman. It isn't every actress, or for that matter every first lady, who would take time out from her crowded schedule to help a young actor decide that terribly important matter of a professional name. (At another time, I intend to take up the subject of professional names.) Picture, if you will, a room in the New York home of Miss Fontanne and her husband, Alfred Lunt.

Miss Fontanne: Hey, Al, where are you?

Mr. Lunt: On the davenport.

Miss Fontanne: You know young Cameron MacDowell Mitchell?

Mr. Lunt: Nup.

Miss Fontanne: You do too.

Mr. Lunt: Cameron MacDowell Mitchell?

Miss Fontanne: Cameron, MacDowell, Mitchell. Yes.

Mr. Lunt: Sounds like a law firm. Or advertising. Cameron and MacDowell and Mitchell.

Miss Fontanne: That's just the point.

Mr. Lunt: What is what point?

Miss Fontanne: This kid, I helped him get a job, but he doesn't like his name.

Mr. Lunt: All right, let him change it . . . Morehouse has us in his column today.

Miss Fontanne: I'll read it later. Right now I want to help this boy with his name.

Mr. Lunt: Listen, Baby, let him find a name himself. Why doesn't he call himself Brad Dexter?

Miss Fontanne: I think there *is* somebody called Brad Dexter.

Mr. Lunt: Well then—how about Dexter Brad?

Miss Fontanne: No, it doesn't sound right.

Mr. Lunt: It sounds as good as Brad Dexter. I like it better.

Miss Fontanne: Oh, you're hopeless, Al.

Mr. Lunt: That's a fine remark from a woman who plays Noel Coward. Boy, if your public ever heard—

Miss Fontanne: I think you're mean.

Mr. Lunt: Another priceless line. Listen, Baby, just write and tell Mr. Whatever-His-Name-Is, tell him you're busy, tell him we're on our way to our farm at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, and he'll have to make up his own name.

Miss Fontanne: All right, but I still think you're mean and hopeless.

(She writes the note and addresses the envelope.)

Miss Fontanne (suddenly): Al! I got it!

Mr. Lunt: You got what?

Miss Fontanne: The name. The name for that boy. No room on the envelope, so I just wrote Cameron Mitchell.

Mr. Lunt (passionately): Ong-gong-gong!

CURTAIN

★ ★ ★

IT IS the policy of this department to present sound advice to the entertainment industry whenever I see the need. At the moment I am concerned with the plight of television directors. Apparently there is no screen wide enough to accommodate a satisfactory close-up of more than three performers at once, and if one of the actors is on the lardy side, some ham is going to be sliced.

The other night, for instance, I was watching a TV drama in which Gale Storm, a slender girl, was a featured actress, along with Louise Allbritton and Grant Somebody, neither of whom is what you would call portly. Now so long as the action was confined to these three, we had no trouble. Unfortunately the play required (or they thought it required) numerous scenes around a bridge table at a beach club. You get a game of bridge going and you're almost certain to have an absolute minimum of four persons. But, in addition, this particular script included a kibitzing child of ten or so, a club waiter, and a weird butler.

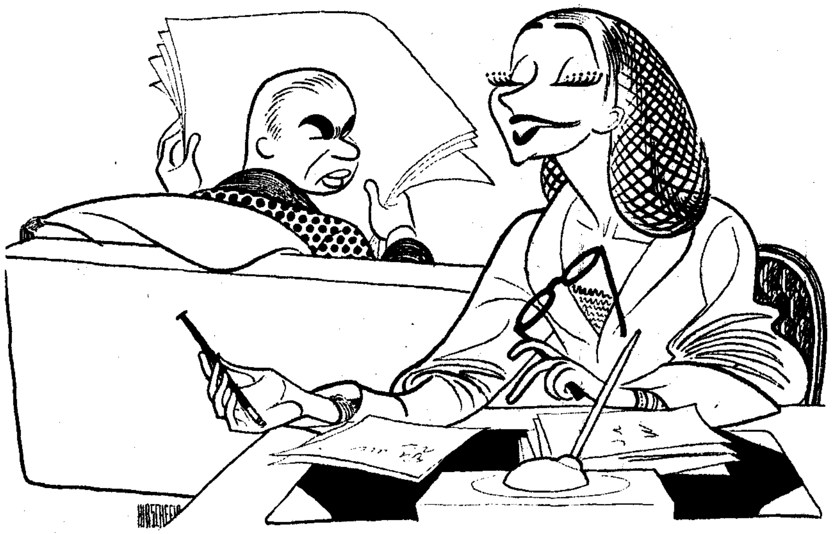
My advice to television directors: ignore bridge. Concentrate on two-handed gin or, ideally, solitaire.

From time to time I shall solve other problems for these hard-pressed gentlemen. Even now I am working on a long article in which I discuss the advisability of having television directors wear leather puttees, like the early movie maestros. This article should be ready sometime next year.

★ ★ ★

IF HE still is in charge of the seismograph at Fordham, Father J. Joseph Lynch can look for disturbances this year in the vicinity of 35 degrees north and 97 degrees west. I can't with any certainty predict the day or even the month, and yet I know when the disturbance will occur. It will be the day word leaks out that the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical play is to be filmed not in Oklahoma! but in Arizona!! Yep. One of my Hollywood pardners tells me that they ain't fixin' to do the movie version in the right state because they don't have clouds in Oklahoma. This—could mean war. ▲▲▲

AL HIRSCHFELD



Picture a room in the N.Y. home of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

CORN SILK, CUBEBS and MY MOST CONSTANT COMPANION

by **H. ALLEN SMITH**

Author and Humorist

I have changed my brand of cigarettes twice in my life. I started with fine Illinois corn silk wrapped in the most delicate newsprint available. Before long I switched to cubebs. I went from cubebs straight to Lucky Strikes. That was my last switch. It was so long ago that I can't remember the year. I do know that my pack of Luckies has been my constant companion longer than my wife, and we've been married twenty-six years.

I can remember back to those ancient days when we Lucky smokers considered it the very ultimate in wit to walk into a store and say to the man, "Gimme a pack uh Fortunate Blows." Since then I have switched jobs, razors, dentists, publishers, automobiles, phone numbers, and my stance on the tee. My taste in books, ties, food, music and even friends has changed over the years, yet my taste for Luckies has remained constant. To me, they just taste better.

It is foolish to say that a man who is dedicated to one brand of cigarettes never gives the other brands a chance. There are occasions when a Lucky smoker, for reasons of war, financial embarrassment, pure hunger or the requirements of etiquette, must smoke other cigarettes. I have smoked them all. But not for long. What I like best is what tastes best. You know what.

Lucky Strike Sums Up

To smokers everywhere, Luckies taste better . . . and two facts explain why. In the first place, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies are made better to taste better—to draw freely and smoke evenly.

So, Be Happy—Go Lucky. Remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

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THE COMPLEAT PRACTICAL JOKER
BY H. Allen
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
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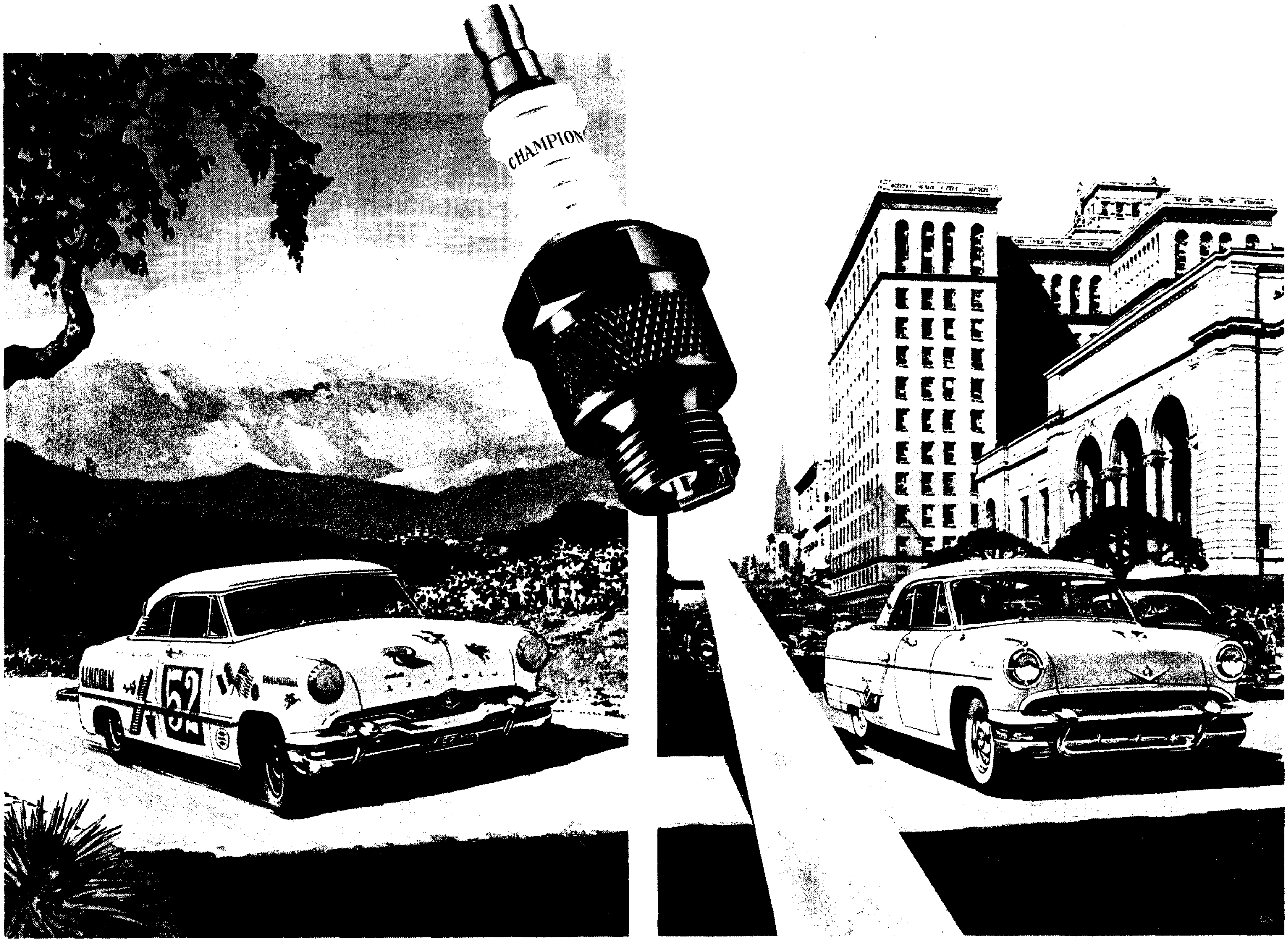

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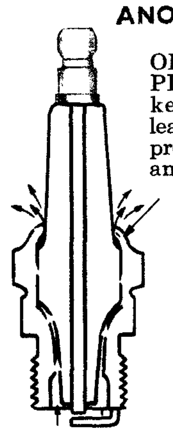

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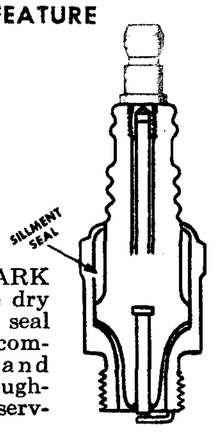

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RUSSIA UNCENSORED

12-Page Report Begins on Page 90

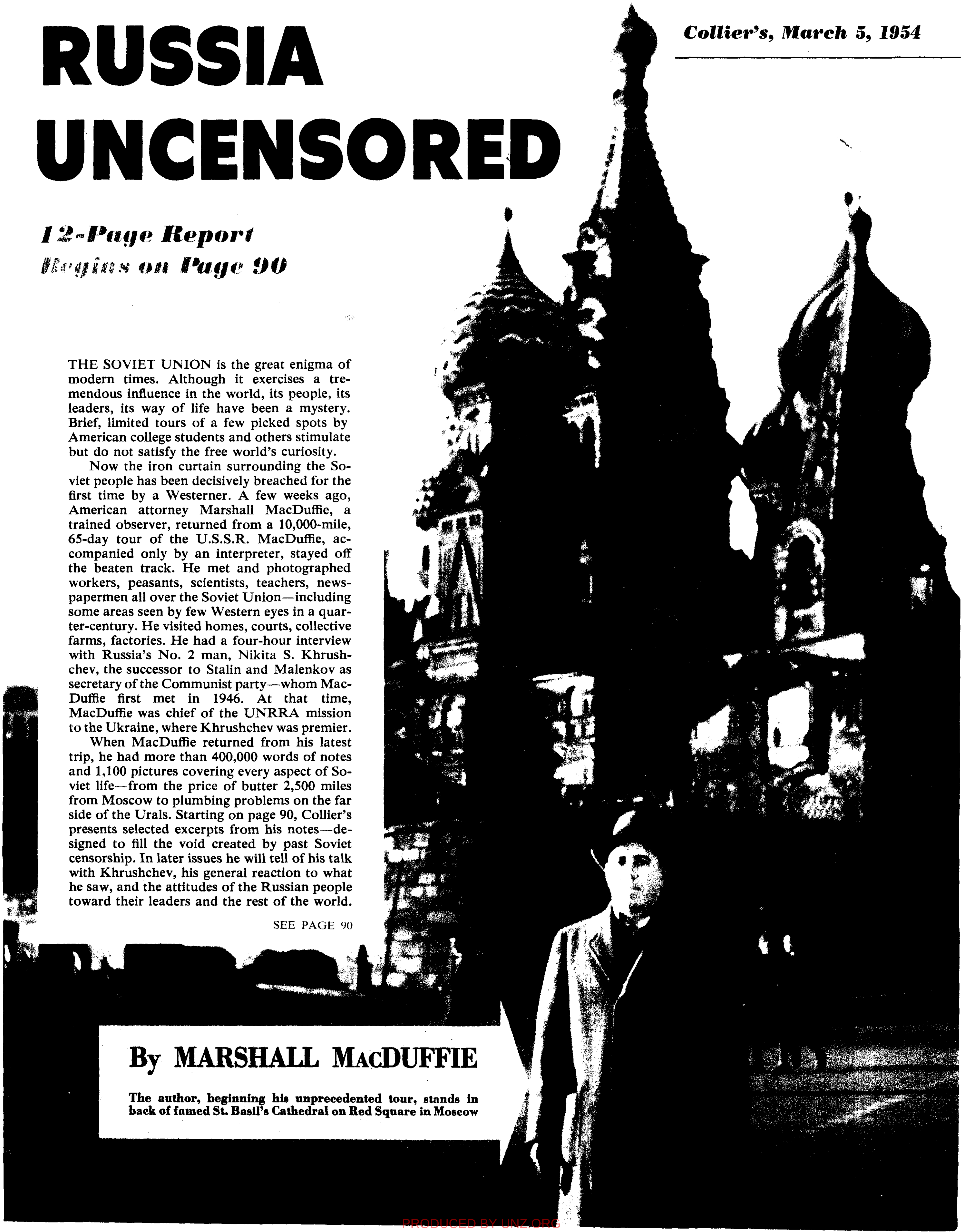
THE SOVIET UNION is the great enigma of modern times. Although it exercises a tremendous influence in the world, its people, its leaders, its way of life have been a mystery. Brief, limited tours of a few picked spots by American college students and others stimulate but do not satisfy the free world's curiosity.

Now the iron curtain surrounding the Soviet people has been decisively breached for the first time by a Westerner. A few weeks ago, American attorney Marshall MacDuffie, a trained observer, returned from a 10,000-mile, 65-day tour of the U.S.S.R. MacDuffie, accompanied only by an interpreter, stayed off the beaten track. He met and photographed workers, peasants, scientists, teachers, newspapermen all over the Soviet Union—including some areas seen by few Western eyes in a quarter-century. He visited homes, courts, collective farms, factories. He had a four-hour interview with Russia's No. 2 man, Nikita S. Khrushchev, the successor to Stalin and Malenkov as secretary of the Communist party—whom MacDuffie first met in 1946. At that time, MacDuffie was chief of the UNRRA mission to the Ukraine, where Khrushchev was premier.

When MacDuffie returned from his latest trip, he had more than 400,000 words of notes and 1,100 pictures covering every aspect of Soviet life—from the price of butter 2,500 miles from Moscow to plumbing problems on the far side of the Urals. Starting on page 90, Collier's presents selected excerpts from his notes—designed to fill the void created by past Soviet censorship. In later issues he will tell of his talk with Khrushchev, his general reaction to what he saw, and the attitudes of the Russian people toward their leaders and the rest of the world.

SEE PAGE 90

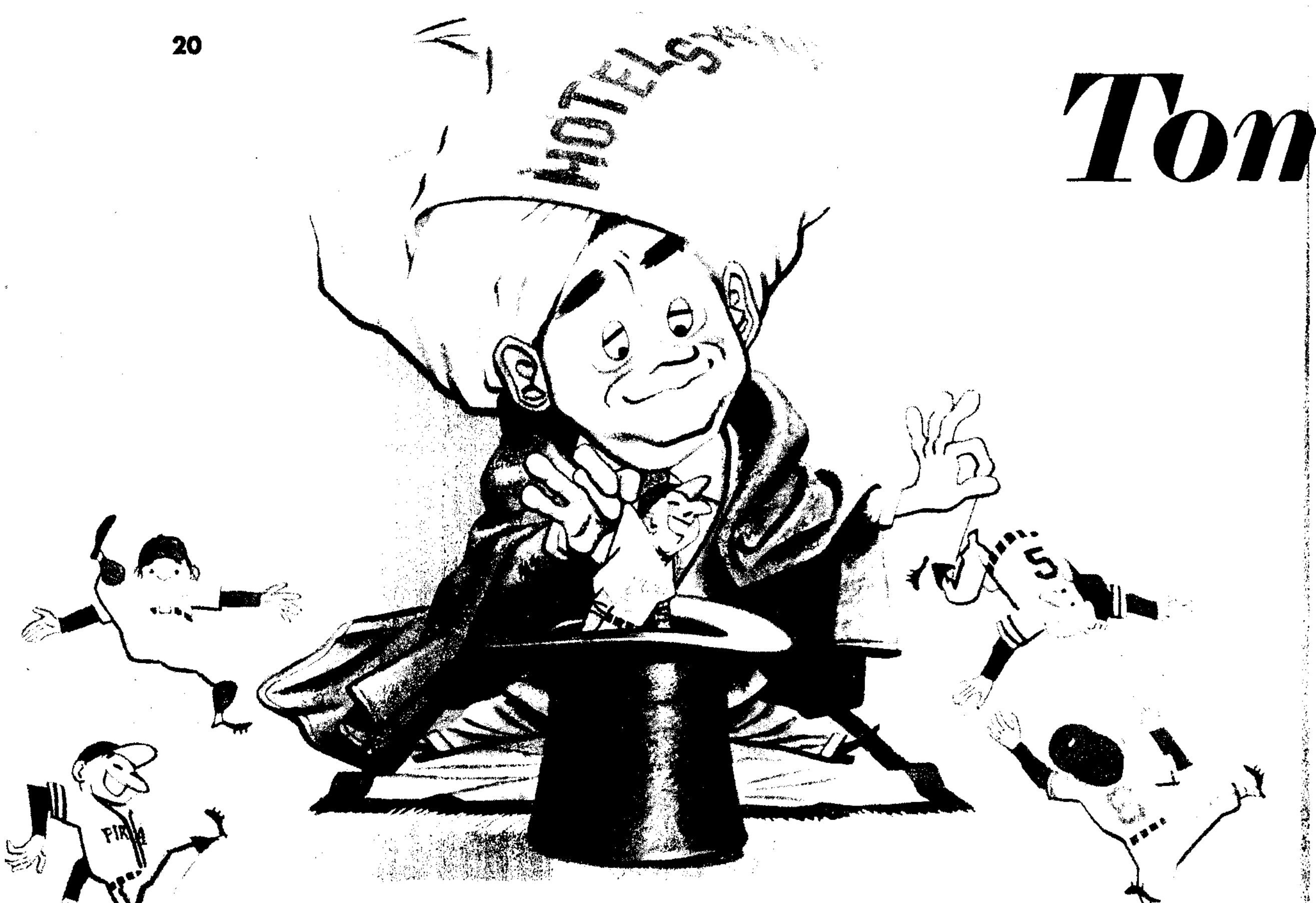
By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE



The author, beginning his unprecedented tour, stands in back of famed St. Basil's Cathedral on Red Square in Moscow

Tom Meany's

Our swami, encouraged by las



MAJOR LEAGUE PENNANT PICKS

American League	National League
1. NEW YORK	1. BROOKLYN
2. BOSTON	2. MILWAUKEE
3. CLEVELAND	3. ST. LOUIS
4. CHICAGO	4. PHILADELPHIA
5. WASHINGTON	5. NEW YORK
6. PHILADELPHIA	6. CINCINNATI
7. DETROIT	7. CHICAGO
8. BALTIMORE	8. PITTSBURGH

World Series Winner
BROOKLYN

BATTING CHAMPIONS

American League	National League
ROSEN, ***Indians***	**MUSIAL,** ***Cardinals***

Home Run Kings

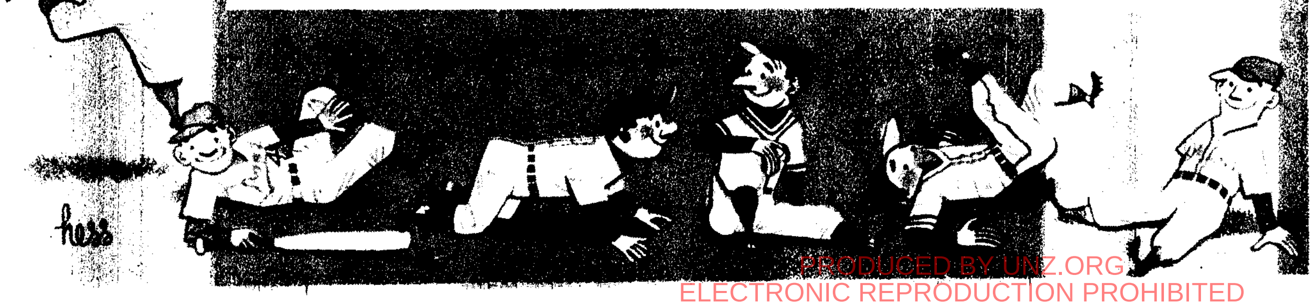
ROSEN, ***Indians***	**MATHEWS,** ***Braves***

20-GAME WINNERS

BYRD, ***Yankees***	**ERSKINE,** ***Dodgers***
FORD, ***Yankees***	**HADDIX,** ***Cardinals***
LEMON, ***Indians***	**NEWCOMBE,** ***Dodgers***
PIERCE, ***White Sox***	**ROBERTS,** ***Phillies***
PORTERFIELD, ***Nationals***	**SIMMONS,** ***Phillies***
	SPAHN, ***Braves***

ALL-STAR TEAMS

American League		National League
FAIN, ***White Sox***	1B	**KLUSZEWSKI,** ***Reds***
FOX, ***White Sox***	2B	**SCHOENDIENST,** ***Cardinals***
ROSEN, ***Indians***	3B	**MATHEWS,** ***Braves***
CARRASQUEL, ***White Sox***	SS	**DARK,** ***Giants***
MANTLE, ***Yankees***	OF	**MUSIAL,** ***Cardinals***
WILLIAMS, ***Red Sox***	OF	**SNIDER,** ***Dodgers***
PIERSALL, ***Red Sox***	OF	**KINER,** ***Cubs***
BERRA, ***Yankees***	C	**CAMPANELLA,** ***Dodgers***



LOWELL HESS

STICKING one's neck out, a hazardous occupation since the days of the French Revolution, is all in the day's work for sports writers, who make predictions as frequently as the Weather Bureau—and are often as spectacularly wrong. Nevertheless, emboldened because we guessed the 1953 pennant winners correctly, we here present our 1954 Baseball Preview, rushing in where angels wouldn't venture without space suits. (If the allusions—historical, meteorological and celestial—seem mixed, it's because they reflect the state of mind in which the selector approached this task.)

The major leagues seem badly in need of new script writers this year. They've changed a couple of cities since the most recent of these forecasts—Boston to Milwaukee in the National and St. Louis to Baltimore in the American—but there's no foreseeable change in the pennant winners.

In the American League the Yankees will show up again for the World Series of 1954, trying for a sixth straight world championship to pin to their unprecedented fifth straight. The National League will be represented for the third straight year by Brooklyn, trying for an equally unprecedented first world championship. The prediction here is that the Dodgers' new and little-known shepherd, Walter Alston, will lead the flock to the promised land, thereby making club president Walter O'Malley look like a genius for refusing Charley Dressen a long-term contract, and making Dressen look like a sucker for refusing a one-year contract.

Baseball attendance dipped for the fifth straight year in 1953, even though Milwaukee, by setting a National League attendance record (1,826,397), lifted that league to 7,419,721, an increase of 17 per cent. The American League, with 6,964,076, was down 17 per cent. Total major-league attendance for 1953 was 14,383,797, compared with 14,633,044 for 1952.

Milwaukee figures to draw as well again this year, since the Braves will be in contention; and Baltimore will lure more fans through its turnstiles than St. Louis did (the safest prediction of the year). But there is no reason to anticipate any remarkable attendance increases elsewhere. In fact, decreases are probable, particularly in cities with second-division clubs.

Television will be blamed for the loss of customers, as usual, but a reason at least equally important has to be the fact that the pennant winners will be repeating. To the rest of the country's baseball fans, the third straight New York subway Series will make the 1954 season no more than a token campaign.

The wrangle between the owners and the players over how much of the World Series and All-Star game television receipts should go into the pension fund will be settled, with the pension fund getting a boost to about half the TV take. The shifting of major-league franchises to former minor-league cities will stop for the time being, but the minor leagues will feel severely the dislocations imposed upon their circuits by the changes already made; the chain reaction may be violent all the way down to the Class D loops.

Aside from isolated cases, like that of the Yanks' Billy Martin, the Korean truce solved the major leagues' Selective Service problem. Some youngsters in the minors still will be draft bait, but in the majors the trend is the other way. Ted Williams (Red Sox) and Jerry Coleman (Yanks) were among the notable returnees last summer and the list will swell this year with Don Newcombe (Dodgers), Willie Mays (Giants), Leo Kiely (Red Sox), Chet Nichols (Braves), Tom Morgan (Yanks) and

1954 Baseball Preview

ear's success, dusts off his crystal ball for another big try

Frank House (Tigers), among others. A new Department of the Army ruling makes possible release within the two-year term, provided the serviceman can prove he has a contract in an occupation depending on "cyclic employment" waiting for him or wishes to continue his college education. (Safe prediction number two: you'll be able to count on the fingers of one foot the ballplayers who ask out so they can get a diploma.)

The standings in the 1953 Baseball Preview worked out like a pair of pajamas—a little awry in the middle, but perfect at the tops and bottoms. The Yanks and the Dodgers came through as predicted, and the Browns and the Pirates finished eighth. It is not yet time to look for a change. The only difference we can see for '54 is that the Browns will be called the Orioles.

There will be the one additional change, already noted, after the regular season: the Dodgers will beat the Yanks in the World Series. Brooklyn has been in seven Series without winning one; and I'm hunching that it's about time this perennial bridesmaid got a chance to say "I do."

The Brooklyn pitching, a ticklish department through two pennant-winning seasons, again will require judicious handling, but Smokey Alston's task should be made easier by Newcombe's return. Big Don won 56 games for the Dodgers in less than three full seasons and was 20-9 in 1951, his last year before being called up. There may be help also from two rookies—Tom LaSorda (17-8), a left-hander, and Pete Wojey (14-9), up from Montreal and Fort Worth respectively.

The Dodgers, like the rest of us, are getting older. Among the regulars, only Duke Snider (twenty-seven) and Junior Gilliam (twenty-five) are under thirty. Yet there is such strength on the Brooklyn bench that the veterans can be rested regularly.

Trades That Will Help the Braves

Milwaukee again will be Brooklyn's closest pursuer. The Braves strengthened themselves greatly in the trades which brought them Danny O'Connell (.294) from Pittsburgh and Bobby Thomson (.288) from New York. Bobby, who hit 134 homers and batted in 509 runs for the Giants in the last five years, will give the Braves the long-ball hitter they need to replace Sid Gordon, now a Pirate. O'Connell is slated to take over for Jack Dittmer (.266) at second but can play the outfield if Jolly Cholly Grimm wishes. As a matter of fact, hard-hitting Ed Mathews (.302), O'Connell and Thomson—all three—can be used in either infield or outfield, depending on Milwaukee's needs. And O'Connell and Thomson will also help make the Braves one of the fastest teams in baseball.

Although they gave up two promising southpaws—Johnny Antonelli (12-12) and Don Liddle (7-6)—the Braves still have the best southpaw in the league in Warren Spahn (23-7). Besides, left-handers aren't much use against Brooklyn, the team the Braves must beat. And Grimm will have Chet Nichols back from the service. Nichols was 11-8 in 1951 and led the league in earned runs (2.88). Gene Conley, six feet eight inches, is up again from Toledo, where he led American Association pitchers in eight departments. Gene (23-9) has phenomenal control but the scouting rap on him is that he can win only under minor league lights, not noted for their brilliance.

There will be a closer fight for third place in the standings than for first, with St. Louis getting the nod over Philadelphia. Under the new ownership of August Busch, the Cards have not been content with recruits from their own farm clubs but have dealt for outside help. The most notable rookie is Alex Grammas (.307), shortstop from Kansas City, who may replace Solly Hemus (.279).

Another Cardinal purchase, Mexican southpaw Guillermo Luna (17-10), from San Diego, could take up some of the slack caused by the induction into the armed forces of Vinegar Bend Mizell. The Cards also have a sleeper in outfielder Wally Moon (.307), a product of their Rochester farm. When Moon's name was inadvertently placed on the draft list at the winter meetings in Atlanta last December, six clubs made him their first choice before it was discovered he was not eligible. Moon is not on the Cardinal roster, but he'll get a thorough trial in spring training. Another Rochester outfielder, Tom Burgess (.346), also is highly rated.

Phils Again Have Pitching Strength

Steve O'Neill again will have great pitching at Philadelphia, with Robin Roberts (23-16) and Curt Simmons (16-13) the big combination. Tom Casagrande (16-7), one of Bob Carpenter's bonus babies, comes up from Schenectady for another trial. And the trade which brought right-hander Murry Dickson (10-19) from Pittsburgh, for $80,000 plus two players, will be a big lift. The Phils still have an infield problem, which was not entirely solved last season by shifting Granny Hamner (.276) to second and playing freshman Ted Kazanski (.217) at short.

O'Neill still is looking for a third outfielder to team up with Richie Ashburn (.330) and Del Ennis (.285), so two rookies—Danny Schell (.333) from Schenectady and Stan Palys (.331) from Spokane—will get a crack at nudging Johnny Wyrostek (.271) toward the bench.

The Giants will not be the flops they were in 1953, but only because not much is expected of them. Antonelli and Liddle, the young left-handers from Milwaukee, will bolster a sagging pitching staff. Willie Mays, back in the outfield, will give the team a spark it lacked last season. And Ray Katt (.326) from Minneapolis will add punch. He'll be the regular backstop and could be outstanding. Leo Durocher also has two young right-handers, Ruben Gomez (13-11) and Al Worthington (4-8). If Sal Maglie (8-9) or Larry Jansen (11-16) can give some help to Jim Hearn (9-12), the pitching will be much stronger, but there still is no reason to suspect a mad rush of fans to the Polo Grounds this summer.

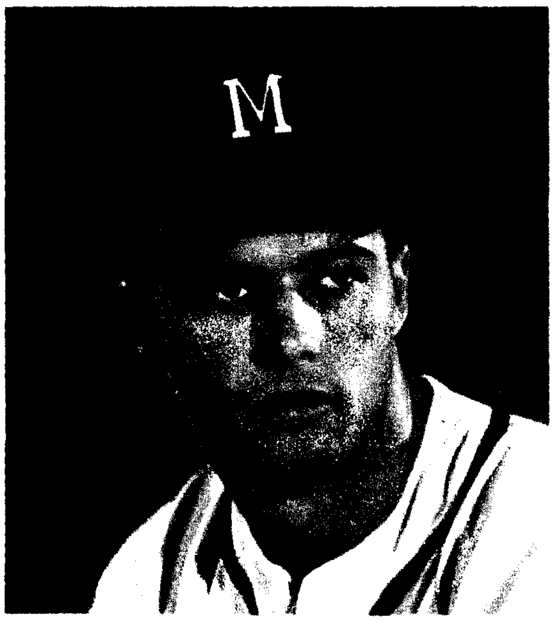
Cincinnati, under a new manager, Birdie Tebbetts, has a one-two punch with Ted Kluszewski (.316) and Gus Bell (.300) and may go higher than sixth, where it is picked here. Ed Bailey, who hit 21 homers at Tulsa, will do quite a bit of the catching and Fred Baczewski (11-4) may get some pitching help from Art Fowler (18-10), up from Atlanta—although Fowler's no youngster.

It could be that Gene Baker (.284), a shortstop from Los Angeles, will be a big help to the Cubs, who for years have had chronic shortstop trouble the way some people have hay fever. Chicago's outfield is slow, but the pitching is better than a year ago. Phil Cavarretta should have no difficulty keeping his club ahead of the Pirates, but it is doubtful that he can menace the Giants or Reds.

About the only help Branch Rickey could give the Pirates this year would be to attach miners' lamps to the fiber helmets which are now standard cap equipment for his players. Then maybe they could find their way around the National League cellar. The recently acquired veteran, Sid Gordon

STAN MUSIAL—*Cards*

AL ROSEN—*Indians*



ED MATHEWS—*Braves*

Baseball's surprise in '54 may be the Red Sox. Boston's rejuvenation program, base

(.274), will deliver an occasional long ball, but the majority of the new faces on the Pirates are beardless and—as yet—undistinguished, although outfielder Gerry Lynch (.333) brings a promising record from Norfolk. Pittsburgh still seems years away from the first division. The Bucs are selling established stars to make up for the money spent on players who either didn't make good or were called into service. Within a period of less than a year, Rickey has sold Ralph Kiner, Danny O'Connell and Murry Dickson.

The cut-and-dried aspects of the National League pennant race are not duplicated in the American League. There will be close contention among seven of the clubs, and even Baltimore is no cinch to finish in the cellar. For first place, however, the Yanks are picked without misgivings.

In shooting for his sixth straight American League pennant, Casey Stengel will profit by the trade which brought pitcher Harry Byrd (11-20) and first baseman Eddie Robinson (.247) from the Athletics. Both can do much better than their records indicate, and should ease the gap caused by the retirement of Johnny Sain (14-7) and Big Jawn Mize (.250).

Bill Skowron (.318) will be taken to St. Pete to be looked over as a first-base possibility. Skowron is on the Kansas City roster, has good power and can play third base and the outfield as well as first. The Yanks were high on him a year ago, then seemingly lost interest, and now are hot about the right-handed hitter again.

Stengel's three top pitchers, Ed Lopat (16-4), Allie Reynolds (13-7) and Vic Raschi (13-6), are all thirty-five years old, but he has potential 20-game winners in Byrd and Whitey Ford (18-6). A surprise might be Bob Wiesler, even though he did have only an 8-7 record at Kansas City after coming out of service. And the return from the Marines of Jerry Coleman and the presence of Andy Carey give Casey a chance to manipulate his infield if Phil Rizzuto needs a rest at short.

Cleveland has chased the Yankees home three years in a row. On the assumption that the Indians must be getting discouraged, I pick the Red Sox to give the Yanks the most trouble in 1954. Lou Boudreau said a year ago that he thought his club should be in contention by 1955, but his youngsters have come on so fast they may be ahead of schedule. Although Lou gave up a good pitcher to Washington in Mauric McDermott (18-10), he gets a good one back from service in Leo Kiely.

The amazing hitting of Ted Williams (.407) in the 37 games he played after returning from Korea gave the Red Sox a big lift last season. Another ex-serviceman who may help is Norbert Zauchin, a right-handed hitter who may win the first-base job from Dick Gernert (.253). In 1951, before going into service, Zauchin hit only a dozen homers while batting .267 at Louisville, but at Birmingham in '50 he whacked 35 home runs.

Boudreau is also hopeful that the acquisition of Jackie Jensen (.266) will give Williams a lift. If Jensen, swinging right-handed, bats behind Ted, opposing pitchers will not be too cheerful about handing out intentional passes to Williams: Jackie and his fat bat will have Fenway's invitingly close left-field wall as a target.

"Boston has spent so much money for young players in the last few years that it's bound to show soon," said an American League executive. "If not this year, it'll be next." Because of a morbid fascination for money in large sums, I'm picking 1954 as the year.

Cleveland is making a radical experiment at first base: benching big Luke Easter in favor of Glenn (Rocky) Nelson. Easter (.303) has the power and size of a truck. The trouble is, he's somewhat less mobile than a truck and much less durable. (He suffers from chronic knee trouble.)

Nelson, who's due to start at least the exhibition season as Luke's replacement, is no callow youth, having played in more than 200 National League games for the Cardinals, Pirates and Dodgers. He was purchased from the Brooklyn farm at Montreal, where he practically took the International League apart. He won its Most Valuable Player award for batting .308, knocking in 136 runs and slamming 34 homers.

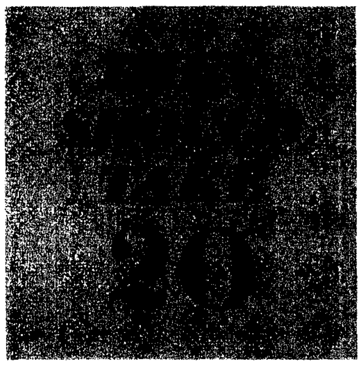
Indians' Hopes Rest with "Big Three"

Al Lopez looks for a better year from moody outfielder Larry Doby (.263) and figures that Al Rosen (.336) will continue his good work at third. But again the Tribe's hopes rest on the Big Three of the pitching staff, Bob Lemon (21-15), Mike Garcia (18-9) and Early Wynn (17-12). José Santiago (13-11) is up from Dallas for another look.

The battle for fourth could be a humdinger between Chicago and Washington. The nod goes to the White Sox, even though they have seemingly lost ground since their fine showing in 1952. Washington has too many infield problems.

Chicago is high on Bill Wilson (.311), an outfielder from Memphis. Wilson came out of service after the '52 season, had a good winter season in the Cuban League and continued belting the ball with Memphis. Southpaw Jack Harshman, the old Giant first-base prospect who turned pitcher, had a 23-7 record with Nashville. He and Tom Hurd (17-11) from Memphis can give help to the pitching staff, which may need it: thirty-five-year-old Virgil Trucks doesn't figure to duplicate his 20-10 1953 record this year.

If Bob Porterfield (22-10) can come through with another good year, Bucky Harris' Washington club will have a tough pitching staff, particularly since the addition of Maury McDermott (18-10)



Billy Pierce

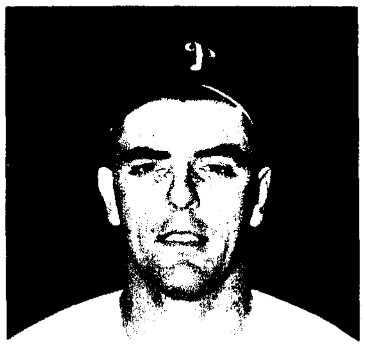
Warren Spahn

Robin Roberts

Carl Erskine

Harvey Haddix

Whitey Ford



Curt Simmons

Harry Byrd

Don Newcombe

Bob Porterfield

Bob Lemon

was effected without giving up any pitching strength. Angel Scull, one of three Cuban Negroes who will be in training with Washington, is extremely fast, although he batted only .286 for Charleston in the American Association. The Nats should press the White Sox for a first-division berth, but Pete Runnels (.257) has to have a better year at short than he did in 1953 if the threat is to be sustained.

The Athletics' Eddie Joost, in his freshman year as manager, will try to revamp the team's infield. First baseman Vic Power, who batted .349 with Kansas City, is expected to live up to his name with the A's. The Puerto Rican Negro was sent to Philadelphia by the Yankees in the big December swap which moved Byrd and Robinson to Yankee Stadium. Another new Philadelphia player acquired in the same 13-man deal is outfielder Bill Renna, who batted .314 last year for the Yanks.

An added important cog in Joost's infield plans is Forrest Jacobs (.282), drafted from Fort Worth. Jacobs and Tommy Giordano (.281), who hit 24 homers last year for Savannah, will battle it out for second base. The Athletics also are counting on another Negro, pitcher Bob Trice, who came up last year from Ottawa and beat Washington twice in the final weeks of the season. Trice was the first Negro to play for the A's, incidentally: his acquisition left eight teams in the majors which have not yet played Negroes in their line-ups.

A Bonus Fast-Baller for the Tigers

Detroit, which improved under Fred Hutchinson as the 1953 season progressed, is still rebuilding. One pitcher who will see work is Bob Miller (1-2), a fast-baller who signed as a high-school kid for a big bonus last June. Another pitching prospect is Frank Lary (17-11), up from Buffalo, and Paul Foytack (13-10), also with the Bisons last year. Infielder Frank Bolling, brother of Milt of the Red Sox, spent last season between Little Rock (.288) and Buffalo (.318).

Detroit runs heavily to bonus players, and the rebuilding will take time, but owner Spike Briggs has shown that he has as much patience as he has money, provided he is convinced of progress.

Baltimore will have a new stadium, a new manager, Jimmy Dykes, and new uniforms; but the climb from the cellar will be tough. The Orioles are unlikely to show the big improvement the transplanted Braves made last season. Outfielder Jim Fridley (.293) from San Antonio, who was up with Cleveland in 1952; Rinold Duren (12-12), a right-hander from San Antonio; Jim Pisoni, an outfielder who was with three clubs in three leagues last summer—Wichita, Kansas; York, Pennsylvania; and Anderson, South Carolina; and Rocco Ippolito (.234), an outfielder from San Antonio, are newcomers who may help some, but hardly enough.

How about individual performances?

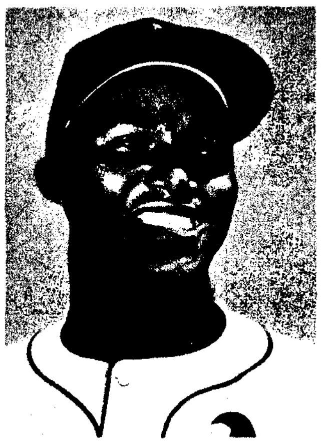
Although Stan (the Man) Musial (.337) failed to win the National League batting title in 1953 for the first time in four years, I pick the Cardinal outfielder to do so this year, for the seventh time in his career. And Ed Mathews of the Braves, who led the majors with 47 homers last season, should lead the National again in 1954—and should continue to lead it for the foreseeable future.

Al Rosen of Cleveland led the American League in homers (43) and runs-batted-in (145) and failed by a point to win the triple crown, trailing Washington's Mickey Vernon, who hit .337. Rosen is my choice to lead the American League in homers again and to lead it in batting, too, on the theory that Boston's aging Williams can't go through a long campaign hitting as he did for the short period he played last season.

Harvey Kuenn (.308) stood up as my choice for the American League rookie of 1953, but Daryl Spencer (.208) flopped as the National League selection. Undaunted by a 50-50 split, I pick Vic Power of the Athletics to win the 1954 rookie honors in the American League and Alex Grammas of the Cardinals in the National.

Shifting to the pitching department, your swami sees 20-game seasons in the offing for Ford and Byrd of the Yankees, Lemon of the Indians, Pierce of the White Sox and Porterfield of Washington—with Shantz of the Athletics another possibility, if his left arm is fit. National League 20-game winners should be Erskine and Newcombe of the Dodgers. Roberts and Simmons of the Phillies, Haddix of the Cards and Spahn of the Braves, with Nichols of the same club a possibility.

There is, of course, a little matter of 154 games to be played by the 16 major-league clubs before all or any of the above predictions become facts. I can wait, even though I'm not exactly comfortable away out here at the end of that long limb. Meanwhile, put down that saw, men! ▲▲▲



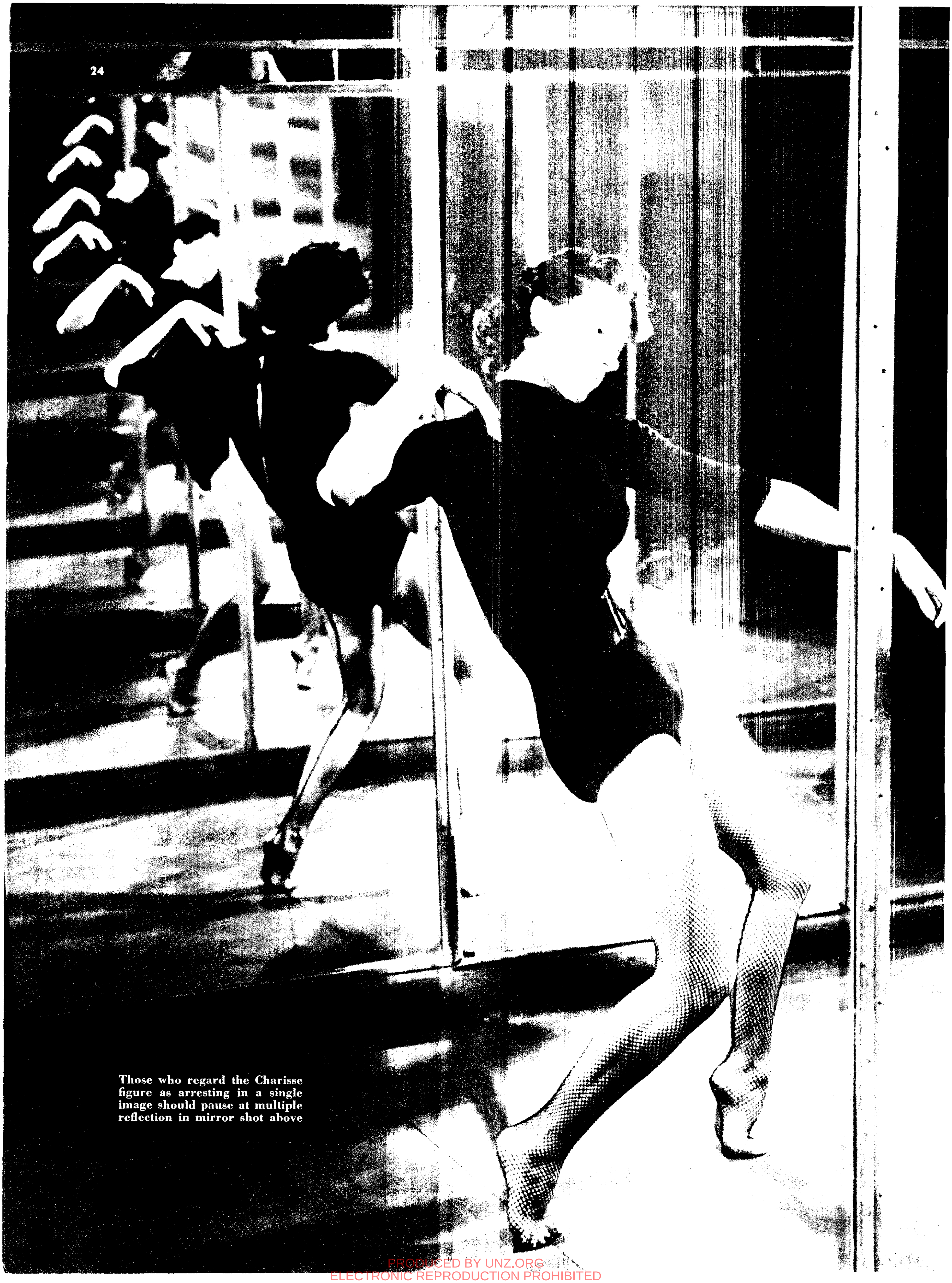
Vic Power

Alex Grammas

1954 ROOKIES TO WATCH

Name, Club	Bat Throw	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Home	1953 Club	
PITCHERS							**W-L**
TOM CASAGRANDE, *Phillies*	L-L	6'2"	210	1930	St. Louis, Mo.	Schenectady	16-7
*GENE CONLEY, *Braves*	R-R	6'8"	225	1930	Richland, Wash.	Toledo	23-9
ART FOWLER, *Reds*	R-R	5'11"	180	1923	Converse, S. C.	Atlanta	18-10
PAUL FOYTACK, *Tigers*	R-R	5'11"	175	1930	Scranton, Pa.	Buffalo	13-10
*JACK HARSHMAN, *White Sox*	L-L	6'2"	180	1927	San Diego, Cal.	Nashville	23-7
*JEHOSIE HEARD, *Orioles*	L-L	5'8"	150	1925	Memphis, Tenn.	Portland	16-12
*FRANK LARY, *Tigers*	R-R	5'11"	180	1931	Northport, Ala.	Buffalo	17-11
TOM LA SORDA, *Dodgers*	L-L	5'10"	175	1927	Norristown, Pa.	Montreal	17-8
*GUILLERMO LUNA, *Cardinals*	L-L	6'	170	1930	Tacubaya, Mex.	San Diego	17-10
*ROBERT MILLER, *Tigers*	L-L	6'1"	174	1935	Berwyn, Ill.	Detroit	1-2
*MARIO PICONE, *Giants*	R-R	5'11"	190	1926	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Minneapolis	14-9
JOSE SANTIAGO, *Indians*	R-R	5'10"	175	1928	Coamo, P. R.	Dallas	13-11
*RICHARD STRAHS, *White Sox*	R-R	6'	180	1930	Evanston, Ill.	Memphis	16-8
BONES TOMANEK, *Indians*	L-L	6'1"	170	1929	Avon Lake, O.	Indianapolis	13-8
*BOB TRICE, *Athletics*	R-R	6'3"	190	1929	Weirton, W. Va.	Ottawa	21-10
*BOB WIESLER, *Yankees*	L-L	6'3"	175	1930	St. Louis, Mo.	Kansas City	8-7
PETE WOJEY, *Dodgers*	R-R	5'11"	185	1922	Collegeville, Pa.	Fort Worth	14-9
BOB ZICK, *Cubs*	L-R	6'	168	1927	Chicago, Ill.	Des Moines	14-12
CATCHERS							**B.A.**
*EDGAR BAILEY, *Reds*	L-R	6'2"	205	1931	Strawberry Plains, Tenn.	Tulsa	.243
*RAY KATT, *Giants*	R-R	6'2"	200	1927	New Braunfels, Tex.	Minneapolis	.326
*AL ROBERTSON, *Athletics*	R-R	5'9"	185	1928	Peoria, Ill.	Kansas City	.278
FIRST BASEMEN							
*THOMAS ALSTON, *Cardinals*	L-R	6'5"	210	1930	Greensboro, N. C.	San Diego	.297
*DALE LONG, *Pirates*	L-L	6'4"	210	1925	Springfield, Mo.	Hollywood	.272
*NORBERT ZAUCHIN, *Red Sox*	R-R	6'4"	220	1929	Royal Oak, Mich.	Louisville (1951)	.267
INFIELDERS							
*GENE BAKER, *Cubs*	R-R	6'1"	170	1925	Davenport, Ia.	Los Angeles	.284
*JACK BAUMGARTNER *Tigers*	R-R	6'1"	205	1931	Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Little Rock	.305
RENO BERTOIA, *Tigers*	R-R	5'11"	185	1935	Windsor, Ont.	(Free Agent)	(No B.A.)
FRANK BOLLING, *Tigers*	R-R	6'1"	170	1931	Mobile, Ala.	Buffalo	.318
TOM GIORDANO, *Athletics*	R-R	6'	190	1926	Newark, N. J.	Savannah	.281
CHUCK HARMON, *Reds*	R-R	6'2"	175	1926	Gloversville, N. Y.	Tulsa	.311
*ALEX GRAMMAS, *Cardinals*	R-R	6'	175	1928	Birmingham, Ala.	Kansas City	.307
DON HOAK, *Dodgers*	R-R	6'1"	165	1928	Roulette, Pa.	Montreal	.269
*FORREST JACOBS, *Athletics*	R-R	5'9"	155	1926	Pennsville, N. J.	Fort Worth	.282
*DON ZIMMER, *Dodgers*	R-R	5'9"	165	1931	Cincinnati, O.	St. Paul	.300
OUTFIELDERS							
*SANDY AMOROS, *Dodgers*	L-L	5'8"	170	1932	Matanzas, Cuba	Montreal	.353
JIM BOLGER, *Reds*	R-R	6'2"	180	1932	Cincinnati, O.	Columbia	.301
*TOM BURGESS, *Cardinals*	L-L	6'	200	1927	London, Ont.	Rochester	.346
*BOB CERV, *Yankees*	R-R	6'	200	1926	Weston, Neb.	Kansas City	.317
ELSTON HOWARD, *Yankees*	R-R	6'2"	191	1929	St. Louis, Mo.	Kansas City	.286
ROCCO IPPOLITO, *Orioles*	R-R	6'1"	197	1928	Bayonne, N. J.	San Antonio	.234
*GERRY LYNCH, *Pirates*	L-R	6'1"	180	1930	Bay City, Mich.	Norfolk	.333
STAN PALYS, *Phillies*	R-R	6'1"	195	1930	Blakely, Pa.	Spokane	.331
JIM PISONI, *Orioles*	R-R	5'10"	169	1929	St. Louis, Mo.	Anderson	.323
*VIC POWER, *Athletics*	R-R	6'	182	1930	San Juan, P. R.	Kansas City	.349
BILLY QUEEN, *Braves*	R-R	6'1"	185	1928	Gastonia, N. C.	Toledo	.281
*CLYDE SCHELL, *Phillies*	R-R	6'1"	195	1927	Fostoria, Mich.	Schenectady	.333
*ANGEL SCULL, *Nationals*	R-R	5'6"	165	1930	Matanzas, Cuba	Charleston	.286
*DICK SINOVIC, *Braves*	R-R	6'	185	1927	Portland, Ore.	Atlanta	.342
*BILL WILSON, *White Sox*	R-R	6'2"	200	1928	Long Beach, Cal.	Memphis	.311

(*) Good chance of sticking.



Those who regard the Charisse figure as arresting in a single image should pause at multiple reflection in mirror shot above

Legs and a Legend

By EVELYN HARVEY

Hollywood gives the musical hit, Brigadoon, the fairy-tale treatment, with a few earthly exceptions—notably the tangible talents of Cyd Charisse and Gene Kelly

ALMOST anyone who's seen the sleek, seductive dancing of Cyd Charisse has felt that her comfortable success in films would, sooner or later, turn spectacular. This may be Cyd's year. She has snagged one of the plum roles of the season, as the heroine of Brigadoon, M-G-M's CinemaScope version of the Broadway hit. And she's working with a movie trio—Arthur Freed, Vincente Minnelli and Gene Kelly—who helped set the sparks to her career. A couple of years ago, in Singin' in the Rain (producer Freed, codirector Kelly), Cyd jolted audiences upright in a jazz-age dance fantasy with Kelly. And in last season's The Band Wagon (producer Freed, director Minnelli) she generated considerable excitement in rip-snorting dance duets with Fred Astaire.

Now Brigadoon offers Charisse a change of pace. As played on Broadway, and at a hundred theatrical way stations for the past seven years, this musical about a Scottish hamlet that wakes for one day every century, offers a gentle brand of escape in a no-nonsense age. The movie preserves the mood—as well as the swooping score and kilt-swirling clan dances on the mist-and-heather-filled uplands.

Gene Kelly is one of two young men from Manhattan who discover the "lost" village of Brigadoon while hunting grouse. Van Johnson plays his companion, and Elaine Stewart the unhappy sophisticate he rejects for Charisse, a leggy Highland lass he meets in the legendary town.

Before the denouement, which commits Kelly to an eternity with Cyd on the mythical moors, there's plenty of time for dancing—at a wedding, in the heather and in the village square. And Cyd's full-skirted Scottish garb can't conceal the fact that she's quite possibly the most magnificently constructed dancer in films.

What will this new role mean to Cyd? In the past, female dancers of merit have, at best, won only junior partnerships among Hollywood's dance hierarchy. The classic query has been: Who's dancing with Astaire? or Who've they got for Kelly? Cyd may add a new twist to the old line. Next year the question could be: Who've they got for Charisse?

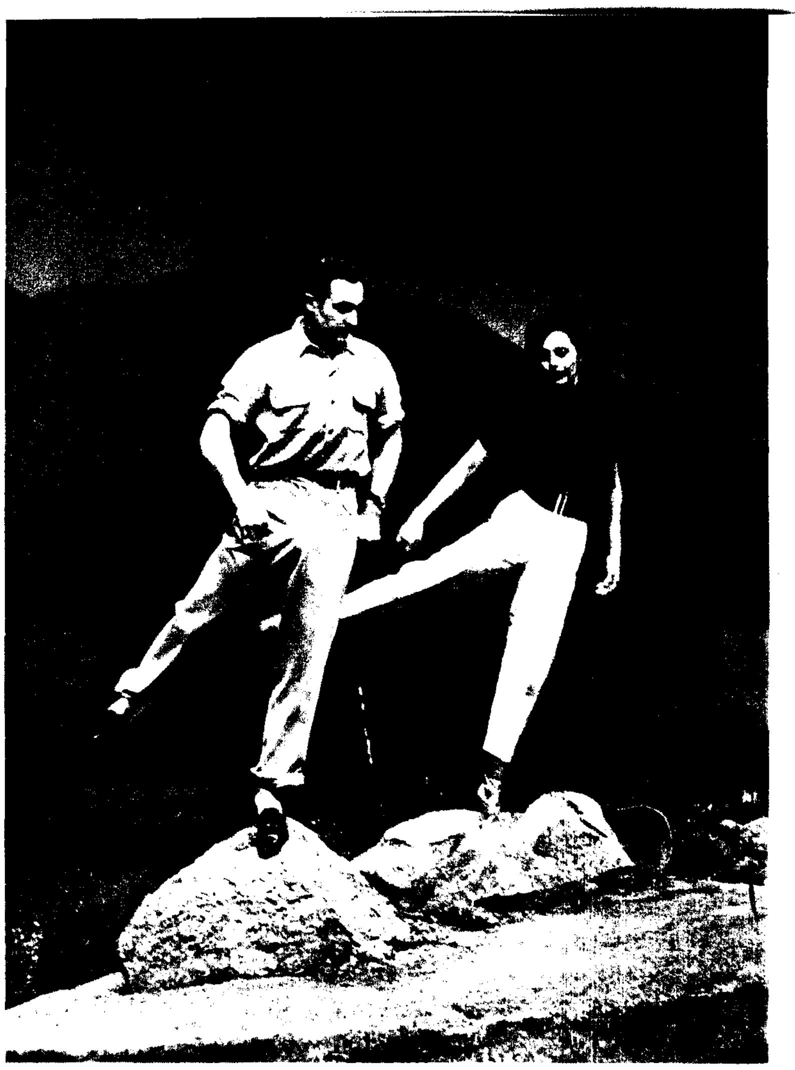
CONTINUED

Charisse and Kelly swoop, trance-like, across a movie-made moor in number called Heather on the Hill

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Legs and a Legend—*Continued*

Kelly plans action of Brigadoon's Heather on the Hill number with Cyd Charisse, "dance-ins" Jimmy Thompson and Jean Coyne



Charisse wore out ten pairs of slippers rehearsing with Kelly from base to summit of rock-strewn hill

Charisse, a thirty-year-old brunette, is rounding out twelve years in films. She's married to singer Tony Martin, has two children

Thompson, whose efforts in rehearsal won him a featured role, fills in for dancer-choreographer Kelly. Cyd has switched to practice skirt

Above and below, Kelly and Charisse overcome intricacies of step complicated by small tree

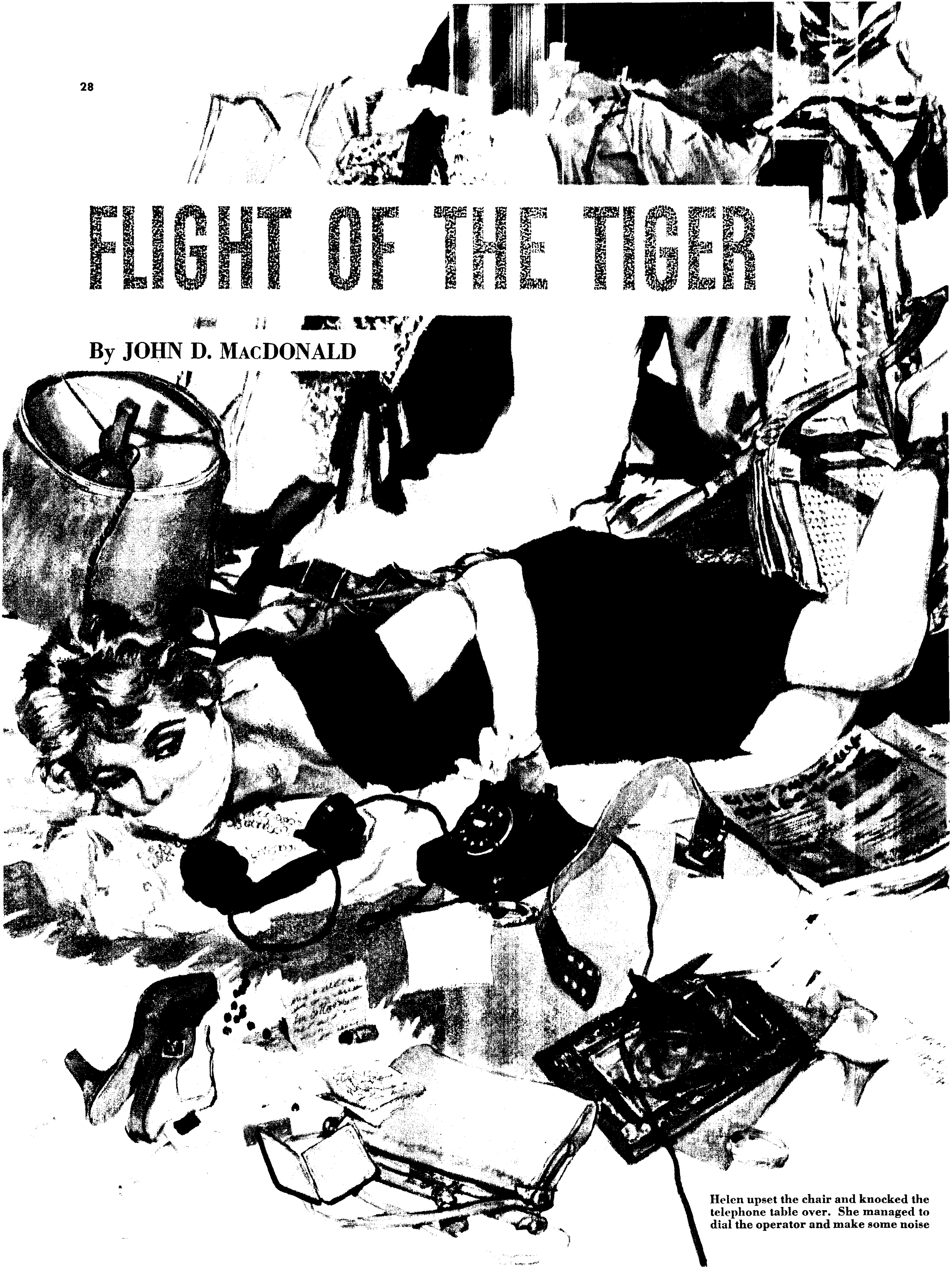
To Cyd Charisse, like any dancer out to hang a banner on her career, an important movie role is real work—especially so when the work is with Gene Kelly. Kelly's film chores stretch far beyond those of the average song-and-dance man. In Brigadoon, he acts, sings, dances and does the choreography to boot. And in this full-color musical, the fancy footwork covers a lot of ground. Dances include some of the most effective numbers from the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe show —Waitin' for My Dearie, Almost Like Being in Love, Heather on the Hill, There But for You Go I. In a few cases, they involve tricky terrain.

The mist-ridden uplands and ancient village of Brigadoon were constructed on the home lot, instead of being filmed on location, as originally planned. And the over-all cost, an estimated $2,800,000, takes in such random items as two Highland cows and four goats, imported for the occasion, and an immense moorland backdrop, 425 feet long by 50 feet high, which gives the impression of a 15-mile view.

While rehearsing one number on the shrub-covered slopes of Stage 27, Kelly and Charisse spent two solid weeks by-passing boulders, bushes and hidden holes. Cyd lost five pounds—largely because of erratic temperatures, brought on by the intense CinemaScope lighting, which varied from 100 degrees at hilltop level to normally drafty on the studio floor. But none of these hazards will show, when the slumbering village of Brigadoon has its Highland fling on screen. The sun glows on the heather, bagpipes skirl, Charisse, like the mythical town, wakes from a century-long nap without aging a day. And Hollywood may discover what Broadway knows—that there's gold in them thar moors.

FLIGHT OF THE TIGER

By JOHN D. MacDONALD



Helen upset the chair and knocked the telephone table over. She managed to dial the operator and make some noise

Ben Morrow had come a long way to see this model, this Helen MacLane. Now she'd vanished, and Ben was caught between the cops and a mob of tough gangsters in a red-hot woman hunt

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

BEN MORROW knew that when his thirty-day leave was up, he was not going to report to his new station. In a kind of daydream he had tried unsuccessfully to visualize himself reporting, checking in with the adjutant, getting a BOQ assignment, walking out on the line and looking at the shining and deadly plane they would want him to fly. He couldn't imagine any of that, but neither could he visualize not reporting. He tried to think of how it would be to run, to keep on running forever, and always hiding.

Then he thought of a story he had read in one of MacLane's tattered science-fiction magazines. In it everyone had known that on such and such a day the sun was going to blow up and destroy the world. Everyone had known, but nobody could quite believe it; because they couldn't visualize nothingness.

Morrow had twenty-eight days left. Now it was eight thirty on a Friday night and he sat with a drink in the club car of the Commodore Vanderbilt. The train was ten minutes east of Toledo, rushing toward New York. He had come a long way, all the way across the Pacific; as a courier officer, he had started his leave in San Francisco.

He sat with the lounge chair half turned toward the windows, watching the distant lights. Now and then he could hear a meaningless word or two from the conversation of three men talking and drinking near him.

They don't know yet, he told himself. No one knows yet. So far, I am still First Lieutenant Benjamin Morrow, Sabre pilot, clobberer of three MIGs, grounded ever since I was shot down in the last week of the Korean action. Now I'm returning for a tour of duty at a training station with papers all in order, with all arrangements made. They think they're going to put me back in the air. Let them think it; I won't report.

Maybe MacLane would have understood why he felt this way. MacLane had been thirty, a man who seemed constantly wryly amused at the twists of fate that had landed him in the Korean war. "Benny," he had said, "you're a tiger. The Air Force needs you young tigers. You're also a recruiting poster. Do you know what it is about you that disconcerts me, Benny? You're too plausible. You're the epitome of a jet pilot. In a sack suit on a city street you would still be unmistakably exactly what you are."

"Is that good, Dick?"

"I don't know. This is, I suppose, the age of specialization. The winged knight has his proper place. But as your roommate, Benny, I'm distressed that you perform your function without thought, without conjecture about man and fate and personal destiny."

"I just fly the airplane."

"A sound adjustment. I wish I could think that way too, instead of always wondering: What am I doing here? It's the fashion these days, lad, to proclaim one's own fear. But your proclamations ring false. I think to you this is all a big, hot, exciting game—with a box score."

"People can get killed doing this."

"You're aware of that objectively, yes, but not subjectively. Others can get killed. You haven't applied that concept to yourself, personally. I have. And that makes me jealous of you, Benny. I lack faith in my own invulnerability."

And then a week after that conversation, one of the allegedly Chinese volunteer gun crews near the Yalu had tracked MacLane with electronic neatness, and had computed the long high-altitude curve of evasive action, and had electronically and magically changed MacLane and his craft into a somewhat greasy ball of smoke out of which bits of the craft arced and fluttered and fell.

And Ben Morrow had found that it wasn't like losing the others, like losing Foss and Thurman and Varalli and Smith—not like losing the young tigers. MacLane had been different. With the others you could remember, for a time, how they had looked, and the dates and the bars and the laughs: like Thurman with the hot-water bottle full of bourbon and the long glass straw, or like Smith rapping his brush-cut head with his knuckles and pounding out a tune by changing the shape of his open mouth. But with MacLane you kept remembering what he had said, and remembering the screwy views he had had.

Ben remembered the time MacLane had said, "We're the last ones, kid. In War One they flew at a fat eighty knots with a stick and a couple of push bars and a trigger. But look at the size of our check list. If they add a couple more gadgets, the ship will be too complicated for us to get it off the ground. Next they'll take some wire and tubes and relays and make themselves a pilot. We're the last humans who are going to fly in a war. This business of people flying airplanes is just a fad. Next year we're obsolete."

It was odd how he hadn't thought about that very much until after Dick MacLane had caught his package, and then he thought about it every time he buttoned and hooked and latched and fastened himself into his ship. He thought about how this last fallible device, this warm flesh, could be replaced by something as precision-clicking as the rest of the instruments and devices. It made the ship a little bit alien to him to think about it that way, and he lost a little of that fine, high, fat feeling of unity, of that blending of purpose and response between him and the plane.

And there had been that talk about education. "Benny," MacLane had said, "they didn't educate you. They conditioned you. There's a hell of a difference. You went through your comic books and looked at television and the movies. You developed a taste for convertibles and leggy young women. Then they filled you with bits of technical knowledge and half-baked truisms—and you came out a hero, an airplane driver, a fly boy. You're conditioned to your environment, and you're very good at your trade, so that makes the conditioning process a success. But don't tell me you're an educated man, Benny. Any kind of subjective discussion makes you shy and ashamed. You fiddle and stammer. It's so much easier to talk about what Joe did last night and what Al said to Pete. You start thinking too much, kid, and your conditioning goes to pot."

AT THE time Dick had said all that, with mock indignation, it hadn't meant much. It was just MacLane popping off again. But it was funny how it kept coming back after MacLane died. Conditioning. Like you were something that had been—manufactured. You thought you had that free will that MacLane was always yakking about, but when you thought about it, you saw you had to do what you were doing because that was the way the world was set up.

And that mixed you up. You found yourself looking at the other guys the way MacLane, perhaps, had looked at you. And you felt something odd for them, like pity or something. Pity because maybe they would die without ever knowing what it was to be alive. But that didn't make sense. They were alive all right—a great bunch. Maybe they were the alivest guys in the world—the smartest, quickest, best.

So he had tried to say the hell with it, and the hell with MacLane's sermons that kept popping back into his mind.

And then there had been all that talk about Helen. "I don't know what I'm going to do about that wife of mine, Benny. I was working on her, trying to change her from a girl into a real, live, adult woman, but they interrupted me and sent me out here. She's a sort of female variation of you. She figures life is fun, all dancing. Consecutive thought makes her pretty little empty head hurt. Half the time I feel like her old daddy. She's twenty-two. But if I figured the raw material wasn't there, I'd leave her alone."

And then MacLane had said, with a sudden change of mood, "Benny, if you should happen by any chance to grow up during this war, and I don't happen to come out of it, go see her. Just for the hell of it. But if you're still a fly-boy tiger, all reflexes and no complexes, stay away from her."

"You're too ugly and evil to die, MacLane," Ben had said.

It had all been just a lot of talk. Like seeing one of those foreign films without the English subtitles. Once in a while you could get a hint of what was going on, but you couldn't follow the story; and yet you suspected that it was a good movie. . . .

At Ben's signal the club-car waiter brought another drink, stood swaying with the train motion as he showed Ben the little bottle, then peeled the plastic from the cap and poured the mahogany liquor over the ice, and added the drink to the check.

It had all been just a lot of talk that he kept remembering, and then there had come that day last July, the one that started so high you could see midday stars in the deep purple sky. He had been up in it; he had been trying to get a position check and was just saying into the throat mike, "Red Candy four . . ." when something hammered the ship like a blow from a great sledge hammer. He saw *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

A WEEK INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE:

Around the Clock with

Given rare, behind-the-scenes access to the White House, the author has shown how the chief executive adapted himself to his title and his duties. Now he concludes by tracing the almost unbelievably arduous routine that fills the days for the President and his staff

As THE week in the White House starts rolling, the President's staff tries to remove from his shoulders as much as it can of the burden. Meeting every workday morning, the members reduce all business to a pure distillate of expedition before taking it to Mr. Eisenhower.

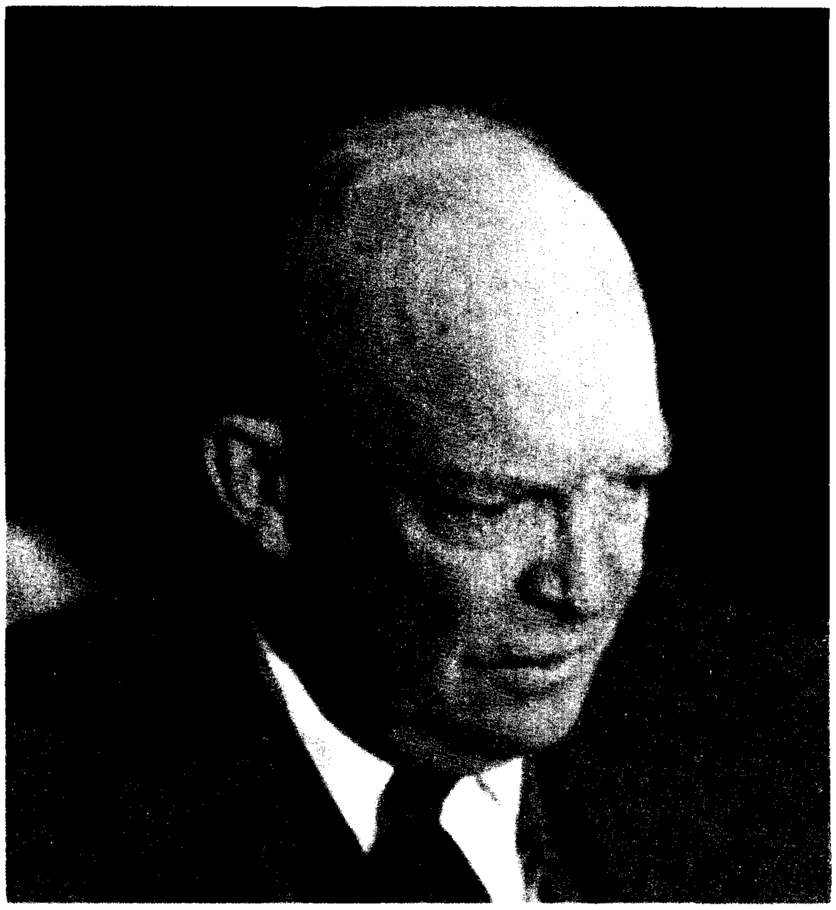
Besides Sherman Adams, the chairman and technically the assistant to the President, the staff includes Maxwell M. Rabb, a Boston lawyer, whose duties, boiled down, are concerned with keeping Presidential promises to minorities; Roger Steffan, a retired vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, in charge of the housekeeping, or finances, of the White House; New York attorney Thomas E. Stephens, the appointments secretary; James C. Hagerty and Murray Snyder, press secretaries; Bernard M. Shanley, special counsel; Major General Wilton B. Persons, the liaison man with Congress; Charles F. Willis, Jr., who screens the Presidential job appointments; and four administrative assistants: Dr. Gabriel Hauge, economic adviser; Bryce N. Harlow, helper on speeches and reports; Robert Cutler, the National Security Council co-ordinator; and I. Jack Martin, formerly Senator Robert A. Taft's right-hand man and now occupied with Congressional matters for President Eisenhower. Two assistants to General Persons, Gerald D. Morgan and Homer H. Gruenther, brother of General Alfred M. Gruenther, complete the key figures of the group.

A typical meeting gets under way quite early, at about the hour when a large segment of the metropolitan public is first reaching for the toothbrush. An agenda has been prepared the previous evening by Brigadier General Paul T. Carroll, the staff operations officer. Adams has, for example, been on a speaking trip in Canada and he discusses the attitudes toward the United States that he found there. This brings up the general question, often debated, whether the White House staff men, forming only a service organization, should make speeches at all. The point has never been settled. Adams, Rabb and Shanley do; certain others don't.

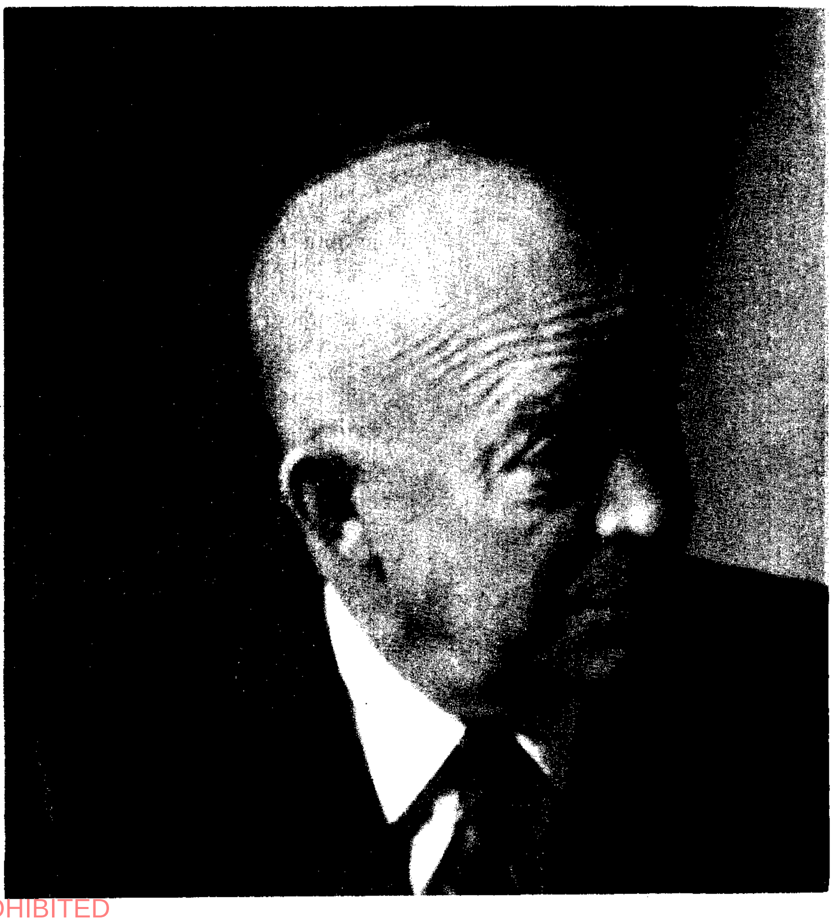
In a triumphant humor, Rabb now explains a coup just completed with regard to the ending of segregation among the civilian workers at naval shore establishments. The number of philosophic tomes cranked out each year on this over-all subject could easily provide ballast for a whaling schooner; Rabb appears to have a genius for going to the heart of things. "The place under immediate scrutiny was Norfolk," he says. "I had talked to Secretary of the Navy Anderson, and he agreed to follow through. We waited until dark and then removed the 'Colored' and 'White' signs from above the drinking fountains. Next morning there was a certain amount of understandable confusion, and the two races began to mingle freely."

It might be remarked that this spirit, a method of doing something abruptly, patiently absorbing the howls and the lamentations, and then going ahead and trying something else, for better or worse, is the current *modus operandi* of President Eisenhower and his staff. Shanley's report on the opening up of classified matter is a case in point. For years the old divisions of Restricted, Confidential, Secret, Top Secret, and the like

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



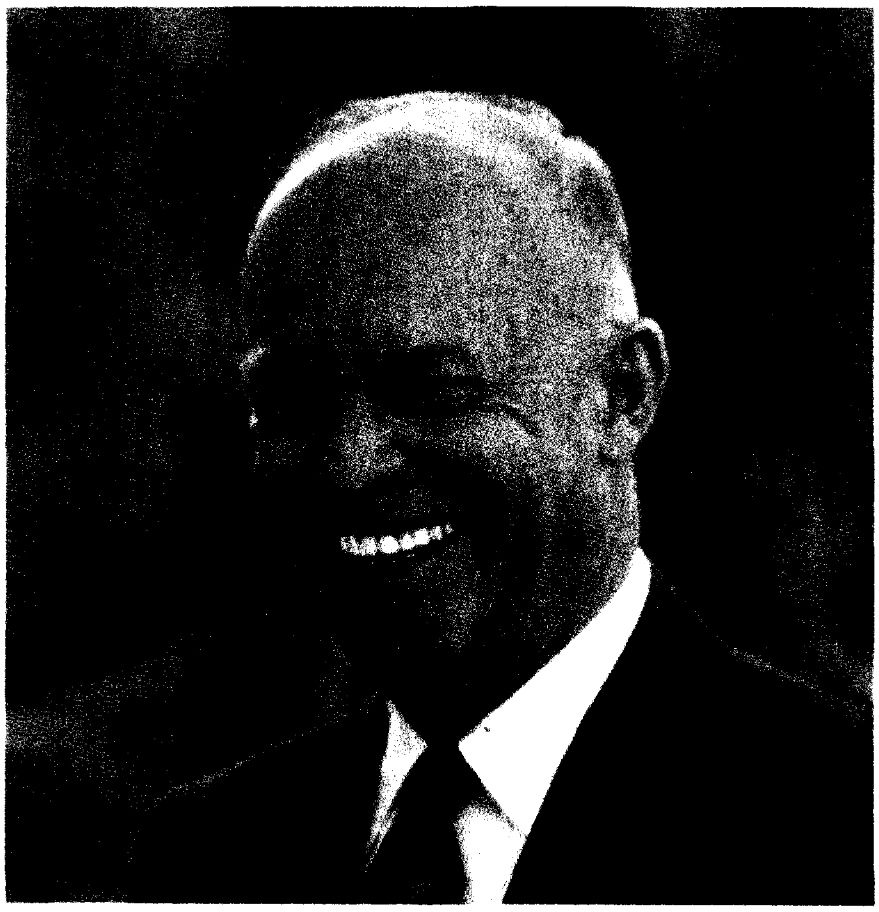
To the greatest and most harrowing political history. From his famous

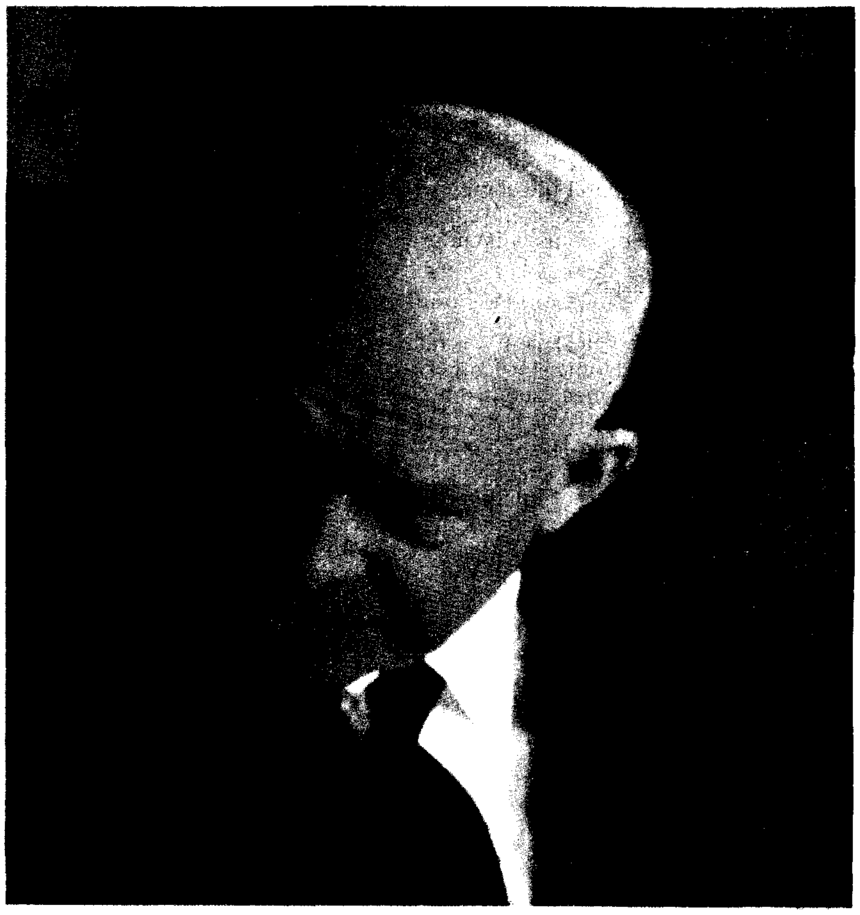


Eisenhower

By

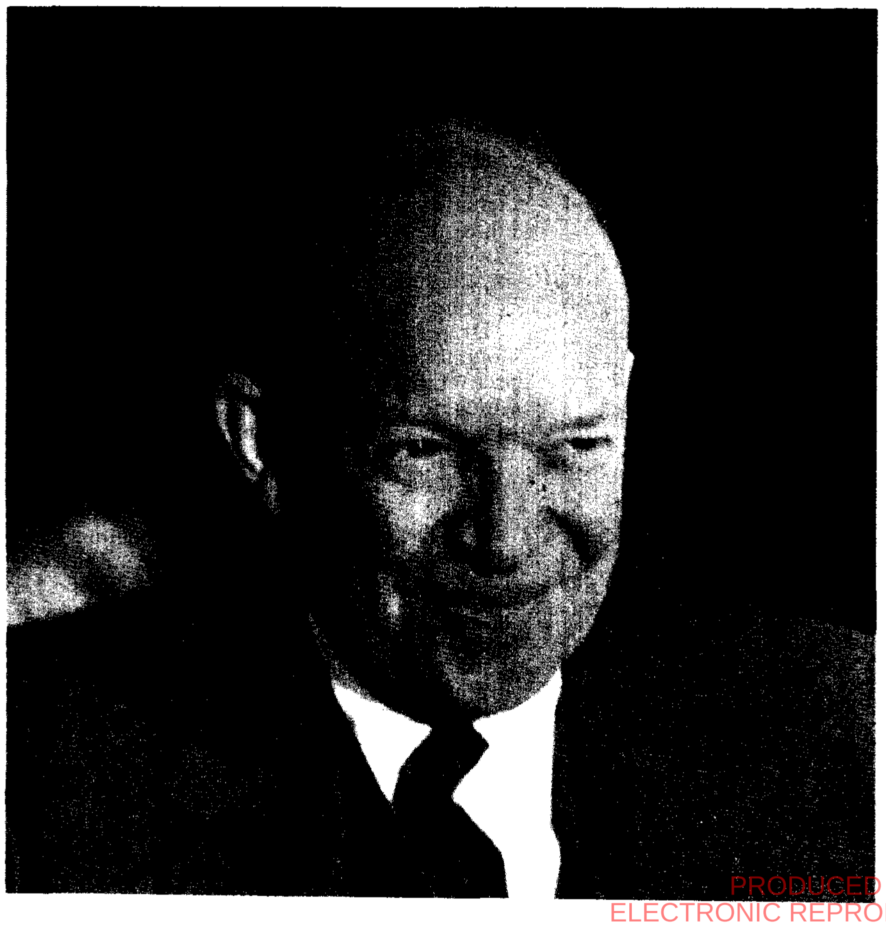
ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

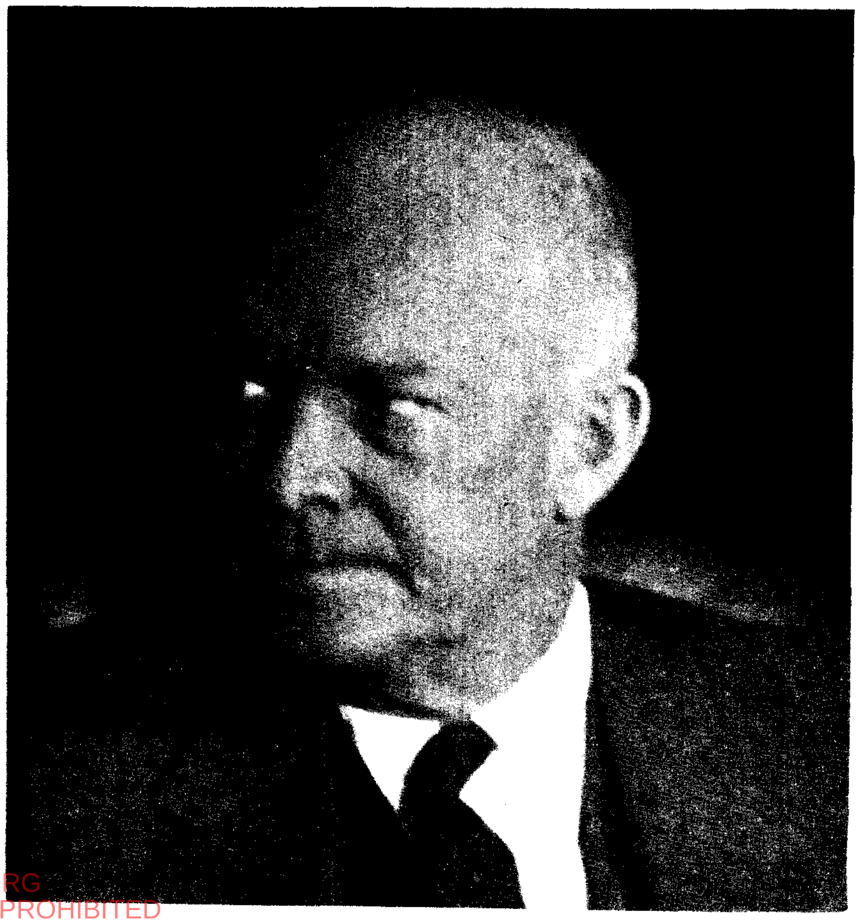




ob on earth, President Eisenhower has brought one of the most expressive faces in

ddition to his infrequent angry scowl, he shows his emotions to onlookers at a glance





The President's schedule at times is so tight he once was clocked changing from su

have made the executive senses reel and given rise to a blizzard of circulating paper. It is deemed essential to ease the situation. Shanley's solution, beautiful in its simplicity, is to select the category of Restricted and just eliminate it altogether.

Turning to other matters, Roger Steffan, who has been described by Anthony Leviero, the New York Times correspondent at the White House, as resembling "a banker who isn't going to lend you any money," may bring up some proposed items in the White House budget. He might note with distaste, for one, that the White House office supplies will cost $25,000 in the coming fiscal year, and he may touch on the subject of President and Mrs. Eisenhower's china. In the past when a new chief executive has taken office, he and his wife sometimes have ordered a whole new set of expensive china. The Eisenhowers are still dining quite comfortably off the china used by previous tenants, and Steffan has no idea how long this, to him, idyllic state of affairs will endure.

How Congressional Opinion Is Tested

A typical staff agenda might include a précis from Homer Gruenther, one of the Congressional liaison men, about the chance of herding through a piece of pet legislation. To avoid wasting time, the White House now makes a practice of sending agents over to Capitol Hill to take preliminary soundings of opinion on nearly everything. Gruenther may report back that, as nearly as he can figure it after talking to leaders in both houses, a bill on Fair Employment would lack support.

"The President has a 'must' list and he expects our office to keep a running Congressional count on each item," Gruenther explains, speaking of his job. "When the count is favorable on something, we go ahead and try to get it passed."

At one session, C. D. Jackson, the psychological warfare expert, gave a summary of world reaction to the Harry Dexter White case; and other special agencies, such as Civil Defense, headed by Val Peterson, and Mutual Security, under Harold E. Stassen, check in regularly. If any suggestion warrants further inquiry, Adams will appoint a subcommittee to study it, the plan being to have everything in condensed form, complete but not overstuffed, before it goes in to the President.

Adams may present the final considerations to Mr. Eisenhower, or the staff experts may themselves go in to report their findings. Lieutenant Colonel William G. Draper, the President's Air Force aide and pilot of the Presidential plane Columbine, feels it unwise to go in to President Eisenhower with something trivial. "The bald truth is that he might just kick you out," Draper says.

Like the other military aides (Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Schulz, Army, and Commander Edward L. Beach, Navy), Draper attends staff meetings and customarily reports his decision on plane seatings for a Presidential junket. In a quiet way, Draper is considered something of a diplomatic genius by his associates. He works out most of the arrangements for the trips and makes it possible for Mr. Eisenhower to work en route. The Presidential suite is toward the aft end of the plane, a big room with two couches, a desk, a large picture of the Columbine (presented by the state of Colorado) and a row of push buttons by means of which he can talk to any member of the crew.

Like most professional fliers, Draper in general is not keen about hauling passengers, but he finds the President wonderfully untroublesome. Windstorms and spitting rain leave Mr. Eisenhower unruffled, and he enjoys his meals at times when others are mentally checking their wills. He is a curious passenger, though, and frequently restless. He takes periodic walks to the cockpit, where he nods genially, as if naïvely interested in what's going on, and he spends a good deal of time peering out of the windows for landmarks.

In the mail room next door, Raymond Moore sorts and distributes the White House letters

PRESIDENT
GOV ADAMS
MR. HAGERTY
PRESIDENT

MARVIN KONER

Before each take-off, Draper provides Mr. Eisenhower with a large map which has their route drawn in by red pencil. The President is briefed on the probable weather, the altitude at which Draper means to fly, and any further details of the trip. In the nose of the Columbine is an elaborate and not altogether mentionable system of weather forecasting; in addition, Draper gives other forecasters the benefit of any doubt and flies his high-echelon cargo around all suggestion of trouble.

The trips are usually bland. Two flight attendants, Master Sergeants Robert E. Hughes, of Hartford, Connecticut, and Jack M. Woodward, of Adams Center, New York, look after the cooking and miscellaneous housekeeping; if Sergeant John Moaney, the President's valet, isn't along, they also tend to his clothes. For tight speaking schedules they equip him with several changes, and his performances are considered a model of middle-aged agility. Clocking him at a Western airport, one of his aides watched him enter his suite in a business suit and emerge wearing a tuxedo a shade under seven minutes later.

(The President's agility is no surprise to his physician, Major General Howard McC. Snyder. General Snyder often wishes he could persuade the American people that they don't have to worry about Mr. Eisenhower's health. Periodically, reports get about that the President is suffering from one ailment or another, but the truth is that he has had remarkably few physical setbacks in the course of his sixty-three years. He suffered a mild injury to his left knee joint while playing football at West Point in 1912, he had bursitis of the left shoulder some years ago, he got a case of tennis elbow and a few colds in 1953, and he has had the brief dysentery common to a migratory Army life; otherwise he has stayed as fit as a career athlete. Speaking of the public's preoccupation with his constitution, he once remarked, "I'm not complaining, mind you—I just never thought people would be so interested in me. My gosh, I can't even have a bellyache in private!")

A Mishap in the W. C. Fields Manner

Only once has an Eisenhower plane trip met with even mild distress. Draper, who also flew his present boss at SHAPE, was preparing to land at Luxembourg when what was his and the general's amazement to see one of the plane's right wheels bowling on up the field before them, recalling W. C. Fields's peculiar auto ride in The Bank Dick. The general's plane had double wheels on both sides and it was no trick to effect a normal stop, but it was necessary to beat the surrounding bushes for the stray. A checkup showed that someone had fixed a B-26 wheel onto the Eisenhower plane, which was a Constellation. Draper recalls that General Eisenhower's interest in the case had nothing to do with finding the culprit but centered on whether they could take off on time. Accomplishing the latter, he ate his usual airplane dinner of beef and chatted with his aides.

Draper carries a full line of canned goods in the Columbine's belly and is prepared to offer some pretty fancy menus, but the President prefers beef, which fortunately keeps well on long trips. He often draws on the Columbine's library of pulp Western stories, the Presidential favorites, and he works long hours with any of his advisers who might be aboard.

It is Draper's practice, after assigning seats for the trips, to print invitations that read, in part:

"I am informed that the President of the United States has invited ——— to accompany him on his flight to ——— . . . The President, by custom, is the last member of the official party to board his airplane before take-off, and the first to leave after landing. Consequently, it will be greatly appreciated if you will be in your seat, number —, as marked in the diagram, by ——— o'clock."

Perhaps it is in this matter of seating that the aide's diplomatic finesse is most evident. Before he sorts out the passengers, Draper studies their habits and tastes. Then he juxtaposes persons of similar interests. Thus, if Lewis L. Strauss, the atomic energy chief, is discovered to share Press Secretary Hagerty's views on, say badminton, they may ride in conversational propinquity.

Value of a "Good Press" Is Realized

The President seldom makes a trip of any kind, or any public gesture, without having Hagerty at his side. As an integral part of his life, Mr. Eisenhower's relations with the press are worthy of careful notice. It is possibly a little chilling to consider that the public's impression of the chief executive is gained almost wholly from the written and spoken reports of the 725 pressmen of all varieties now accredited to the White House. Of this number, of course, only a comparative handful actually stay close to the premises. The three large news services, AP, UP and INS, always have a first-grade man on hand, and so do such papers as The New York Times, Herald Tribune and Daily News, the Washington Star and the Chicago Tribune.

Quite conceivably, at no other focal point of news in the world does such a delicate state of balance exist. Reporters are understandably partisan in their views; simultaneously they have a theoretical duty to report all the news with icy detachment. To aid them, the President has a like obligation to make himself and the news fully available.

An additional facet of the problem is the fact that the editorial policies of the papers and the personal politics of the reporters seldom jibe. Most of the White House correspondents are, in truth, Democrats and Stevenson men.

During the campaign, the reporters on Mr. Eisenhower's train "very foolishly," in the words of one of their number, allowed themselves to be polled and their preference to be published as almost unanimously pro-Stevenson. This *gaffe*, some of them think, has given rise to certain tensions in White House news coverage.

Perhaps oversimplified, the two attitudes may represent irreconcilable differences: the press would naturally prefer that President Eisenhower devote most of his time to them; the President, on the other hand, no doubt sees his job as encompassing further duties.

Any condition seems sharper by contrast, and the White House-press connections under Mr. Truman were sensationally relaxed. The former President pretty much gave reporters the freedom of the establishment. On campaign trips he dropped back often to chat in the press car, and he was easily waylaid to and from his White House office.

At the beginning of the Eisenhower administration, several newsmen were shocked at a report that a novelty of resettlement was contemplated whereby a new pressroom would be provided *outside* the White House. "It was apparent," says one of them, "that the President-elect didn't like all the clatter and racket in the lobby and he didn't want his callers buttonholed for interviews, either." Seriously aroused, the correspondents were making plans for a monster protest, involving a Gandhi-like policy of non-co-operation, when Hagerty rushed in to assure them that it was all a mistake.

Despite the movies, reporters are no less sensitive than writers who need haircuts, and the White House group was badly bruised some months ago at Minneapolis, in the course of a Presidential speaking tour. At the Minneapolis airport they found themselves fended off with a metal barricade, not unlike a corral. It required several cattlelike bawls from a United Press man to get the President's attention and inform him of Senator Taft's resignation as Senate majority leader, which had just been announced over the wires. The incident prompted wistful reminiscences about the informal reign of Harry Truman and the vivid pressroom poker under Franklin D. Roosevelt, with the chief executive calling for wild-card games possibly unfamiliar outside his own family, cashing large bills like a man on an expense account, and bluffing his way with low pairs and four-card flushes.

RALPH ROYLE

Major Walter Tkach (l.), who doctors the White House staff, General Howard McC. Snyder, the President's physician, and Genevieve Herrell pack supplies for a Presidential trip

The correspondents are a fair-minded lot and they recognize that Mr. Eisenhower often tries to accede to their urge for chummier ties. They recognize, too, that he is neither by nature nor by training as plastic as his two predecessors. For example, they thought that, after a stiffish first few months, he unbent surprisingly last summer in Denver. The correspondents attended a lawn fete during which the President devoured watermelon at such speed and in such quantities that they were slightly fearful of his health. "He kept walking back and forth from the table to the refuse can and spitting the seeds out," says one of them. "We were impressed by his tremendous vitality—he couldn't sit still."

On another occasion in Colorado he asked the reporters in for coffee and doughnuts. "He seemed amazed at the number who responded," reports a man who was there. "We were all, President and press, a little stiff for a while, then he noticed a small child, son of one of the group, and he started romping with him. The ice was broken. We got the feeling that he is genuinely fond of children."

Tom Stephens, the appointments secretary, believes that Mr. Eisenhower is as happy playing with children as at any other pastime. All through the Thanksgiving family reunion in Augusta he fretted over the poor appetites of his grandchildren. "I thought to myself," says Stephens, "what an odd commentary it was that a man with the weight of the world on his shoulders should be worrying about how to get oatmeal down a youngster." On that trip, too, Mr. Eisenhower broke out his 16-mm. movie camera and took numerous pictures of the children. "He played director," says one of the White House party. "He ordered the children around with words like 'pan,' 'dolly' and so on, and had a marvelous time. You'd have thought he was making a new version of Gone with the Wind."

Once, in the early days, when President Eisenhower took a week-end cruise on the yacht Williamsburg, the White House reporters chartered a second yacht and followed along. At Norfolk the rain started down in sheets, and the hope of a golf game ashore was abandoned. The two craft tied up at a dock. The reporters thereupon sent over word that they would enjoy entertaining the President aboard the rented yacht. After a space, an acceptance was wigwagged back. The reporters fell to work straightening up ship, and shortly there appeared through the downpour a car in which were seated President Eisenhower and Jim Hagerty, bundled up in raincoats.

Reporters Were Pleasantly Surprised

Followed by the secretary, the President stepped nimbly up the plank, shook hands around, addressing several correspondents by name, to their complete astonishment, and sat down under an awning to chat. When a Filipino steward appeared with drinks, Mr. Eisenhower asked him what province of the islands he hailed from. "Baguio," said the boy, and the President recalled having spent a "delightful summer" there in the old Army years. Turning to other subjects, he unexpectedly volunteered that the CIO had been "keeping tabs" on the number of his golf outings.

Altogether, when he arose to leave, the reporters concluded that they had managed an unprecedented social hour with the President. Then Jack Doherty of the New York Daily News happened to glance at his watch. The visit, over-all, had consumed exactly 14 minutes. "We got the notion that

Eisenhower often jams his appointment list by seeing unscheduled visitors

he was running on a pretty close schedule even while vacationing," one of the group said later.

At the Wednesday press conference, usually attended by 150 to 200 reporters, Mr. Eisenhower (strangely enough for a man rather distant in other ways) is more productive of news than Mr. Truman or Mr. Roosevelt ever was. A White House correspondent sums up the situation as follows: "When Truman said, 'No comment,' he flatly refused to open his mouth further; Eisenhower often says, 'I can't answer that directly but I will say *this*—' and then he goes on and gives us any amount of stuff we can use."

The press corps agree that Mr. Eisenhower, at the Wednesday conferences, handles himself with great aplomb. He stands behind a large desk in an auditorium of the old State Department Building, across a drive from his executive offices, and, after any preliminary announcement of news that he decides to make, acknowledges one after another of his interrogators. The questions are usually courteous, but they can be embarrassingly pointed, too.

Perhaps the sharpest clash to date occurred after Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., made the well-remembered trip to California, prior to the naming of Governor Earl Warren to the Supreme Court. Brownell phoned a select few, and "leaked" the story. That week at the press conference, Raymond P. Brandt of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch asked the President if he subscribed to such procedure. Mr. Eisenhower replied, in effect, "Sometimes it's advantageous to leak news," whereupon Francis M. Stephenson of the New York Daily News said brashly, "Mr. President, if your subordinates are leaking news, I would appreciate it if you would include us in on it." The President's brows contracted for a moment; then he joined the general laughter.

Rebuke for an Impudent Questioner

About as far as the press stray from detached inquiry was a recent preamble to a question by a New York Times man who said (in connection with the Harry Dexter White news), "Mr. President, at best this is a pretty sordid case." And only once has anybody seen Mr. Eisenhower thoroughly angry in a press conference, at a time when an impudent query seemed to question his loyalty. "WHAT DID YOU SAY?" roared the President, stepping forward slightly. The questioner subsided.

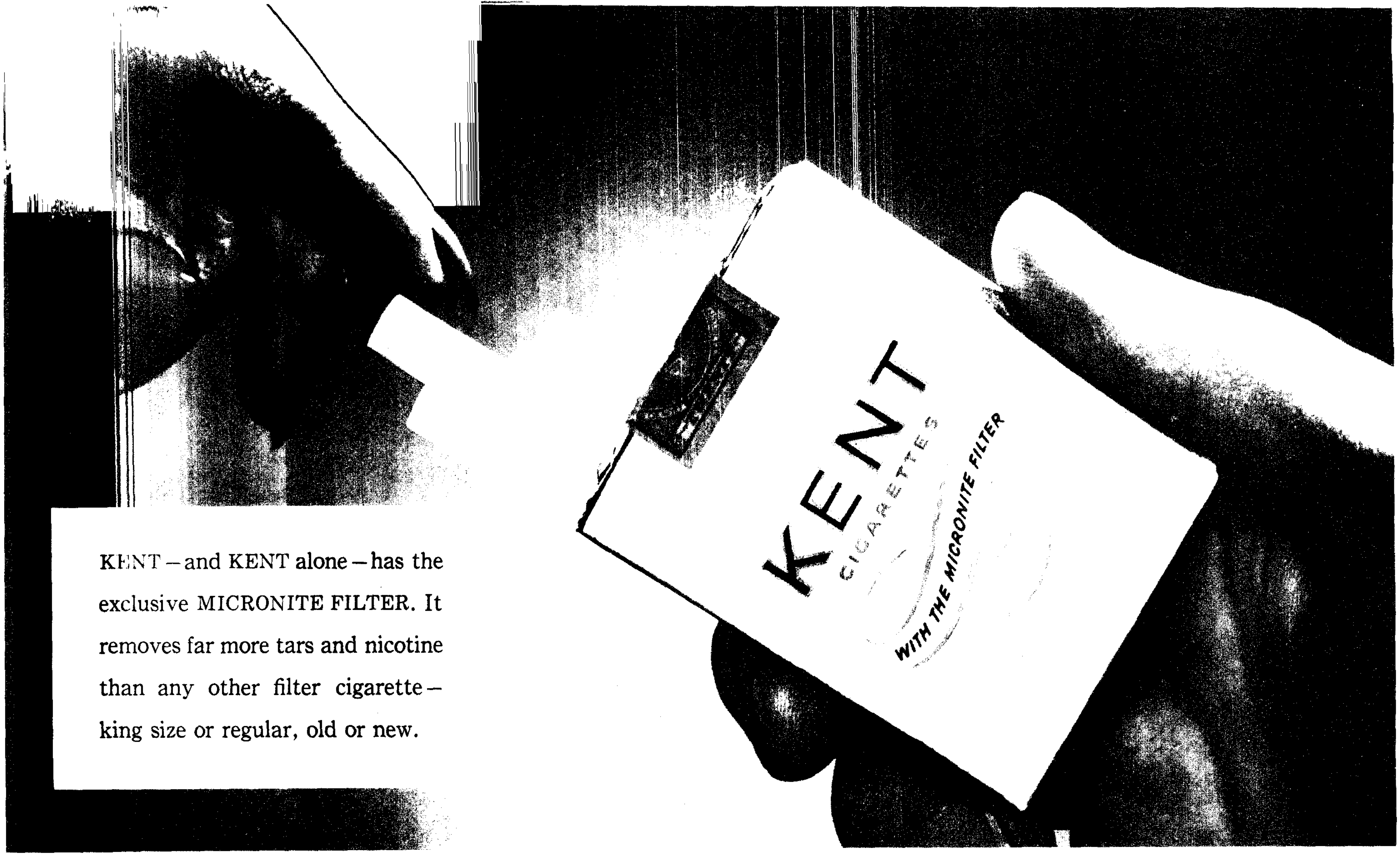
President Eisenhower's associates are amazed at the way he can leave a seething press conference, pace rapidly across the street, and plunge into his appointments with perfect concentration. James Rowley, head of the White House Secret Service, is delighted with the President's speed. "He's easy to guard," Rowley says. "For instance, he gets in and out of cars so fast he'd make a very poor target." Usually, the ponderous deliberation of high personages in entering and leaving vehicles is the special bane of the bodyguards; in Mr. Eisenhower's case, the service men have to shift lively to keep up. The President, they indicate, is by no means anxious to be guarded at all, being jealous of his privacy, but he is resignedly patient and courteous.

As is well known, Mr. Eisenhower fancies himself as a cook, with particular reference to beefsteaks tossed onto an open fire, and he often cooks for his bodyguards as well as for his companions on an outing. Once in Colorado, during a fishing trip, a new bodyguard ate 13 of the President's pancakes out of sheer politeness. Though he disclaimed any ill effects, his gait for several hours lacked the old bounce that had made him so effective running off tackle. On the subject of his culinary skill, it should be added that Mr. Eisenhower draws the line at washing dishes.

Tackling his appointments, one after the other, the President frequently reduces Tom Stephens to a condition of near prostration. After wrestling to reduce the list, Stephens may tell the President,

Presidential press secretary James Hagerty (r.) meets in his office with the administration's chief pipe line to the public—the White House correspondents for the three big wire services: (l. to r.) Bob Clarke of INS; Marvin Arrowsmith, AP; and Merriman Smith, UP

MARVIN KONER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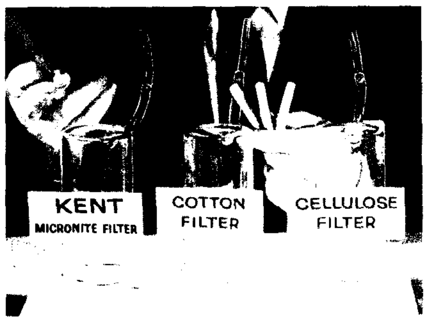
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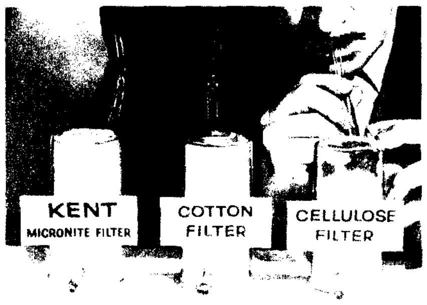
To show you conclusive proof of the greater effectiveness of KENT's Micronite Filter over other types of filter cigarettes—three special glasses, made with tubes through which smoke can be drawn, are set on a sheet of plain white paper.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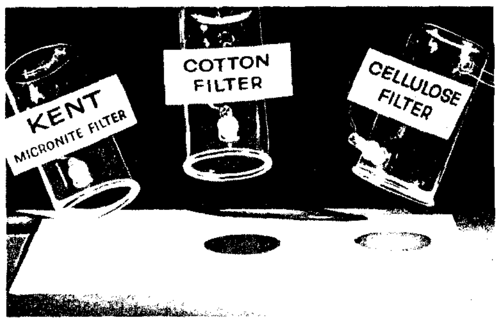
Smoke from KENT is drawn into one glass; smoke from a cotton-type filter cigarette into the second; smoke from a cellulose-type filter cigarette into the third. The smoke is drawn into the glasses just as it would enter your mouth.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When tar particles and nicotine have settled, see the stains left by irritants in the smoke of the other types of filter cigarettes—see, too—scarcely a trace from KENT . . . visual proof that KENT removes far more tars and nicotine!

Enjoy KENT with exclusive Micronite Filter

for the greatest protection you can get in any cigarette

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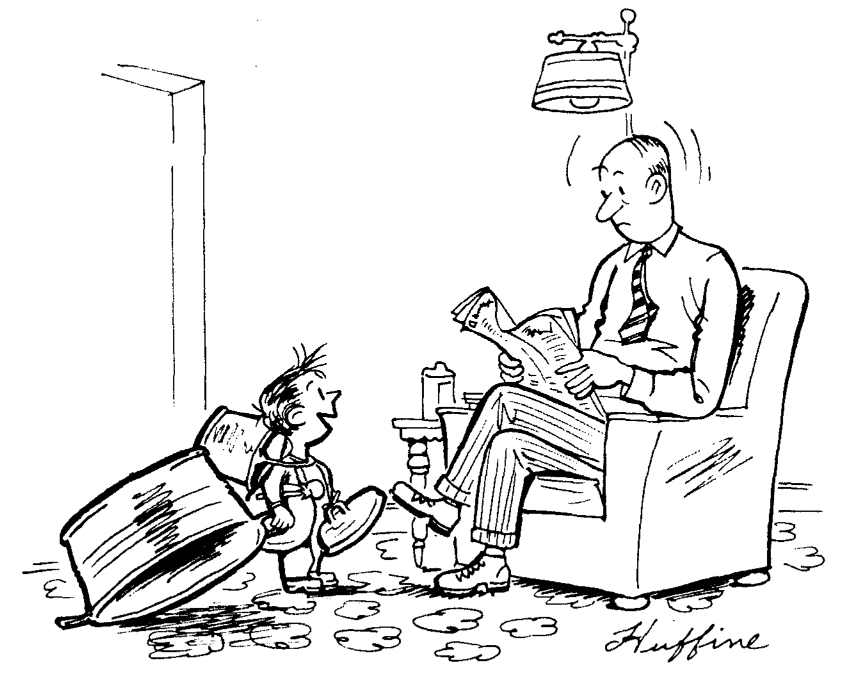
Regardless of what each day may bring, the President has an inflexible



COLLIER'S "Hi, Pop—wanna hear Holiday for Strings?" DAVID HUFFINE

"I had to rule out a fellow named Burrows, said he knew you in Abilene." "Old Jake Burrows?" Mr. Eisenhower will cry. "Oh, send him along for just a minute." Jake will then amble in and stay an hour and a half. This jamming of the schedule is disconcerting. On one average day not long ago, Mr. Eisenhower had 13 appointments between 8:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M., and for every scheduled visitor there was at least one other who was slipped in and out between times.

Weeding Out the Phone Calls

As if this were not enough, Mr. Eisenhower also keeps busy at the telephone. His secretary, Mrs. Ann C. Whitman, marvels at the way he can excuse himself during an interview, pick up a phone, and resume an old item of business with somebody as if all along it had been at the top of his mind. Around 42,000 calls a day go through the White House switchboard. Needless to say, a microscopic fraction of these demand the attention of the President. A formidable bucket-line of intermediaries weeds out all but the pressing and the very personal. If Sir Winston Churchill called (as he sometimes does) he would be put through without delay; if a man rang in from a cocktail party to relay the felicitations of his group (as a good many do) he would get little farther than the switchboard.

The question of well-wishers keeps several White House employees busy. Mrs. Whitman's assistant, Wave Chief Warrant Officer Helen Weaver, spends a lot of time sorting out the 300-odd gifts sent to the President each month. He has insisted on writing and signing a letter of thanks for each donation, for the box of freshly killed ducks, for the hundreds of golf balls and clubs, the needle point, the school children's drawings, the fishing tackle, and for some curious reason, the dozens of pictures of past Presidents. Mr. Eisenhower, by the way, tries out nearly all the golf clubs.

One admirer sent in an exceedingly brassy tropical bird. Mrs. Whitman and Miss Weaver kept it in their office a few days, but it chirped, or honked, or brayed with such raucous gusto that several persons around the establishment got the notion that the bird might be a Democrat, and so moved it out.

A great deal has been written about the number of vacations that Mr. Eisenhower takes. Most of this material, anti in tone, comes from political ill-wishers who would make it seem that the President is loafing on the job. Any unbiased scrutiny of his activities during an absence leaves the researcher with a feeling of vicarious exhaustion.

To select a typical instance, the six-week vacation last summer in Denver comprised one week of unalloyed relaxation and five weeks of the following hilarious mountain sports: Mr. Eisenhower appeared at his office every day except Sundays and four other occasions; had appointments (also in his office) with a total of 152 persons; considered 114 bills passed by Congress, of which he approved 111 and withheld approval of three; signed 318 official documents; studied an average of 22 pieces of incoming mail and 20 telegrams each day; helped prepare 36 press releases; was near-at-hand in connection with the approximately 3,025 local and 70 long-distance telephone calls each day; went over the two daily Washington document and mail pouches; and made several strenuous visits of inspection, including ones to the nearby Federal Center, to the ex-prisoners of the Korean war at Fitzsimons Army Hospital, and to the Forest Experimentation Headquarters near Fraser.

CHAS. SKILES

COLLIER'S "We're terribly busy. You'll have to make an appointment to make an appointment with Mr. Blidget" CHARLES SKILES

What, then, does a President do to avoid collapsing in the midst of this nervous swirl of high-level demand and decision?

For one thing, Mr. Eisenhower's staff tries to keep one hour of his daily schedule free of all appointments. "The President's main complaint is that we don't give him time enough to think," Shanley explained recently. "Finally we had to set aside a half hour in the morning and the same time in the afternoon, in order to give the President the time he requires."

Then, too, Mr. Eisenhower has an inflexible rule that he leave his office every day for lunch. If he is not having guests, he joins Mrs. Eisenhower for a light meal in their suite at the White House. He prefers salads and clear soups and, occasionally, a lamb chop in the middle of the day.

Varied Tastes in TV Shows

At night, unless Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower are hosts at a state dinner or other official function, they like to eat steak or roast beef off trays and watch television. They go to bed around ten thirty or eleven, depending on what's showing. The President goes in for sports programs, variety shows and Westerns, with special attention to Arthur Godfrey and Hopalong Cassidy, and his wife is fond of mysteries and musicals. Mr. Eisenhower is responsive to melody, though apt to begin yawning in the midst of operatic or other heavy stuff. "He likes easy music, I guess you'd say," observes his military aide, Colonel Schulz. "He sees the Fred Waring show when he can, and a Strauss waltz will set him humming."

The White House has a projection room where the Roosevelts and the Trumans used to see 16-mm. movies; Mrs. Eisenhower, an ardent fan of the medium, has installed a regular 35-mm. projector for which she selects several films from the dozens sent in by the big companies each month. She and the President run off a good many. His favorite of the past few years was Miracle on 34th Street, at which he chortled without restraint, and hers was Roman Holiday. It was remarked as typically American that Mrs. Eisenhower, the first lady of the republic, could still vibrate as excitedly as any shopgirl to the age-old theme of the princess and the pauper.

President Eisenhower ordinarily has a drink before dinner, a mild Scotch and water, sometimes two. None of his associates has ever seen him take more than three or four, even on camping trips. In the evenings, too, he lies down for an hour if any sort of social engagement is on the docket. Like the average male, he is almost certain to groan over these affairs and feebly protest the starchy ordeal of climbing into a dinner jacket. Mr. Eisenhower is not, in fact, a party man. "The hostesses around Washington hate our guts," says Jim Hagerty, reflecting on the official attitude toward that staple of American life, the cocktail party. Invitations to these giddy nuisances fall on the White House like rain, and splash off with about the same results.

The Eisenhowers serve wine at formal dinners, particularly those involving foreign dignitaries who might be unable to eat without it, but whisky is no longer a part of the entertainment.

While the President wants his meals as free as possible of social claptrap, he's an easy mark for old friends and military people. Commander Beach, the naval aide, recalls a distinguished meal he attended with Mr. Eisenhower and Samuel Eliot Morison, the naval historian, who had merely requested an interview. The President asked Morison to lunch and engaged him in what was apparently a really memorable battle of military wit.

"Morison was brilliantly posted on the campaigns in Sicily," Commander Beach says, "but President Eisenhower remembered the minor facets of every operation. I sat back with an open mouth." The subject shifted to the Civil War, and there again the Presi-

le that he leave his office for lunch

dent put Morison to rout with an analysis of the Battle of Gettysburg that might have confounded Robert E. Lee. "West Pointers are carefully checked out on the Civil War," says Beach, "but the President seemed to know it as well as if he'd done all the planning himself."

"President Eisenhower's recreations are wholly masculine and they consist equally of the mental and the physical," explains Press Secretary Hagerty. "On the mental side, he plays bridge and paints; and on the physical he goes fishing and plays golf."

Bridge Only for Small Stakes

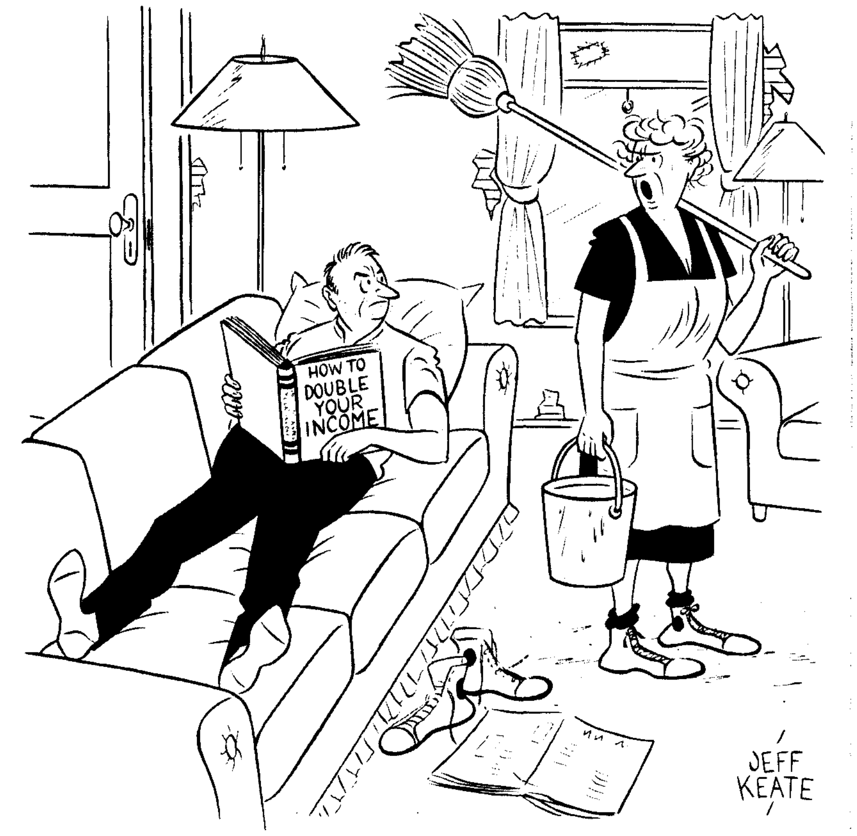
Mr. Eisenhower has few political friends. He plays bridge, for small stakes and at the determined gallop which characterized the sweeps across the Rhine, with Clifford Roberts, New York investment banker; William E. Robinson, public relations executive, and Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott. The late Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson was one of his most intimate friends in government. He approaches bridge as he plays golf, in the attitude of the professional—to win; when he doesn't, he stays good-humored but he goes over in detail every factor that he feels caused his downfall and then resolves to beat hell out of his opponents the next time.

He plays most games well. As a fisherman he scores with outstanding success at the Colorado ranch of his friends Aksel Nielson and Carl Norgren, maybe because Nielson often visits the streams the day before an outing and dumps in several hundred pounds of trout.

Like Churchill, President Eisenhower has a painter's studio rigged up in his dwelling—on the north side of the White House, across from his dressing room—and there he retreats to work at his landscapes when the troubles pile up. Unlike Churchill, who will gabble freely even during activities normally considered restricted, including his bath, the President refuses to talk to anybody on any subject while painting. His studio, and sometimes his office, is his last refuge of privacy in a world whose peoples, great and small, look to him as their principal hope of salvation.

In addition to reserving an hour every weekday for thinking, the President on Sunday mornings often steals over to his office in the then deserted executive wing to mull things over. It is an atmosphere unusually soothing. The colors are rich and harmonious, the furnishings gems of simple elegance. On the walls hang several magnificent oils, most of them gifts, one from the Latvian students in America, as well as pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Lee. Among the oils is an Eisenhower of the blue-green period, a view of Colorado mountains and lakes. Around him are other possessions that he treasures: a tiny oval tintype of his mother, a gigantic globe from his golfing friends in Augusta, photographs of his wife and son, the statuette of a prehistoric animal from General Naguib, premier of Egypt, his library of classics, the gold-plated telephone with the Presidential seal—a present from the phone company—the NATO flags over his fireplace.

Here on Sundays, Mr. Eisenhower retires to study before attending with his family the services of the National Presbyterian Church. The image he presents is that of a man honest, dedicated, humble, of a burning sincerity, groping with calm faith for the truth. Perhaps he hopes (as the metaphysicians say is quite possible) to find a message in the quiet gaze of Washington and Lincoln, to draw strength from his workaday surroundings, thus to renew himself for the turbulent weeks that must follow.


HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOME
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "Don't you think probably the first thing is to *have* an income?" JEFF KEATE

and yet

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But distance is no barrier to the warmth and satisfaction of a voice visit by telephone.

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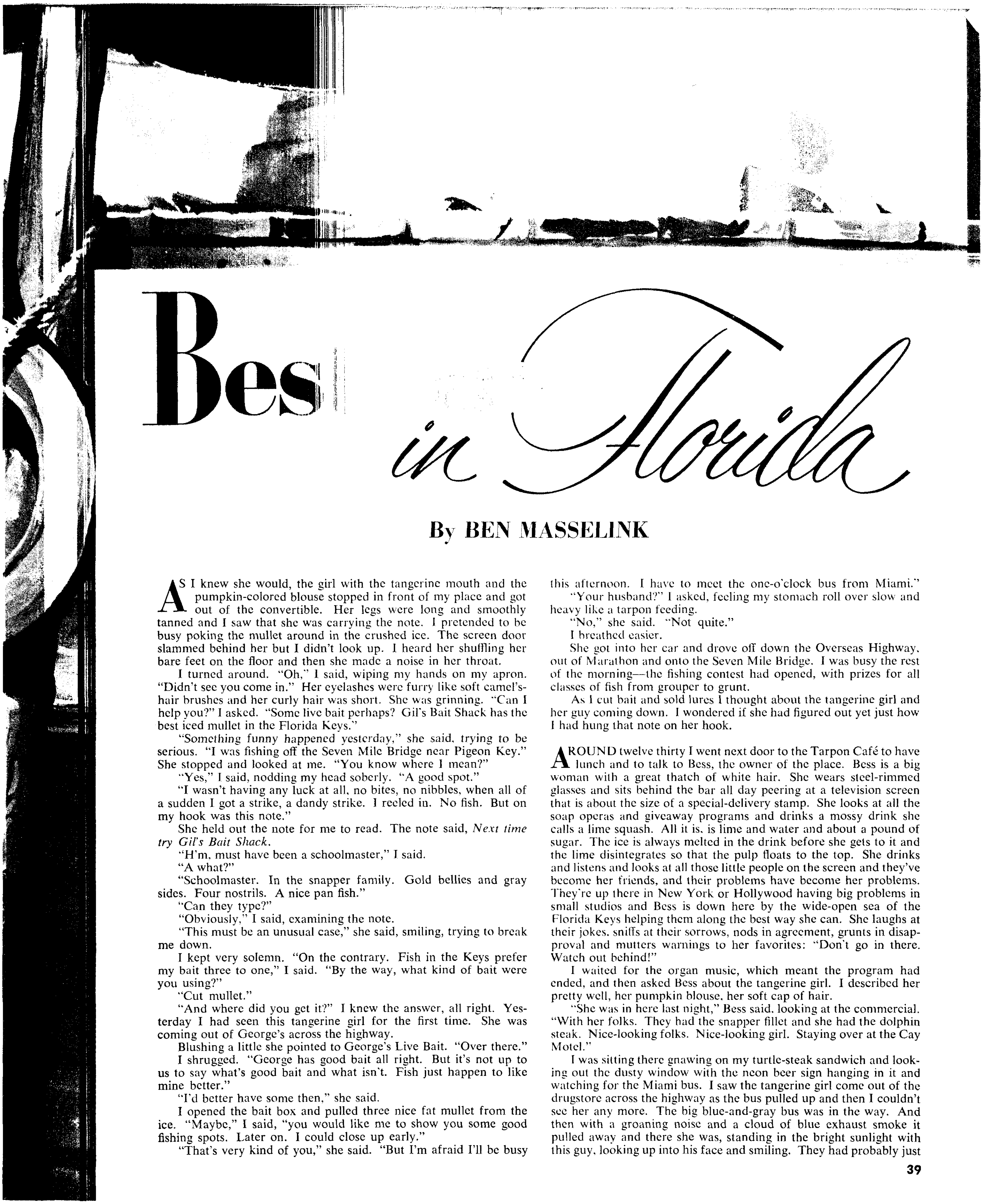
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

I reached down and pulled her up into my arms, wet and wriggling and firm and slippery and wonderful—like a fish

Down here in the sunny



Bes in Florida

By BEN MASSELINK

As I knew she would, the girl with the tangerine mouth and the pumpkin-colored blouse stopped in front of my place and got out of the convertible. Her legs were long and smoothly tanned and I saw that she was carrying the note. I pretended to be busy poking the mullet around in the crushed ice. The screen door slammed behind her but I didn't look up. I heard her shuffling her bare feet on the floor and then she made a noise in her throat.

I turned around. "Oh," I said, wiping my hands on my apron. "Didn't see you come in." Her eyelashes were furry like soft camel's-hair brushes and her curly hair was short. She was grinning. "Can I help you?" I asked. "Some live bait perhaps? Gil's Bait Shack has the best iced mullet in the Florida Keys."

"Something funny happened yesterday," she said, trying to be serious. "I was fishing off the Seven Mile Bridge near Pigeon Key." She stopped and looked at me. "You know where I mean?"

"Yes," I said, nodding my head soberly. "A good spot."

"I wasn't having any luck at all, no bites, no nibbles, when all of a sudden I got a strike, a dandy strike. I reeled in. No fish. But on my hook was this note."

She held out the note for me to read. The note said, *Next time try Gil's Bait Shack.*

"H'm, must have been a schoolmaster," I said.

"A what?"

"Schoolmaster. In the snapper family. Gold bellies and gray sides. Four nostrils. A nice pan fish."

"Can they type?"

"Obviously," I said, examining the note.

"This must be an unusual case," she said, smiling, trying to break me down.

I kept very solemn. "On the contrary. Fish in the Keys prefer my bait three to one," I said. "By the way, what kind of bait were you using?"

"Cut mullet."

"And where did you get it?" I knew the answer, all right. Yesterday I had seen this tangerine girl for the first time. She was coming out of George's across the highway.

Blushing a little she pointed to George's Live Bait. "Over there."

I shrugged. "George has good bait all right. But it's not up to us to say what's good bait and what isn't. Fish just happen to like mine better."

"I'd better have some then," she said.

I opened the bait box and pulled three nice fat mullet from the ice. "Maybe," I said, "you would like me to show you some good fishing spots. Later on. I could close up early."

"That's very kind of you," she said. "But I'm afraid I'll be busy this afternoon. I have to meet the one-o'clock bus from Miami."

"Your husband?" I asked, feeling my stomach roll over slow and heavy like a tarpon feeding.

"No," she said. "Not quite."

I breathed easier.

She got into her car and drove off down the Overseas Highway, out of Marathon and onto the Seven Mile Bridge. I was busy the rest of the morning—the fishing contest had opened, with prizes for all classes of fish from grouper to grunt.

As I cut bait and sold lures I thought about the tangerine girl and her guy coming down. I wondered if she had figured out yet just how I had hung that note on her hook.

AROUND twelve thirty I went next door to the Tarpon Café to have lunch and to talk to Bess, the owner of the place. Bess is a big woman with a great thatch of white hair. She wears steel-rimmed glasses and sits behind the bar all day peering at a television screen that is about the size of a special-delivery stamp. She looks at all the soap operas and giveaway programs and drinks a mossy drink she calls a lime squash. All it is, is lime and water and about a pound of sugar. The ice is always melted in the drink before she gets to it and the lime disintegrates so that the pulp floats to the top. She drinks and listens and looks at all those little people on the screen and they've become her friends, and their problems have become her problems. They're up there in New York or Hollywood having big problems in small studios and Bess is down here by the wide-open sea of the Florida Keys helping them along the best way she can. She laughs at their jokes, sniffs at their sorrows, nods in agreement, grunts in disapproval and mutters warnings to her favorites: "Don't go in there. Watch out behind!"

I waited for the organ music, which meant the program had ended, and then asked Bess about the tangerine girl. I described her pretty well, her pumpkin blouse, her soft cap of hair.

"She was in here last night," Bess said, looking at the commercial. "With her folks. They had the snapper fillet and she had the dolphin steak. Nice-looking folks. Nice-looking girl. Staying over at the Cay Motel."

I was sitting there gnawing on my turtle-steak sandwich and looking out the dusty window with the neon beer sign hanging in it and watching for the Miami bus. I saw the tangerine girl come out of the drugstore across the highway as the bus pulled up and then I couldn't see her any more. The big blue-and-gray bus was in the way. And then with a groaning noise and a cloud of blue exhaust smoke it pulled away and there she was, standing in the bright sunlight with this guy, looking up into his face and smiling. They had probably just

Keys, we get very romantic when we see a girl like Nancy. Even the fish write mash notes

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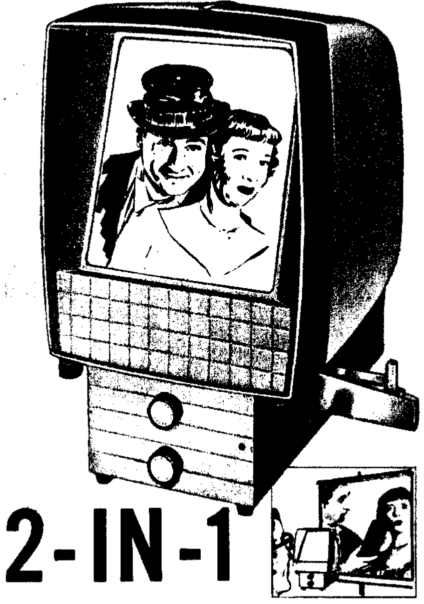

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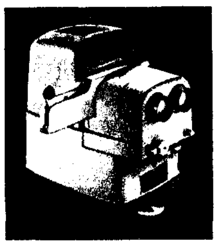

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finished kissing but I had missed that because of the bus's being in the way. That killed me.

But what killed me more was the guy. He was a nice-looking guy, big, a little pale in the gills, but bigger than I was and about my age, thirty or so. But what really killed me was what he had over his shoulder—a golf bag. Showing up in Marathon with golf clubs was like showing up at the Kansas City Country Club with marlin tackle.

THEY came into my place later that afternoon. She ignored me as if I were an iced mullet. She hung onto his arm and said, "But, darling, you'll just love fishing! There's nothing like it. That first strike! Nothing can compare to it. Except love maybe. That first strike is like suddenly falling in love. You're attached to somebody."

I leaned on the bait box with my chin in my hands and stared dreamily at her wonderful mouth as she said these words. I had never heard it described better—fishing *or* love. It was the way I felt right then about her. I had a strike but I couldn't reel in. I had a strike, and a barracuda who played golf was after my fish.

The golfer looked out of place in the tackle shop. With near horror he examined the rods propped up in the stand and the big stuffed fish I had on the walls. He sniffed the air.

"What's that funny smell?" he asked.

"Fish," I said.

The tangerine girl must have realized for the first time just where she was. She turned a sweet smile on me. "Why, hello there," she said as if we had met long ago in the lobby of some theater in New York. "We want the works. My fiancé has never fished before."

"And what did you have in mind?" I asked. "Bait casting, fly, spinning, ocean tackle?"

"Spinning, I think. It's easiest to learn." She turned to him. "Is that all right, honey?"

"Anything you say. You're the fisherman."

"You will be too, just wait." She smiled up at him.

I couldn't bear to look.

I unrolled a purple velvet cloth on the glass counter and placed five reels on it. "Now," I said, "as you probably know, it doesn't pay to buy cheap equipment—"

"I realize that," he said loftily. "I want the best."

So he's got money too, I thought. I'm lost. He's got money and he's got the girl.

"All right then." I fussed with the reels on the velvet cloth. They really looked good on that purple velvet cloth—too good to sell. "Here's a spinning reel from France, one from Italy, two from Switzerland and two homegrown—"

"The Italian one," she said.

"Just what I was going to say," I said, loving and admiring her and the reel. "The best for salt and fresh water." I inserted a penny into the big screw on the side of the reel. "You don't even need tools to take it apart." I removed the cover and showed him the slick gears inside. "See how simple. Not much to get out of whack." It was my favorite reel. I loved it. He wasn't impressed.

"I'll take it," he said.

"Now for the rod." I looked him up and down as if I were eye-measuring him for a suit. "Let's see. You're around six feet—"

"Six feet two and a half," she said evenly.

"That's what I said. Around six feet. So, you'll take a seven-foot rod." I picked one off the rack and handed it to him. He grabbed it with both hands as if it were a niblick.

"No," I said. "Just one hand. Now wiggle it back and forth. Feel the butt action."

He switched it back and forth.

She took the rod from him and tried the butt action. "Wrap it up," he said.

Now I could have sold him a lure that wouldn't catch a fluke, but I couldn't. As among thieves, there's honor among fishermen. Anyway, the tangerine girl would know better. I sold him a marabou lure that a crevallé would swim a mile for.

I sold him a yellow bucktail that I liked to keep hidden because so far as pompano were concerned it was the *pièce de résistance.*

The screen door slammed and the kind of guy I like to see in the Keys came in. He was around fifty, heavy but not fat. He wore an old pair of khaki shorts with the top button gone, and a faded shirt—a real fisherman.

"Get fixed up?" he asked tangerine. She nodded and he kept coming right on over to where I was standing behind the counter. He grinned. "Bess next door tells me that you're Gil Pruit."

"That's right," I said.

He stuck out a big paw. "Let me shake the hand that landed the world's record bonefish."

I felt myself blushing. Tangerine was looking at me in a new kind of way. I shook his hand.

"Meet Sam Butterfield," he said, meaning himself. "Your competitor. I'm out for the record."

"I wish you luck," I said. I reached under the counter and pulled out one of my homemade bonefish feathers. "Have one on me. Bonefish go wild over these."

"Why, thanks, Gil," he said. "But you shouldn't do that."

Tangerine moved closer to us. The golfer was standing over by the screen door holding the fishing stuff and looking uncomfortable.

"Have you met my daughter?" Mr. Butterfield asked.

"Not officially."

"He has fish working for him," the girl said.

"Nancy, this is Gil Pruit, world's record bonefisherman. Nancy Butterfield."

It's funny with introductions. I always get embarrassed and freeze up, and with a girl, I never know whether I'm supposed to shake hands or not.

"How do you do," I said formally, sort of waving my hand in the air as if it were after a fly. She caught my hand. Hers was cool and I could feel the bones in it.

"Another reason I wanted to meet you, Gil," Mr. Butterfield was saying. "I saw your underwater pictures of the permit taking bait; they were wonderful."

"Something's dawning on me," Nancy said.

"Thanks, Mr. Butterfield," I said. "I took some real beauties yesterday. I'd like to show them to you when they're developed."

"Do you always leave notes on people's hooks when you're underwater taking pictures?" Nancy asked and grinned.

"That depends on what's on the other end of the line."

THEY left the store, Mr. Butterfield after a record bonefish, the golfer after his first fish. I went next door after a beer. "Bess," I said, taking the beer straight, right out of the can. "You look at television all day. Tell me something."

"Yes," she said, watching someone wearing a smock put two cakes in an oven.

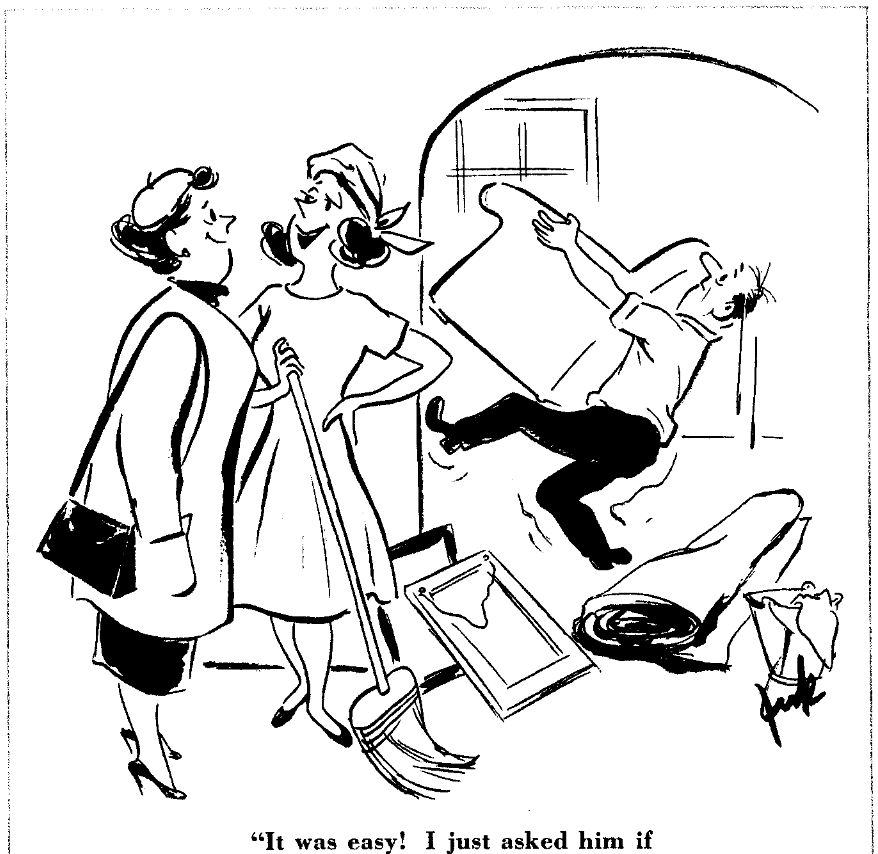
"What happens in the stories? Guy meets girl. Girl had other guy. How does guy get girl?"

"Which guy?"

"Me."

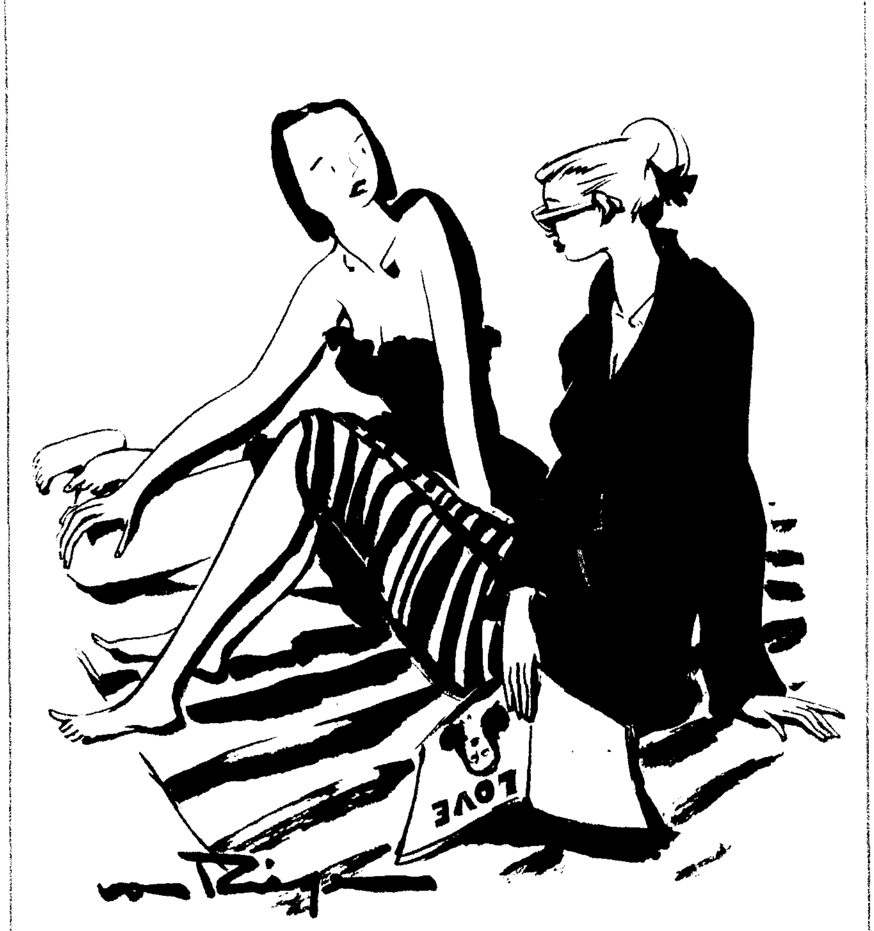
"And the other guy, I presume, is the golfer."

"Correct. And with money."



"It was easy! I just asked him if he didn't think he was getting too old to help with house cleaning"

COLLIER'S KIRK



COLLIER'S "I think George is hinting I should come home. His last check bounced" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Let me think," Bess said, and then she did something strange—she turned her eyes away from the screen. She took off her steel-rimmed glasses and sipped her weedy lime squash. "Oh, sure, situation like that is happening right now in Anderson Junction."

"Anderson Junction? Where's that?"

"Up north. Lovely little friendly town up North. Population sixty-two hundred."

"I never knew you'd been north of Miami."

Bess scowled at me. "On the television. This is on the television."

"Oh, that's right. Forgot. Go ahead."

"Well, in Anderson Junction, that's also the name of the program, there's this young man, Fred Pierce. Comes from a rich family, the golfer type, looks like a golfer although I never did see him swing a club. He's after this girl Betty and seems to be doing all right. But then there's this other fellow sweet on Betty, by the name of Ken. Ken's a reporter for the Anderson Junction Gazette and a good worker and sincere and honest but not much money—you know the type?"

"Very well."

Bess sighed and stared into her lime squash. "But that Dr. Bill. He's my type of man, Gil."

"Who's he?"

"He's just the leading physician of Anderson Junction, that's all. He's Ken's good friend." Bess wagged her head. "Dr. Bill is so nice. So understanding."

"But what happens?" I asked. "Who gets Betty?"

"Don't know yet. They're both still after her. Fred and Ken. I got a hunch that Ken will win out, but you never know. Girls that age are funny. She might, this Betty might, all of a sudden take a big shine to Fred, because her mother's all for it and because of his money and family position and all, and marry him quick just like that. Elope with him."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said slowly.

"It's got me worried too," Bess said. "Because I like Ken."

A new program had started, some movie starring Conway Tearle, and Bess put on her glasses and turned back to the screen. I drank up and left.

NEXT morning as I was opening the bait shack I saw the golfer across the highway. He was in front of the Cay Motel whacking at a cloth golf ball. A nice-looking woman wearing a white dress and a billed cap with red and green golf tees stuck in it stood a few feet away and he'd hit the ball at her. Because it was cloth it'd only go a few feet and then she'd step up and—wham—hit it back. Nancy came out of the motel and stood watching them and then she went over and put her arm around the woman. I guessed it was her mother. I went inside and was arranging the mullet attractively in the ice when Nancy came in.

"Gil, you've got to help me," she said. She looked worried.

I grinned. "Did you get a mash note from that schoolmaster yesterday?" I asked.

"Please, Gil. This is serious."

"Okay," I said, and leaned over the iced mullet close to her. The smell of her was clean, like a washed shirt that's been hanging in the sun all day.

"Harry never so much as got a nibble yesterday."

"I see he's whacking the ball around out there."

"Yes. He and Mother love golf. He's discouraged with fishing. He wants to go back to Miami today and play golf."

That sounded good to me. I couldn't help smiling a little.

"And he wants me to go with him," she added.

I felt awful. "So?" I asked.

"I want to stay here and fish and he's agreed to go fishing one more time, this morning, and that's it. Now you

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know as well as I do that once he's had a strike and caught a fish he'll be a confirmed fisherman and want to stay in the Keys forever."

"Gee, *that'll* be swell," I said.

"Now, Gil."

"Okay," I said. "I know when I'm licked. What's on your mind?"

"See that he catches a fish."

I pushed away from the bait box and looked at her. "That's impossible! You can't guarantee fish! You know that. I've stood on those bridges for days without a bump, even."

She smiled sweetly. "But you have a way with fish. They're your friends. Why, some of them even write your advertising copy."

"You mean . . ."

"Why not? Just tug on his line the way you did mine and then hang a fish on his hook. A live fish, that is."

This was ridiculous. "But it's not the same, not even remotely the same as a strike."

"He'll never know the difference. He's never caught a fish before. It'll feel authentic to him. The fish'll make him happy and then he'll stay. It'll make Mother happy. She likes to have someone to practice putting with."

I didn't say anything.

In a small voice she said, "It'll make me happy."

"All right," I said.

"Oh, Gil!" she cried and jumped up and down, and then she leaned across the iced mullet and kissed me on the cheek. I grabbed her and held her and kissed her on that sweet tangerine mouth. At first she tried to push away, but not after a while.

Someone came in, but we didn't know it. "Gosh," Nancy said drawing away and looking up at me.

"Well!" a voice said.

I looked up and Nancy turned around. There were Harry, the golfer, and Mr. Butterfield standing just inside the door. I've never seen a wider grin than the one that was on Mr. Butterfield's face.

"If you're through paying for the bait," the golfer said nastily, "let's go!" He grabbed her arm and steered her out the door.

WATCHING them, Mr. Butterfield sighed. "I was just thinking that it would be nice to be in the fishing-tackle business," he said.

I looked at him.

"I mean, you know, have an interest in it, like a relative." He grinned at me. "Like a son-in-law, say."

I smiled. "Think of the money you'd save on bait."

"That's it," he said, opening the screen door. "Just on bait alone."

Now there was this job I had to do because I had promised. I closed up shop after Mr. Butterfield left, piled my Aqua-lung and spear-fishing gear in the car and drove over the high, soaring Seven Mile Bridge to Pigeon Key. I parked in the shade of the bridge, stripped to my trunks and carried the lung and gear to the beach. They were fishing on the other side of the bridge. Their backs were toward me. They were in the same place Nancy had been the other day when I had hung that note on her hook. I would work it the same way today, submerge on this side of the bridge, find his hook, hang on the fish and yank his line. The water there was about forty feet deep. They'd never see me.

To get a live fish I had rigged a net hoop on the tip of the spear shaft. In front was a trap door made of net and wire which would push in but not out. Breathing the cool, compressed air of the Aqua-lung I kicked out toward the bridge. When I was about thirty feet from the pilings I submerged and swam through the coral gardens I had photographed so many times. The bases of the pilings were covered with coral and sponge, and shyly hiding in the shade was a school of gray snapper. Then, just within vision, I saw the golfer's line and lure. I was about to net a fair-sized snapper with his hook when I saw the school of bonefish.

They swam idly close to the bottom, occasionally snapping at bait. In the middle of the school was a monster, the king of bonefish. I had never seen such a bonefish. I hung motionless in the water. The giant slid forward out of the pack, grabbed the golfer's feather and that was it. All I saw next was a little cloud of sand where the bait had been.

It was all wrong. It was crazy. They weren't fishing for bonefish. They'd never be able to haul that one up onto the bridge. I didn't dare surface. I kicked underwater toward shore. I could just imagine what was going on up there on the bridge. The golfer had suddenly become a fisherman.

On shore I quickly slipped into my pants and shirt and ran out onto the bridge.

"What have you got on?" I hollered.

"A whale!" Nancy cried happily.

"Move him down this way so you can beach him."

The golfer was sweating as if he'd played thirty-six holes in the sun without a break against Ben Hogan. The butt of the rod was drilling a hole in his stomach. Slowly, slowly he moved down the bridge toward Pigeon Key and then down the ramp. Nancy and I were hovering around him, giving instructions.

"Look," she whispered to me, "just what did you hang on there?"

I grinned. "Bonefish."

She scowled. "You didn't have to go that far."

"I had nothing to do with it, believe me."

Harry was down on the beach. He hadn't said a word. I could tell his arms were dead.

"Keep him away from the pilings!" Nancy yelled.

"Keep his head in!" I yelled.

THE fish was tiring. Its runs were shorter. I ran to the car and got the landing net. Slowly Harry brought the fish in. I had to hand it to him—for a golfer he was doing a good job. He would make a good fisherman.

"Now, Harry," I told him. "Here's the net. You got to do the whole job yourself if you want to enter him in the contest."

The fish's tail lashed out of the water and now we could see all of him in the shallows.

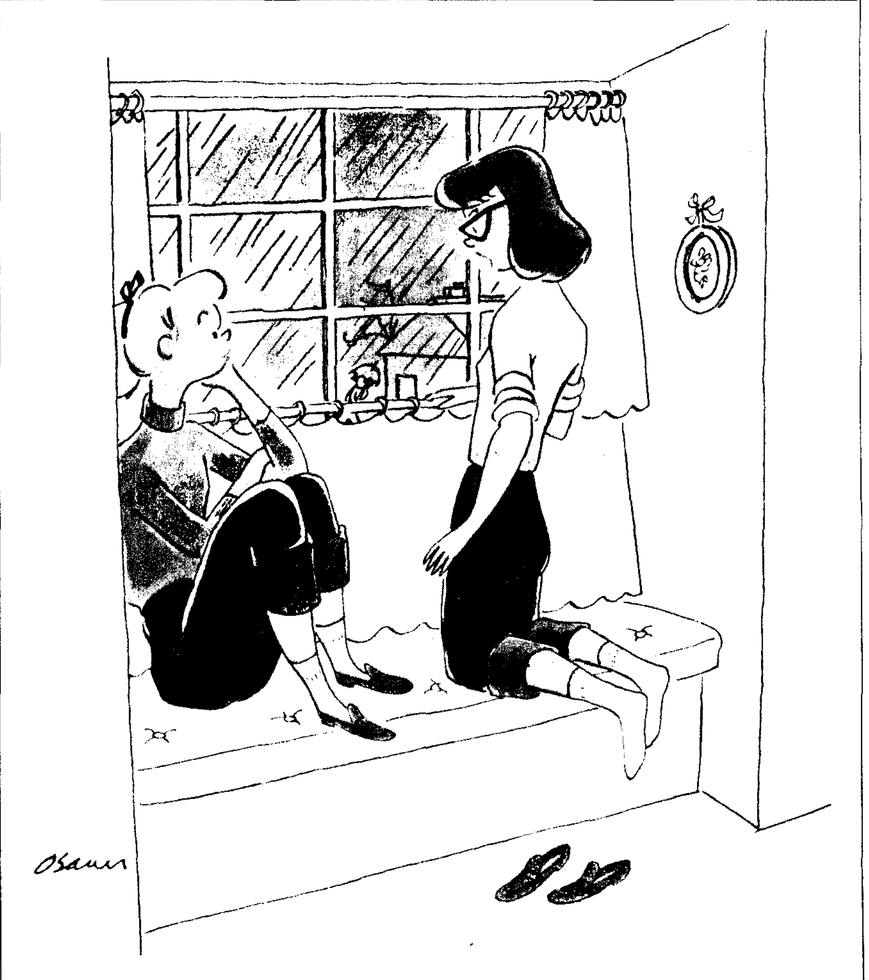
"A monster!" Nancy exclaimed. She turned to me. "Dad's going to hate you for this."

"Believe me," I said. "I had nothing to do with it. That fish took the bait willingly."

Harry dipped the net under the fish and walked ashore with him. He could hardly carry him. I took the fish out of the net and held him by the gills. "I bet he goes twenty pounds," I said.

We raced back to my bait shack and put the fish on the scales: nineteen pounds, three ounces. It was one pound, eleven ounces over my world record. Nancy hugged Harry, the fisherman, and I slapped him on the back. He still hadn't said anything. He just looked beat. I entered the fish in the record book, and Nancy and Harry left for the motel. If that record bonefish didn't make a fisherman out of him, no fish would. . . .

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "Who do we know who has a top on his car?" KATE OSANN

Later on that afternoon I went into the Tarpon Café to tell Bess how I had loused up that story of Boy Meets Girl. She had bad news. At the end of the day's Anderson Junction television program, Ken had lost his job on the Anderson Junction Gazette and had insulted Betty's mother by failing to recognize her on the street; Fred had inherited more money from an uncle in Tennessee, and Betty had discovered to her great joy that both she and Fred liked onions on their hamburgers.

Bess shook her head sadly. "Looks bad for Ken."

I was staring into the two triangular holes on a can of beer when someone sat on the stool alongside. It was Mr. Butterfield.

"Tough break, Gil," he said.

"Yeah. But it's tough for you, too. You'll have to hit twenty pounds to beat that fish."

"They're other fish in the sea," Mr. Butterfield said.

"I wish I could say that. There's only one Nancy. I suppose they'll be married soon."

"I suppose," Mr. Butterfield said. "He left for Miami."

"What?"

"Half hour ago."

"What about the fishing?"

Mr. Butterfield turned to me and said sadly, "Gil, that bonefish was wasted on him. He likes golf."

"What about Nancy? Did she go with him?"

MR. BUTTERFIELD didn't seem to care about Nancy, only about that bonefish that was wasted. "Don't know. Haven't seen her," he said.

I slid off the stool. "See you," I said to Mr. Butterfield. I walked around looking for Nancy. She wasn't at the motel. Her mother, who was driving beat-up golf balls into the Gulf, didn't know where she was. I drove out to Pigeon Key. She wasn't there either. So I figured she must have taken off with Harry. Just the way Betty was bound to do with Fred. They'd eloped or something.

I didn't want to say anything about it to her folks and get her in bad. I went back to my shack and got my spinning gear and a mullet and went over to the docks there at the Cay Motel to try to catch something simple for supper—anything: a grunt, a schoolmaster, a fluke—anything easy that didn't involve work. I just wanted to sit quietly and forget slowly.

I was sitting on the dock leaning back against a piling and watching the sun go down, easy-fishing, and thinking about how I had missed all the way around. I'd almost forgot that I was fishing when I got a strike, a dandy strike. That was no pan fish. I set the hook hard and then I felt the release. Whatever it was had got away. I reeled in to have a look at my bait, and there on the hook was a note. *Try me,* it said, *I'll bite on anything,* and it was signed, *Miss Schoolmaster.*

I set that pole down and flopped on my stomach and looked under the dock. There was Nancy with her goggles pushed up on her forehead. She was choking, trying to hold back the laughter.

I reached down and pulled her up into my arms, wet and wiggling and firm and slippery and wonderful, just like a fish. It was the first time I ever kissed a record catch like that.

—BEN MASSELINK

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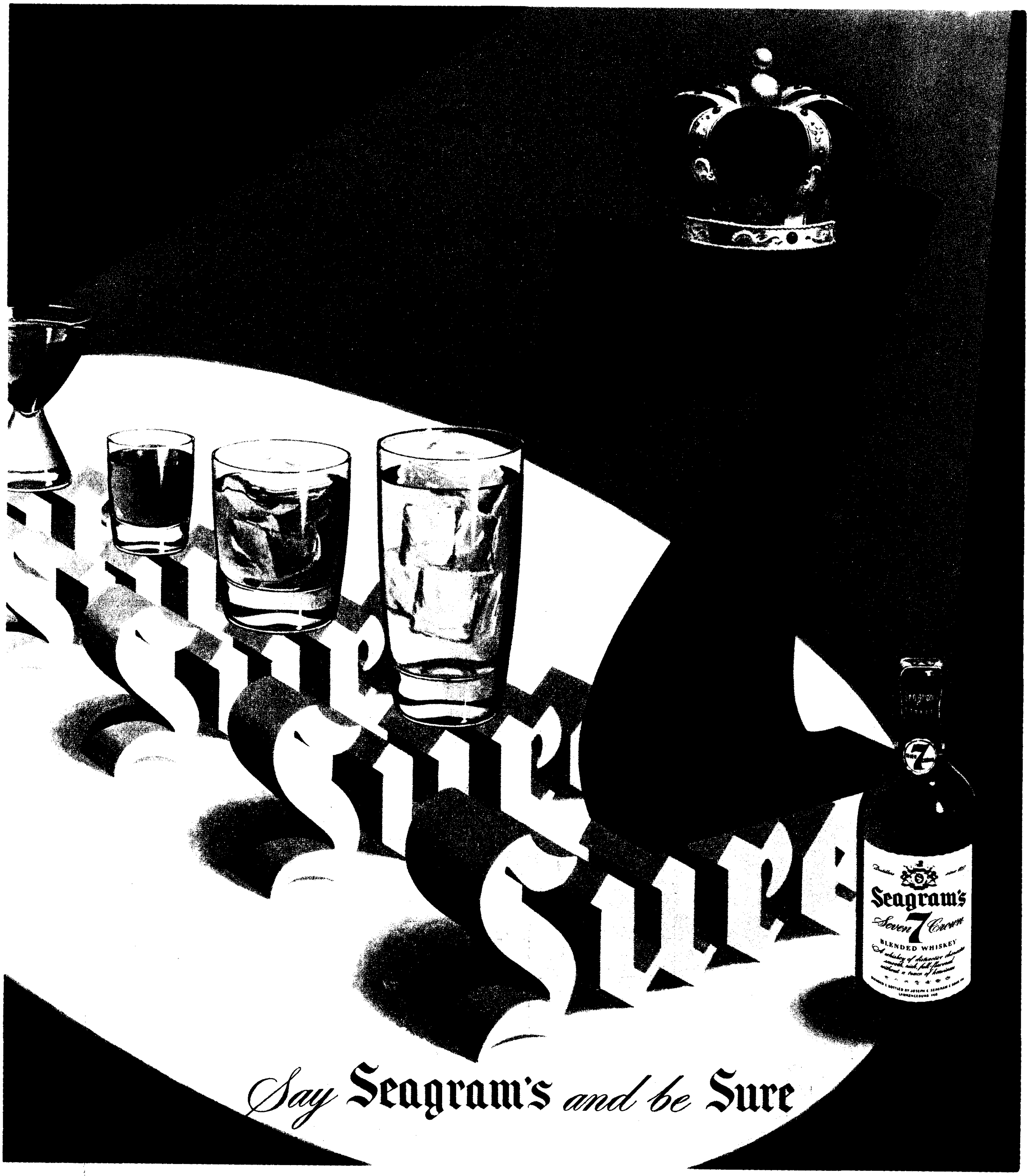
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THE TRUTH ABOUT KOREA:

Why Not a PACIFIC

Let's promote a Pacific defense organization patterned on Europe's NATO, says our former Far Eastern commander. Winding up the inside story of the Korean war, he takes a look into the future and recommends an enlightened, positive program to keep the Reds off balance

By GENERAL MARK W. CLARK

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

DURING the last three months of the Korean truce negotiations, the United Nations Command was confronted with almost a crisis a day. Never, it seemed to me, was there a more thorough demonstration that winning a satisfactory peace—even a temporary one—is harder than winning a war.

In effect, I was fighting on three fronts: the battle front, the armistice front and the political front. And of the three, the most frustrating engagements were on the political front, where I was seeking to persuade President Syngman Rhee of the Republic of Korea to accept an armistice. My relations with South Korea's venerable, patriotic and wily chief of state had been excellent—until the moment the United States clearly indicated it intended to sign an armistice that might leave his country divided. Then I became the whipping boy.

History may yet prove Rhee was right in vowing to fight until all Korea was won—something our government and, to a greater extent, its UN allies were not prepared to do if it meant extending the war beyond Korea. President Eisenhower had promised the American people to end the Korean war; he had been elected by a landslide. As UN commander under two administrations, I found that with such a mandate the Republicans were ready to go further than the Democrats to achieve a truce.

Rhee made his position clear to President Eisenhower on April 24, 1953. He had his ambassador in Washington advise the President that South Korea would withdraw its forces from the UN Command if an armistice were signed that permitted the Chinese Reds to remain in Korea.

Rhee's move came less than 48 hours before the UN-Communist truce negotiations were to be resumed for the first time in more than six months. At long last, the Communists had given in on the sole major obstacle still blocking an armistice; they had accepted our proposition that North Korean and Chinese war prisoners who had renounced Communism should not be forcibly repatriated. The Reds proposed that the prisoners be turned over to the custody of a "neutral state" until a political conference could determine their final fate.

The ROK president's threat to withdraw his forces from my command came like a dash of cold water to revived hopes for an early cease-fire.

I flew to Seoul on April 27th to ask Rhee personally how seriously his threat was intended.

Gen. Clark bids farewell to Syngman Rhee, South Korean president, in Seoul. General says history may yet prove Rhee was right in vowing to fight until all Korea was won

PACT?

He told me that he wasn't thinking of acting right then and in any event would consult me before taking such a step. I was to remember his assurance with bitterness some six weeks later.

Talking with the president, I became convinced that Rhee didn't care what we did with the Chinese anti-Communist prisoners, but was very much concerned about what might happen to Korean prisoners who refused to return to Communist North Korea. He opposed turning them over to a neutral country.

I, too, was concerned about the future of the nonrepats, as we came to call the prisoners who said they didn't want to be repatriated. Early in March, I had sent Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Kogstad, an officer from my headquarters who was an authority on the POW situation, to Washington with a specific recommendation that we initiate without delay the release of some 40,000 to 50,000 Korean and Chinese nonrepats.

I was later notified that my views were under favorable consideration, but there the matter ended. If we had freed the nonrepats then, I believe we would have escaped the embarrassment, the bloodshed and the prolongation of the war that were to follow Rhee's release of the Korean anti-Communist captives on the eve of the truce.

Since Rhee's adamant stand against an armistice was complicating our position both on the battlefield and in the armistice negotiations, I decided to give the Communists some psychological worries of their own. On April 27th I offered the now famous $100,000 reward and political asylum to the first Communist pilot in Korea to deliver us an undamaged Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighter, plus a $50,000 reward for each subsequent undamaged MIG flown to us.

Seeking to Tempt Russian Pilots

The offer was broadcast by short wave in Korean, Chinese and Russian and printed in the three languages on leaflets dropped as far north as the Yalu River border between Korea and China. We used Russian for the very good reason that Russian pilots were flying some of the MIGs. The $100,000 reward was hailed in some quarters as a master stroke of psychological warfare and denounced in others as a cheap, unethical stunt.

I think it hit the jack pot, but I can't claim the credit for the idea. It originated, early in 1952, in the fertile mind of a war correspondent who shall remain nameless at his own request. While communing with a bottle of brandy in the Seoul Correspondents' Billet, he dreamed up and wrote of the MIG reward offer in an imaginary interview with an "anonymous" and nonexistent Air Force general.

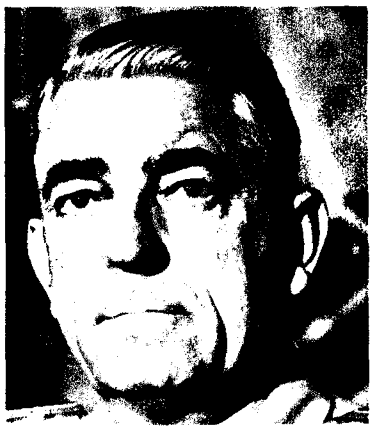
Far from being upset, the Air Force in Tokyo decided the idea had merit, dressed it up, and bucked it to the Department of the Air Force in Washington. From there it made the rounds of nearly every military agency in the Pentagon and the State Department. The first I heard of it was in a Department of the Army message in November, 1952, suggesting that we obtain a Communist aircraft by psychological warfare. I thought it was a good idea and we got busy.

After the armistice was signed we forgot all about the offer until, almost two months later, a North Korean pilot flew a MIG into Kimpo Airport outside Seoul. He claimed he had never heard of the reward, but was willing to accept the $100,000 anyway. (The Air Force an-

THIS WAS MY TEAM

Gen. O. P. Weyland, USAF

"His mighty Far East Air Force, which had everything from Sabre jets to B-29s, established air supremacy over Korea. But the 'wild, blue yonder' north of the Yalu was off limits"



Vice-Adm. R. P. Briscoe, USN

Commander, Naval Forces, Far East

"He controlled Korean waters on both sides of the peninsula. His favorite offer was, 'Let me land you someplace' "

Lt. Gen. William K. Harrison, Jr., USA

Senior UN armistice delegate and my chief of staff

"With a Bible and a .45 he more than matched the Communists at Panmunjom"

Vice-Adm. J. J. Clark, USN

Commander of the roving 7th Fleet

"If I had told him to take the Mighty Mo up the Yalu, his answer would have been, 'Aye, aye, sir' "

Lt. Gen. S. E. Anderson, USAF

Commander, 5th Air Force in Korea

"He resolved the arguments of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on the operational level and gave the 8th Army air support up to the hilt"

Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, USA

Commander, 8th U.S. Army

"A great team player, a can-doer. In World War II his paratroopers helped save the day for me at Salerno"

The Infantryman

"The keyman on the team—the foot slogger—always ready to advance another foot, fire another shot and die, if need be, in defense of his country"

When Rhee threatened to fight on, President Eisenhower secretly invited

nounced last November 28th that it had given the airman, Lieutenant No Kum-sok, a check for the amount.) On orders from Washington, we withdrew the $50,000 reward for subsequent MIGs and offered to return the first plane if the "rightful owner" stepped up to claim it.

Despite statements by some officials that we were not particularly interested in *that* MIG because it was an old model, the Air Force got its $100,000 worth—and more. It was the first combat MIG we'd laid hands on long enough to test. (The two MIGs flown to Denmark by Polish pilots were trainers, and were returned unflown.) The Korean pilot also gave us valuable information that the Communists were violating the armistice terms by moving MIGs from Manchuria into nonmilitary airfields in North Korea.

I also believe that the reward offer bagged us at least a dozen other MIGs—shot down. The Communist MIG pilots permitted to fly after the offer was made were the worst—on their record—of the whole Korean war.

Heavy Toll of MIGs Taken

The MIGs flew far fewer missions in those last 90 days of the war than in the preceding three months, but American Sabre jets shot down twice as many of them. In fact, the Sabres destroyed 165 MIGs against three combat losses of our own—a record ratio of 55 to one.

Meantime, the armistice negotiations had got off to a promising start. After preliminary sparring, North Korean General Nam Il, the chief Communist delegate, offered an eight-point proposal on May 7th that became the basis for the ultimate armistice.

Its most important provision was that the nonrepats be placed in the custody of a neutral nations repatriation commission—consisting of Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Poland and India—after which the recalcitrants would be available for four months to Communist indoctrination teams for persuasion interviews. After the four-month period, the fate of prisoners who still refused to return home would be decided by a political conference.

We were willing to turn over the Chinese nonrepats to the NNRC, but thought that the Korean recalcitrants should be freed when an armistice took effect. We also demanded that the period in which the Chinese nonrepats would be available to the Communist teams be limited to 60 days.

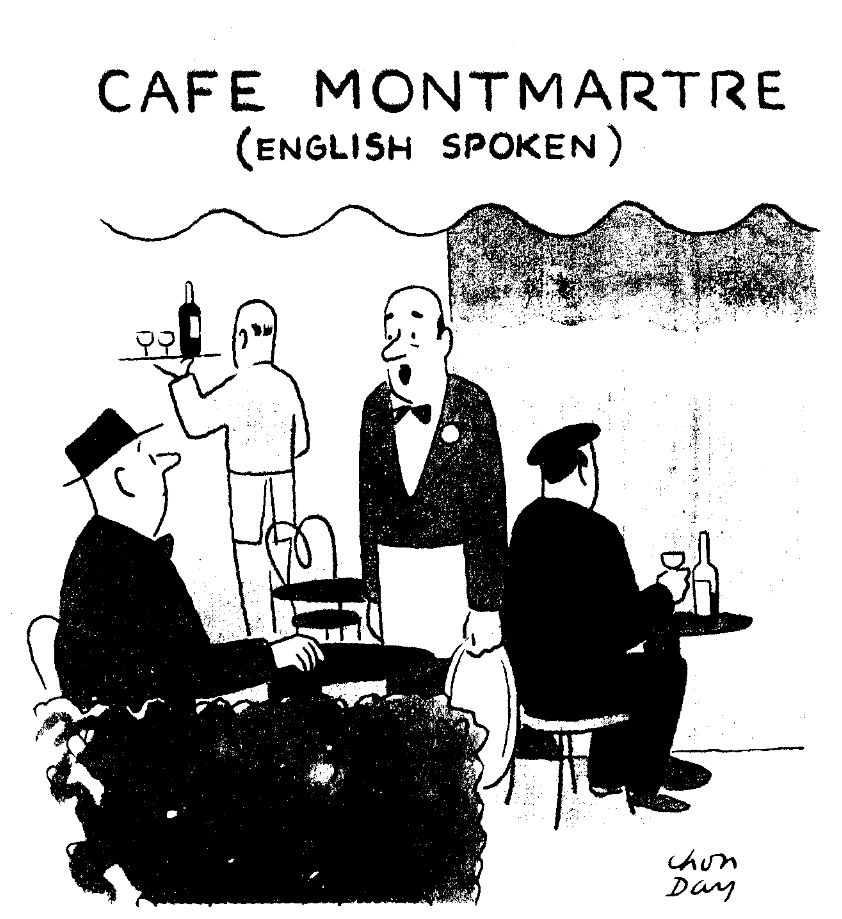
There was still another formidable gimmick in the Communist plan; it would permit Communist Czech and Polish members of the NNRC, as well as the Chinese and North Korean "persuader" teams and newsmen, to go behind our lines in South Korea to talk to the nonrepats. Rhee promptly told me he would never let these potential spies, *saboteurs* and agitators into his rear areas—and I couldn't blame him.

Both the truce negotiations and my conversations with Rhee came to a climax on May 25th. On that day, Lieutenant General William K. Harrison, Jr., chief of the UN truce team, handed the Reds our final armistice proposals on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

On instructions from Washington and despite ROK protests, we agreed to turn over 34,000 North Korean nonrepats, along with 14,500 Chinese, to the NNRC and yielded to Communist demands that disputes within the NNRC be settled by majority vote rather than unanimously. However, we insisted that the period during which the nonrepats would be available to Red indoctrination teams be limited to three months and that India supply all the troops used by the NNRC.

If the Communists rejected this final offer, I was authorized to *break off*, rather than just recess, the truce talks, and to carry on the war in ways we had not attempted. (Since the present truce is only a suspension of hostilities, not a peace, these steps cannot be discussed at this time.)

Just one hour before Harrison placed the proposals on the conference table, U.S. Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs and I called at the presidential residence in Seoul to explain our final position to President Rhee and hand him a personal message from President Eisenhower. The timing of our call on Rhee was fixed by Washington.



COLLIER'S "What'll ya have, Mac?" CHON DAY

After outlining our truce proposals, we read to Rhee and his foreign minister, Pyun Yung Tai, the details of American military and economic aid South Korea would receive if the ROK went along with the armistice.

The effect of our remarks on Syngman Rhee was profound; I had never seen him so disturbed. As the full scope of our proposals became clear, he sat bolt upright in his chair, the muscles of his face twitched occasionally, and he kept rubbing the ends of his fingers (which I understand had been burned by Japanese secret police during Japan's occupation of his homeland).

After fighting for Korean independence, mostly in exile, Rhee had come to identify his country's welfare with himself. He sincerely believed that almost anyone who opposed him was an enemy of Korea, and his advanced age made him humanly impatient to achieve his lifetime ambition—become the first president of a unified Korea.

Now he saw that goal fading again into the future. He broke in on me at one point to say: "I am deeply disappointed. You pay no attention to the views of the ROK government."

A little later, he said: "Please tell my dear friend, President Eisenhower, that I am not agitating against an armistice; the people will not accept these armistice terms even if I tell them to."

Briggs and I could do little but weather Rhee's storm of oratory and try to point out the benefits to be derived from a policy of co-operation. But at the end of two hours, Rhee said solemnly and with great emotion:

"We cannot accept the armistice; it is entirely contrary to the views of my people. Please say to your President, let the Koreans fight alone if need be. It is the only way we can survive."

When I reported Rhee's remark to Washington, the Joint Chiefs of Staff authorized me, as theater commander, to take whatever action I felt necessary to ensure the integrity of my forces should Rhee withdraw his troops from my command. Since South Korean troops, albeit backed by American specialized units, manned two thirds of the front, the prospect raised all sorts of nightmarish possibilities. But I had worked out an emergency plan with Lieutenant General Maxwell D. Taylor, who had succeeded General James A. Van Fleet as commander of the Eighth Army, and we were ready to put it into immediate operation.

On the other hand, if Rhee decided to throw open the prison-camp gates and release the Korean nonrepats—something that he not only threatened to do, but I felt he was most likely to do—we could do little to stop him. I discussed the problem with my senior commanders in Korea. It boiled down to the fact that all anti-Communist POW enclosures were guarded by South Koreans and we could ill afford to spare American combat troops from the front to replace them.

Even if we had had the troops, I would have been reluctant to use them for fear they would come in conflict with ROK guards in the event of a Rhee-directed POW breakout. I also felt strongly—and Washington agreed—that firearms should not be used against professed anti-Communists on our side. I would not be a party to the slaughter of these people with machine guns.

On June 4th, the Communists came through with their long-awaited reply to our take-it-or-leave-it offer; in all major respects they accepted it. UN and Communist staff officers immediately began working out details of the final truce agreement.

But we still had Rhee to contend with. When I called on the Korean president on June 7th, he told me again that the ROK would never accept the armistice terms as they stood. "The Republic of Korea will fight on, even if it means suicide, and I will lead them," he said. He added that thereafter he would feel free to take any action he deemed appropriate.

In a supreme effort to bring Rhee into line before he did something drastic, President Eisenhower formally—but secretly—invited him to visit the White House in Washington for a face-to-face talk. Rhee declined—he said he could not leave Korea at such a critical time—and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles suggested that Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, should go to Korea to confer with Syngman Rhee. On June 17th, Rhee finally agreed to receive Robertson.

Anti-Communist POWs Freed

At 6:00 o'clock next morning, I was awakened to hear the news that what we had feared was happening: during the night, on orders from Rhee, ROK guards at anti-Communist Korean POW camps all over South Korea had opened the gates and some 27,000 prisoners were melting into the civilian population as fast as they could.

I immediately ordered Major General Thomas W. Herren, commander of the Korean communications zone, to replace South Korean prison-camp guards with U.S. troops. However, the exodus continued sporadically for four days while we tried to scrape up enough troops from our meager battle-front reserves to plug up the dikes. All but 9,000 Korean nonrepats escaped clean. The Korean National Police and the civilian population had been well organized in advance to absorb them, and after a while our man hunt for the escapees just petered out.

The fat was in the fire; the truce that had appeared so tantalizingly close had, for all we knew, gone glimmering again. Ironically, all the articles of the armistice had been initialed; we had needed only to fix the date and details of the final signing ceremony. But since we no longer could live up to our agreement to turn over so many thousands of POWs to the repatriation commission, the Communists would have an awfully good case, in the eyes of the world, to delay the signing or break off the negotiations altogether.

I dispatched two letters—one to Rhee and one to the Communist commanders. I reminded Rhee that in 1950 he had assigned the UN commander authority over all his forces. Therefore, I stated, ". . . I am profoundly shocked by this unilateral abrogation of your personal commitment . . . On several occasions in recent weeks you have personally assured both Ambassador Briggs and me that you would not take unilateral action with reference to ROK forces under my control until after full and frank discussion with me." To the Communists I sent a factual account of what had happened and told them we were trying to recapture the escapees—which we were at the time. The Reds came back June 20th with some searching questions which plagued us until the armistice was signed. They were mainly: Is the UN Command able to control the ROK government and army? Will the UN recover the escapees? Does the armistice in Korea include the "Rhee clique"? If it is not included, what assurance is there that South Korea will live up to its terms?

I could not reply just then for the good reason that I did not know the answers myself. Neither could the Joint Chiefs of Staff to whom I sent the questions "for guidance." The Panmunjom sessions were recessed until further notice; we could not negotiate until we had some assurance from Rhee he would not disrupt the armistice. Meanwhile, fearful of more trouble, I sent the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team from Japan to Korea, and later the 24th Division as well.

The almost unanimous world castigation of Syngman Rhee's action had its effect on the Korean president. When I visited him four days after the breakout, he appeared nervous and under considerable strain. I asked him point-blank, "Why did you remove the South Korean troops from my command and release the prisoners without the notification you promised me?"

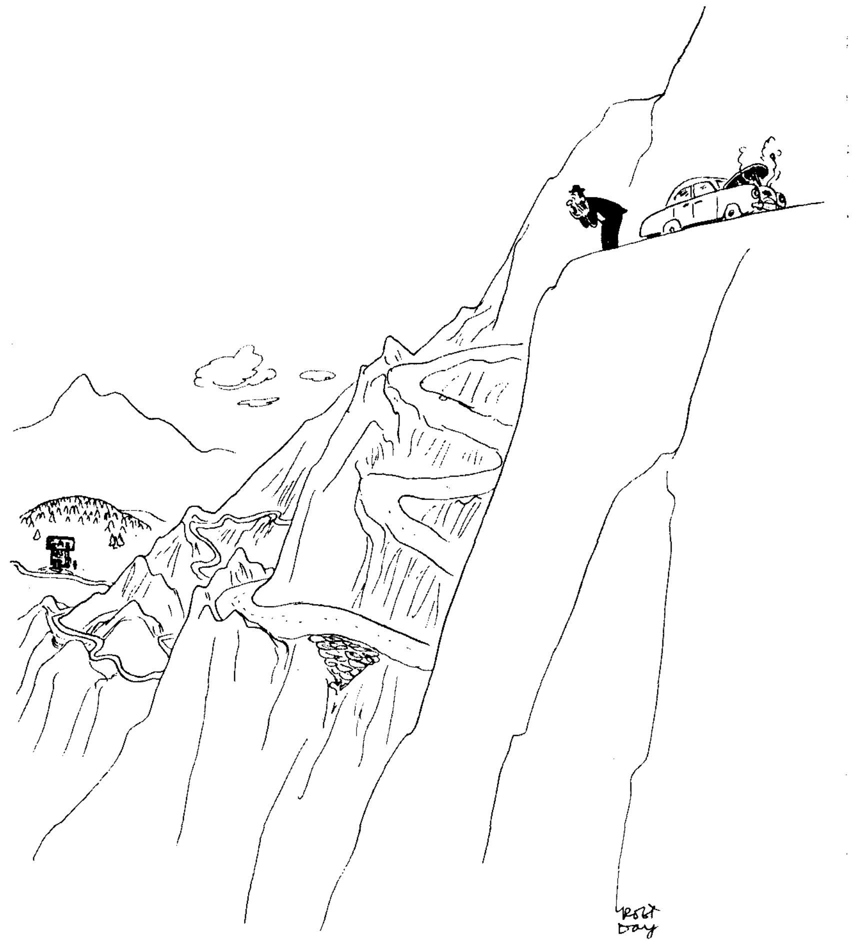
Rhee Answers a Good Question

Poker-faced, he replied, "It must be obvious why I could not notify you in advance"—meaning, of course, that I would have taken appropriate measures to stop him.

I told him he must reconcile himself to accepting an honorable truce as we saw it. Finally he said that although South Korea could not *sign* an armistice—and thus agree to a division of the country—it could *support* such a truce. Since the ROK government would not be a party to the agreement (a purely military pact between opposing commanders), such support was all that we needed.

By the time Robertson arrived in Tokyo on June 24th, the Communist propaganda broadcasts from Peiping had changed subtly in tone. The Reds no longer were denouncing the UN Command for complicity in allowing the nonrepats to escape; they were concentrating their attacks almost solely on the ROK government. To me, this was a sign that the Communists still wanted a truce, at almost any price.

Robertson flew to Seoul next day—



COLLIER'S "I said, 'Are you the nearest one?' " ROBERT DAY

a new star

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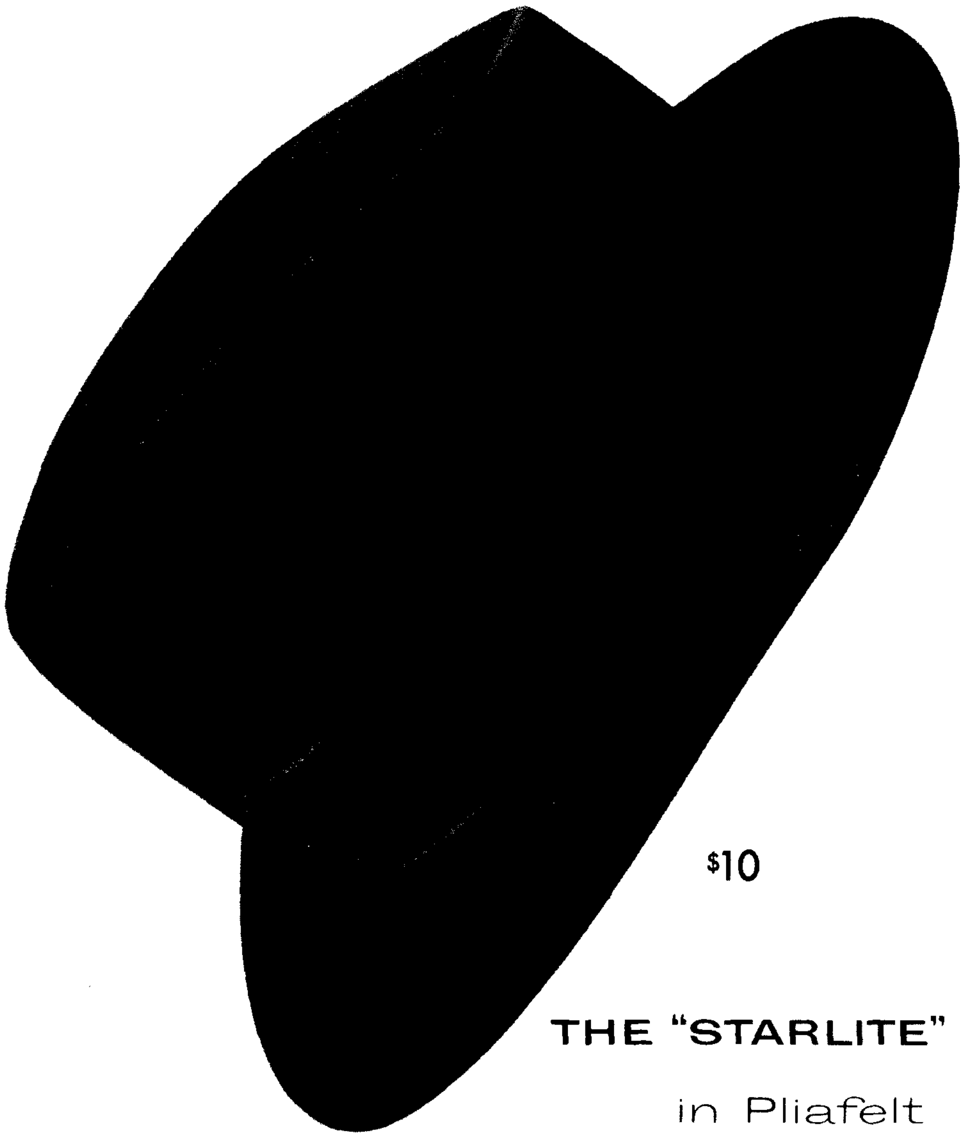

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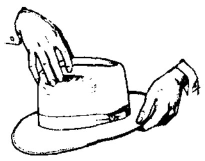

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the third anniversary of the Communist invasion of South Korea—and met Rhee almost daily during the prolonged period he was in Korea.

When he returned to Tokyo July 12th, he had a letter from the Korean chief executive promising President Eisenhower that he would not obstruct the carrying out of an armistice.

In return, Rhee obtained from Robertson:

- The promise of implementation of a U.S.-ROK Mutual Security Pact *after, not before, the armistice, on the* assurance that Secretary Dulles had met with Senate leaders and obtained a favorable reaction to the treaty. (The treaty finally was ratified by the Senate last January 26th.)
- Long-term economic aid, with a first installment of $200,000,000.
- An agreement that both South Korea and the United States would be prepared to withdraw concurrently from the postarmistice political conference after 90 days if it became clear to each government that no concrete achievements were resulting, both governments then to consult further regarding the attainment of a unified, free and independent Korea.
- Agreement—as already planned—to expand the ROK ground forces to the equivalent of 20 divisions, with appropriate increases in the navy and air force.
- Agreement to hold high-level American-ROK conferences on all aspects of our joint objectives before the political conference opened. (Secretary Dulles and party flew to Seoul in August to fulfill this bargain.)

A Costly Job of Face-Saving

I don't think there is much point in totting up who got the best of the bargain. Rhee certainly proved that South Korea is no puppet state. No doubt we saved him much face in handling him the way we did. But as I pointed out to Washington, there comes a time when it is necessary to save our own.

We lost more than face; we lost lives. All through our prolonged negotiations with Rhee, the war was costing us an average of 900 UN casualties a day. Even more maddening, we had been virtually in agreement with the Reds on truce terms since June 4th.

Even before the Robertson-Rhee talks ended, I felt I could no longer put off answering the Communist letter of June 20th.

Accordingly, on June 29th I sent a letter to the Red commanders pointing out that we had no authority over the ROK government, an independent sovereign state, but adding that the ROK had violated its commitments "in issuing orders unknown to me through other than recognized military channels to certain Korean army units which permitted the POWs to escape."

I said that the UN Command and interested governments would make every effort to secure ROK co-operation. However, I said it was as impossible to recapture the 27,000 escapees "as it would be for your side to recover the 50,000 South Korean prisoners 'released' by your side during the course of hostilities."

This was a sincere estimate of the situation, if not too reassuring to the Communists, but the feeling was prevalent now that they needed and wanted a truce.

As it developed, we and the ROKs suffered directly and grievously from prolongation of the war. Although the Communists notified me on July 8th that they were ready to resume the truce talks two days later, it soon became clear they had decided it was their turn to stall.

Twenty-four hours before the meeting took place, the Chinese launched *their last big push against our lines.*

Chinese Attacks Gain Ground

The first attack was a two-division punch against the ROK 5th Division, spreading to the ROK 8th Division on the east flank of the central front. The Reds penetrated our main lines for a distance of four miles on a nine-mile sector, forcing us to establish a new line of defense on the Pukhan River.

In a second assault, six Communist divisions hit the entire central front in the Kumsong-Kumhwa area. The brunt of this push was borne by the ROK Capitol, 3d, 5th, 6th and 8th Divisions, one regiment of the ROK 11th Division and, finally, the American 3d Division, which was hastily thrown into battle.

This effort rolled through our main battle positions to a depth of seven miles on a 23-mile front. However, a UN advance which met little or no resistance reduced the penetration to approximately 17 miles wide and five and a half miles deep.

There is no doubt in my mind that one of the principal reasons—if not the only reason—for the Communist offensive was to give the ROKs a "bloody nose," to show them and the world that *"Puk chin"*—Go north—was easier said than done.

On July 19th, the Reds apparently decided they had gained as much as they could from their final offensive. At Panmunjom, they announced they were "prepared to conclude discussions on the armistice." In their 10-day push, they undoubtedly suffered many casualties—just how many would be merely an estimate on our part; I know that we suffered 14,000, mostly South Koreans.

The next day we presented an amendment to turn over the nonrepats to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission in the demilitarized zone *rather than behind our lines.* The Reds agreed on July 23d, and the signing ceremony was set for July 27th.

There was one last-minute snag. As originally planned, the opposing commanders—I, for the UN Command, and Marshal Kim Il Sung for North Korea and General Peng Teh-huai for Red China—were to sign in one another's presence at Panmunjom. Now, however, the Communists inexplicably asked that the agreement be signed by the respective commanders at their own headquarters, following which the copies could be returned to Panmunjom for signing by the senior truce delegates.

A compromise was finally worked out: the documents would be signed at Panmunjom by General Harrison for the UN and General Nam Il for the Communists, 12 hours after which the guns would stop shooting. In the interim, the documents would be signed again by the supreme commanders at their respective headquarters.

The preliminary signing at Panmunjom began on schedule at precisely 10:00 A.M. on July 27th in a large wooden building constructed by the Communists. Three hundred persons, including newsmen and photographers, witnessed the ceremony. Both Harrison and Nam left the building without speaking.

Because President Eisenhower had requested that I sign the armistice on Korean soil, *I flew to Seoul and then* to the Munsan apple orchard where the UN armistice delegation had made its headquarters for two years. Exactly three hours after the Panmunjom ceremony, I entered the camp theater and sat down at a long table just in front of the stage. The lights which flooded the scene for the newsreel and TV cameras made the heat unbearable.

Only after I'd written "Mark W. Clark, Commander-in-Chief, United Nations Command," 18 times did I get that "it's over" sensation. I said at the time, "I cannot find it in me to exult in this hour. Rather it is time for prayer, that we may succeed in our difficult endeavor to turn this armistice to the advantage of mankind. If we extract hope from this occasion, it must be diluted with recognition that our salvation requires unrelaxing vigilance and effort."

I knew of course that it was not over—that the struggle against Communism probably would not be over in my lifetime. The Korean war was a skirmish, a bloody, costly skirmish, fought on the perimeter of the free world. We won this skirmish in that, for the first time, Communism tried direct armed aggression against another country and failed. We lost it in that the enemy remains undefeated and even more powerful and threatening than before.

By more powerful I mean that Communism's Asiatic armies have learned how to fight modern ground warfare—from us. What they didn't know earlier in the game we taught them, and it cost them only lives—a cheap commodity on their exchange.

What did we learn from our first shooting war with Communism?

Korea pointed up one fact that will hold true so long as the United States and its allies face a combination of Russia and Red China: in comparison we will always be short on man power. Therefore, it behooves us to make the most of what we've got. Because Korea was fought on a small scale and was never treated as an all-out effort, we indulged ourselves and our soldiers in luxuries we may never again be able to afford.

I would be the last commander to deny my men the finest equipment American industry can produce, the best in medical care, rations and clothing. But I doubt that we will ever again be able to afford lavishly stocked post exchanges, issues of ice cream, and other niceties that require so many men in the rear to support the man with the gun. The amenities in the American Army will have to be the first casualty in any big war with Communism. At the Battle of Armageddon, we will have neither the time nor the men to spare for rotation or a rest and recreation program such as the one that air-lifted hundreds of thousands from the front to Japan.

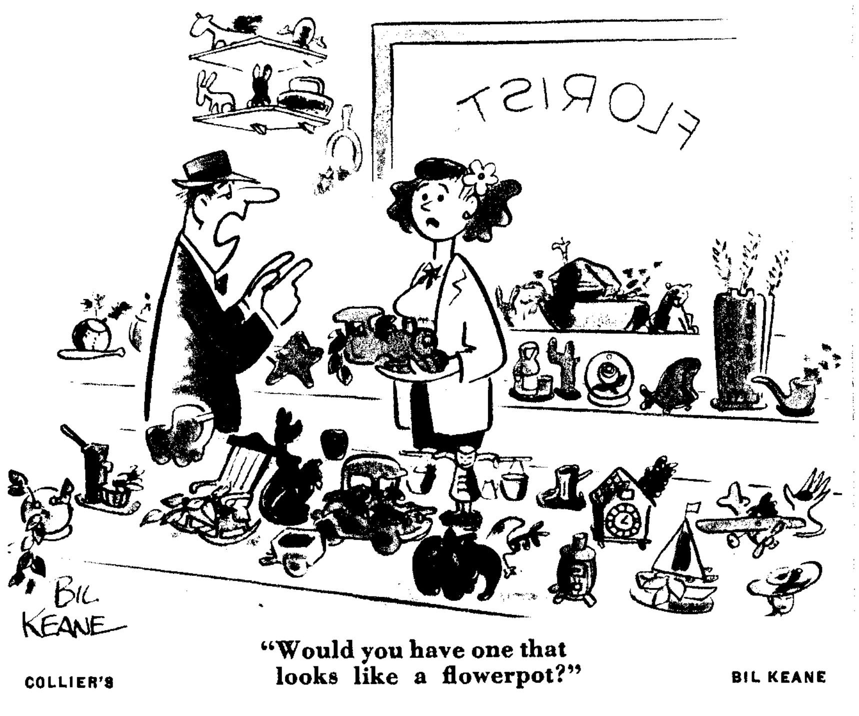
In more immediate matters, where do we go from here?

The Only Potent UN Argument

Having witnessed Communist diplomatic knavery at firsthand, I am bearish on any Korean political conference achieving satisfactory results. The outcome of the conference will depend on the objectives the Communists have set for themselves, rather than on the persuasiveness of the democratic countries. The only persuasion that is effective with the Communists is the "big stick"—and an announced willingness to use it.

The cornerstone of our future military policy regarding Korea in my personal opinion should be this:

Never again should we be mousetrapped into fighting another defensive ground war on that peninsula. Never should we commit numerically inferior American troops—the first team, at that—against numerically superior forces of the enemy's second team unless we are prepared to win.



COLLIER'S

"Would you have one that looks like a flowerpot?"

BIL KEANE

by hitting directly at the enemy

Let us get out of Korea, preferably at the same time as the Chinese Reds, but let us get our troops out. Let us announce in the unmistakable terms of an ultimatum that should Korean sovereignty again be violated by Communist aggression, the full might of American technical superiority will be brought to bear on the aggressor—wherever he may be.

In my view, the threat of using all our power during the Korean war would have brought it to a quicker and more favorable conclusion.

Would Sell Reds Their Own Idea

At a political conference or elsewhere, let us first seek agreement on the simultaneous withdrawal of all non-Korean troops from Korea within a reasonably short time, probably six months. Since the Communists attempted to include this provision as a basic article of the armistice when the truce talks began in 1951, agreement may be reached on it.

The Communist motive in 1951 was transparent enough—South Korean forces were still weaker than North Korean forces. Such is not the case now. The United States has undertaken to equip and maintain a ROK ground force of the equivalent of 21 divisions, including Marine elements, with appropriate air and naval forces; and this military establishment, with proper logistic support and its fighting heart could in my opinion withstand any attack by purely North Korean troops.

Under these conditions, President Rhee might feel encouraged to "go for broke" in a lone march to the Yalu. But I doubt that he would if we made it unmistakably clear that any such attempt would mark him an aggressor before the world and he would get not a cartridge or a penny of economic aid from us.

Rhee nevertheless might create a small incident in an attempt to drag us without warning into another shooting "police action." With the impatience of the very old, he might try to precipitate a border-line incident that would light up the battlefield once more. This pitfall we must avoid at all costs.

If I have seemed critical of this doughty, single-minded patriarch who has been called the George Washington of his country, it is not for lack of admiration of his virtues or those of his countrymen. I consider the South Koreans great allies, a people who know Communism and hate it and are not afraid to die fighting it. I consider Rhee a great leader within the limits of his national aspirations.

But these aspirations must not be permitted to hobble America's freedom of action, our right to choose the time and place to fight, if fight we must.

Europe may be the fulcrum of the power balance between Communism and the democracies, but the weight of Asia may certainly tip the scales one way or the other. Getting out of Korea does not mean getting out of the Far East, or abandoning Asia to our enemies, or relinquishing our help to the free countries in that part of the world.

I would like to see the forces of these free countries bound together in a close military confederation similar to NATO in Europe—call it PATO, Pacific Treaty Organization, for a starter. Such an organization could have an over-all headquarters at Okinawa or nearby and would be open to all countries desirous of maintaining their independence against Communist encroachment. By setting up a PATO organization, we could wrest the initiative from the Reds and for a change have them worrying over *our* next move.

To be willing to resist the pressure of two Goliaths like Red China and Soviet Russia, these free countries should have something to fight for—genuine independence. It is to our vital interest, therefore, to *encourage* friendly nationalism, not resist it. Colonialism is dead in Asia, and any Western power that does not help bury it is digging its own grave.

If we withdraw our forces from Korea, let us put a few American divisions on Okinawa and in Japan while the Japanese build up their own defense force. Let the Viet-Namese build up fast and man the defenses in Indo-china, and let us maintain the ROK army in Korea.

As one who spent 40 years in the Army, it is only natural for me to emphasize the military safeguards I think my country must take to avoid disaster. Like many military men, I have a tendency to see most problems through the sights of a rifle.

But I know that while bullets may kill Communists, they alone won't kill Communism. It is a malignancy that grows on misery and dissatisfaction: two enemies we must fight and defeat in Korea after the guns are quiet.

I believe the only hope—however slim—for a peaceful solution of the Korean problems is for all foreign forces to pull out; in the vacuum thus created, North and South Koreans *might* settle their differences.

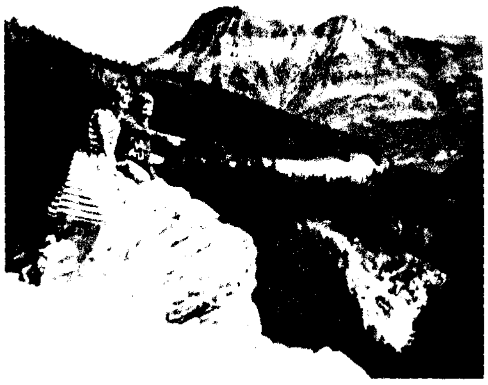
When Aggression Fails—What?

But won't the Communists try to achieve through infiltration, sabotage and propaganda against the South Korean government what they failed to win by direct aggression?

Of course they will—they tried it before the war and failed. And this time they have even less chance for success. Through our economic support, the living standards of South Koreans must be raised to a point where they not only resist the blandishments of Communism, but present such an attractive example of recovery as to tempt and win over the starved, demoralized people of North Korea. This new kind of war, this contest between the benefits of two ways of life, may foreshadow the nature of the final struggle between the democracies and Communism. Perhaps both sides, with the frightening instruments of total destruction in their hands, may never use them.

I pray fervently that this be true, not only because of the lives that would be saved but also because I know America can reap a richer harvest from peace than can her enemies.

But peace will be granted us only if we are strong, if the Communists know that we are strong and if they are convinced we have the *determination* as well as the strength to achieve a military victory the next time we are challenged. ▲▲▲



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Flight of the Tiger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

the flicker of light as the MIG went by. In a fraction of a second his plane had been turned into a mass of tumbling junk. He managed to find the release, and then the chute jolted him and he released the chair. He looked down. The canopy was wobbling below like a falling leaf. He saw the ship, and it seemed to hang there against the ground long after he thought it should have hit, and then there had been a blue-white flare against the rocks. He counted instinctively one thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three—and as he said five he heard the whooshing thump of the gas explosion. He knew then he was at six thousand feet. It was very still. He could not place himself. The terrain did not look familiar. He heard a far-off jangling of an automatic weapon, and then a faint sound of artillery.

The ground did not seem to change for a long time, and then it began to come closer. He thought of what they did to anybody who came out of the sky, because men from the sky were the vendors of napalm, that sticky, clinging, burning horror. And the whole sky was empty, so there was no one to circle and ride herd until the egg beater could come get him. And he heard himself whimper and was deeply shocked at the forlorn and lonely sound.

HE SWUNG lower and he saw the Reds climbing out of the ground and tumbling down the ridge. He heard their shrill harsh cries, and saw their brown grinning faces as they ran on bandy legs: these were the brown little men who committed those unimaginable horrors. He was aware of his body during those few moments that he thought were left to him. He was aware of the pumping of his heart, and all the blood in the clever veins, and all the pictures in his mind, and all the plans that now would never be completed. He wanted to take out the .45 and taste the gun oil against his teeth and pull the trigger. But something inside him had snapped. It was something that had been growing more and more taut ever since the day MacLane had died, and now it had snapped in two, and there was nothing he could do. He could not unholster the automatic. He could not even yank the shroud lines to try to slide away from the Reds. He pulled his legs up a bit and buried his head in his arms, like a boxer covering up, and came down making a sound like a child crying. He hit hard and the chute dragged him on the rocks and he did nothing.

They were ROKs, of course. But he found that out too late. He found that out after whatever it was inside him had snapped.

He had pretty near wrecked himself when he landed, and for months after the shooting war ended, he had lain in one hospital after another. And all the time he had known he could never be able to force himself back into another ship.

When he had been well for a fairly long time, and couldn't put it off any longer, he went to Masterson to turn himself in. But Masterson seemed to sense what was bothering him, and he brought up this suggestion of taking the thirty days he had coming and then reporting to a training station. Masterson had mentioned the topside request for a man with as many missions as Morrow had completed.

And then Ben had found himself saying, "Yes, sir," and packing, and picking up the two sets of orders, and having farewell drinks at the club in Tokyo. On the way back, every time the transport had landed or taken off, he'd found himself feeling bloodless and empty, cold with fear. In San Francisco he had bought civilian clothes and a suitcase and expressed his flight bag through to the training station. And when he walked out of the express office, he had sensed that he would never see the flight bag again, never wear the uniform again.

It was, he thought now, as though all his life he hadn't known what he was. He'd thought he was Ben Morrow, a guy with an average face and a smile that people seemed to like. He was Ben Morrow, five ten, one sixty, sandy-haired, with a quick strong body and as much guts as the next one. He was not a complicated guy. He was able to fight with his hands, sweet-talk a girl, carry his drinks, do his share. He'd never been a ringleader in any group, but he was always popular enough. And it had been a fine, warm feeling to know he'd been damned good at the most fearful and demanding profession yet devised by man. It had been a special mark on him; it had set him apart. It had given him the right to act a little cocky, because there weren't very many tigers.

But that Ben Morrow was a phony—like a stuffed dummy on wheels with the real Ben Morrow walking behind it, pushing it along.

He looked at the empty lounge chair beside him and wished MacLane were sitting in it.

He couldn't think of anybody else he could tell this to. Before, it had always been somebody else who chickened out. What did you do when it was you? When it was your own self?

There was no one to talk to. His mother had died when he was twelve. His father had turned grim, remote, unreachable. Two years later he had married again, married Leah. There were three kids now, and his father had built a new life around himself in which there was no room for Ben. Sure, he was always welcome at the house in Philadelphia, but he could never feel a part of it.

And he remembered the girl he had thought he loved just before they had shipped him over, and now, in retrospect, she seemed inexpressibly silly.

There was no one to talk to, and there were no hiding places, like his room before his mother had died. Dad had a new life, and it was a good life, a good marriage. Far away there was a hiding place, but that was gone. He remembered his room clearly: the Navajo blanket, and the plane models hung from the ceiling by black threads; the books and the cracked red-plastic radio. Everything had been so warm, so sane, so secure. From that vantage point you could look ahead at your life, like looking down a road, and know just what it would be. All the books had illustrations, and all the heroes had steady eyes. There were dragons to slay, and they came in all sizes.

And then you found that you were one of the secondary characters in all the plots, the sniveler, the broken one. All the heroes you admired turned their broad backs and stood silent. They rejected you, and all you could do was run into your room and slam the door and lie on the bed.

But the room was gone. You still walked with the customary jauntiness, and your eye was steady, and your shoulders were squared, but you were an impostor—and the inevitable unmasking was only twenty-eight days away.

He remembered the month he had flown out of MacDill, and the kid named Russell something—the kid who talked a little too much and a little too loudly, and whose cap was just a bit more battered than any other cap on the post. Then Russell had trouble on a landing and got in by a whisker—lucked in with a hell of a bounce and a ground loop and a lot of expensive damage. After that, he wouldn't or couldn't button himself back into one of the training jets.

Ben had been in the barracks along with five or six others when this Russell guy had come in to pack up. They had continued their conversation, making it a bit louder. Russell had not looked at any of them while packing. Ben remembered how uncomfortable they had all felt, as though they were forced to watch something embarrassing, like the time Brandon had cuffed his wife around in the club for feeding too much money to the slots.

Very subdued, Russell had walked to the door, and turned with rigid shoulders and absolutely no expression and said, "So long, guys."

They had all answered at once, making it, out of embarrassment, too loud and too cheery. They were silent after he left, until Tex said, "There goes the luckiest man in Florida. If I had any fool sense I'd go with him."

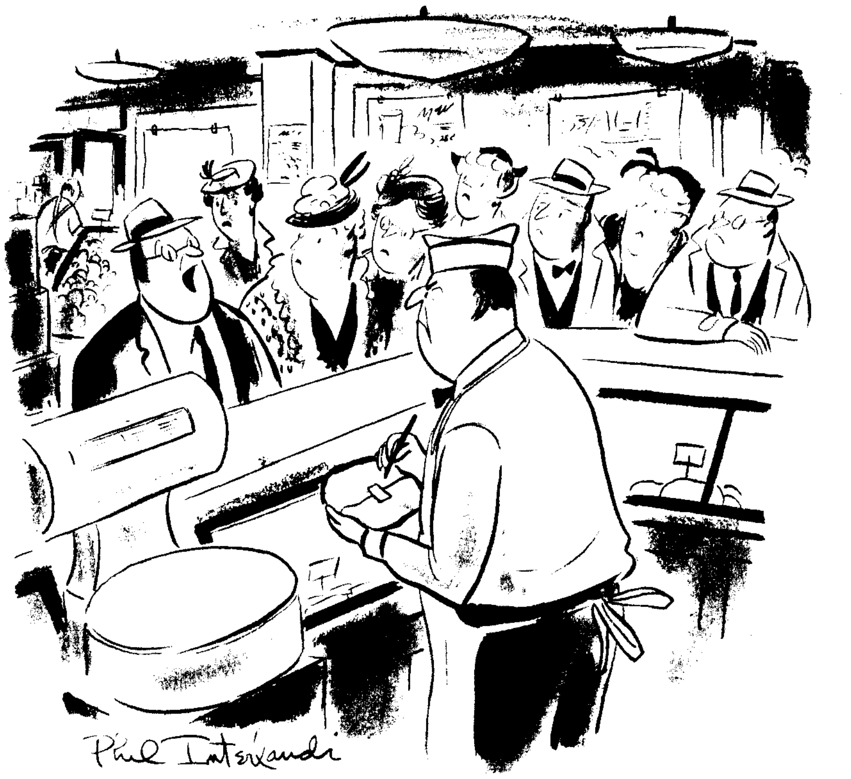
And they all agreed that was so, and they all knew it was not so, and that night Tex had got surly drunk. Ten days later Tex had cut it too fine in gunnery practice and tripped his wing against the water of the Gulf of Mexico. At five hundred miles per hour water is like concrete. The ball of flame rolled a quarter of a mile across the blue water before it slowed enough to hiss out and sink. The flight leader radioed the crash boat, took another look, and told them to never mind.

NOW Ben saw himself walking, unmasked, down the aisle of a barracks, with the silent men sitting on the beds watching him. The handle of the bag cut into the palm of his hand. The door was a hundred miles away.

He knew he could not face that. He knew he could not endure that public shame. Nor could he repair whatever it was inside him that had snapped. And so the only escape was never to report. First they'd call it AWOL and then, later, desertion. There were twenty-eight days left. It was time to plan what he would do. He had more money on him than he'd ever carried around before.

He paid for his drinks and went back through three cars to his roomette. He turned on the light and slid the mirrored door shut. He had got used to the mustache he had grown while he was flying, and now his face looked oddly naked without it. He had shaved it off in San Francisco, at the hotel, the night before his leave officially started. There were jobs where you didn't have to be fingerprinted, didn't have to have papers.

Going to New York had been an impulse; it was MacLane's town. Now he remembered the picture of Helen MacLane—of a sweet-faced, solemn-faced blonde in a tailored suit striding down a city sidewalk. Dick MacLane had once said he didn't like pictures of people smiling. Now she was a stranger bereaved. Ben had her New York address, but he wondered if perhaps she had gone back to her family's place in Ohio when she heard about MacLane—that had been ten months ago.



COLLIER'S "Oh, yes, the wife says a large-size bottle of meat tenderizer" PHIL INTERLANDI

No, she wouldn't do that. He realized now that he was going to see her. And in realizing it, he knew that it had been in the back of his mind all along. He'd be at Grand Central Terminal at nine. He'd find a place to stay and then go see her. If she was like Dick, she'd be somebody to talk to.

Dick had called her "the golden girl." Maybe going to see her was wrong. It might be sticky and grotesque and unpleasant.

BEN called three hotels from the station; they were all full. He checked his bag in a coin locker and went out into the chill Manhattan morning.

There was a strange feeling of unreality in looking at the busy traffic and being in the middle of the turmoil and confusion of the city, among the hurrying dead-faced people. It was strange to think that New York had been just like this on all the mornings when he'd been taking off back there in Korea, slamming straight up with that gut-wrenching, whistling roar, going off to hunt across the stone hills, across the metal ribbons of the rivers, riding high. It was funny how you couldn't see the war from up there—just the hills and rivers and dusty threads of road, and the clouds down below, flattened close to the land. You were up there, and nothing seemed to move. Your plane hung motionless in the sky while the earth turned slowly underneath, and the only reality was a neighboring wing tip, frozen, rock-steady.

These city people had not known how it was, and yet it seemed all right that they shouldn't. You couldn't mix the two worlds. He walked slowly and then stepped out of the heavy pedestrian traffic and leaned against a gray wall near a window display of leather and cutlery and watched the people. The young girls moved quickly on their high heels and there were many men with brief cases. He felt suspended on the strangeness of the city, not yet part of it, the way a needle can be gingerly floated on water, supported by surface tension.

He went into a restaurant where he could sit at the counter and have a late breakfast. He ate and thought about telephoning Helen MacLane, and felt an odd tremor of eagerness. He shouldn't be feeling that way. He saw where the telephone booth was, and he made himself take his time over a second cup of coffee. Even though it was Saturday, she probably wouldn't be home at this time of day. MacLane had said she did some modeling, said that was how he had met her, through the small advertising agency where he had just been made assistant copy chief the week before they called him back into the service.

Ben found the number in the book: Richard A. MacLane, a 64th Street address. He called, but there was no answer.

He got a handful of change from the cashier and went back to the telephone and placed a call to Philadelphia. Leah, his stepmother, answered and became warmly excited at the sound of his voice. He talked to Leah, to his father, to his hero-worshiping half brother and two half sisters. His father came back on the line and said, "How soon are you coming down, son? Today?"

"Soon, I guess. I'll let you know. There's—some people I want to see."

He knew his father detected the restraint. "Well, don't wait too long. The kids want to see you. So do I."

"Okay, Dad. I'll let you know."

AFTER he hung up he went back to the counter for another cup of coffee. He knew his hands trembled a bit. He could imagine how it would be later when his family was questioned about his failure to report. "And how did your son act when you saw him, Mr. Morrow?"

"He seemed the same as always. A little tense, maybe, but that would be understandable, wouldn't it?"

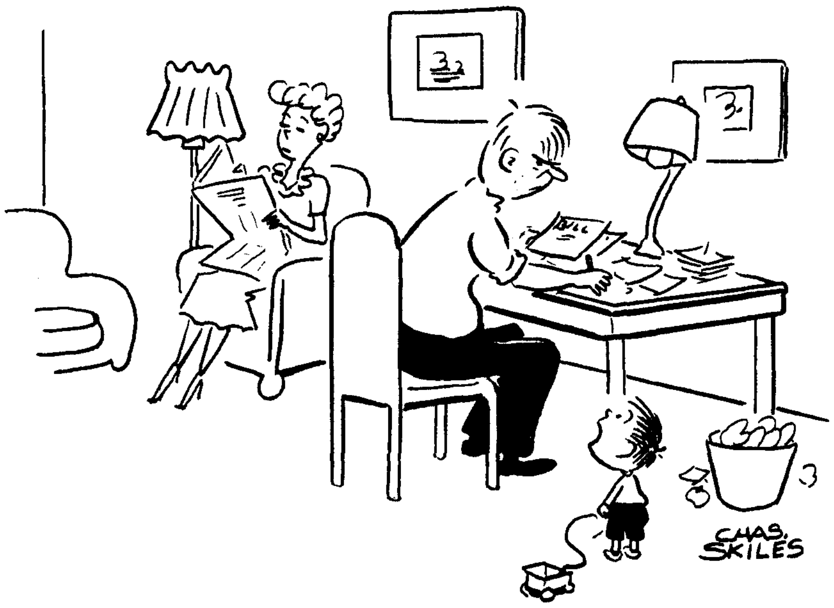
"So far as you know, he planned to report when his leave was over?"

"Yes."

Ben could see all that clearly, but he could not visualize where he would be. The world would end when the twenty-seven days were gone.

He wondered where this idea of running away had started. Maybe it had begun on a half-forgotten playground, with a deft avoiding of a scrap, because the other kid was bigger. Maybe he had saved face by starting a quarrel with somebody easier to handle. Maybe he had saved pride by forgetting the whole incident as quickly as possible.

To think of it as just a lack of courage was an oversimplification. Mac-



"When I grow up, will some dame and some little boy drive me to the verge of bankruptcy too, Pop?"

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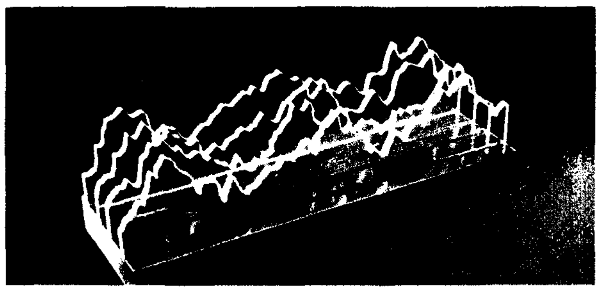
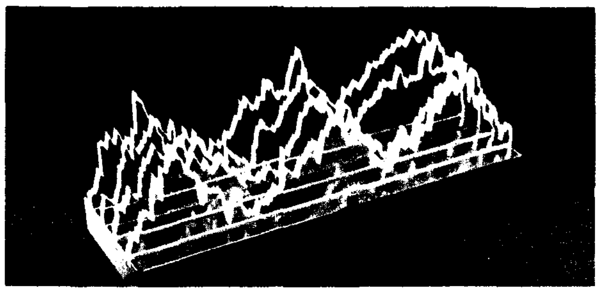
"Frozen sound" shows how tones lost in ordinary radios are now heard



SCIENCE PROVES THE DIFFERENCE! Left... a "frozen" Beethoven chord shows tonal qualities of a *high-priced* conventional radio. Its sound pattern lacks tiny peaks and valleys of notes and overtones.

SEE MUSAPHONIC'S PURER SOUND! Right... each little point and dip indicates subtle shades of tone—new dimensions in bass and treble. Hear Musaphonic—a triumph in tonal research—with your own ears.



Musaphonic® RADIO
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Sound no other radio can match

THIS superb instrument breathes life into every note—liberates sound qualities never before heard on a table radio. Hailed by high-fidelity fans as the greatest advancement in radio tone since the perfection of the dynamic speaker in 1924, here is sound that revolutionizes virtually all previous concepts of listening pleasure. Don't miss your dealer's sensational "hearing-is-believing" demonstration of the G-E Musaphonic... *of sound no other radio can match!*

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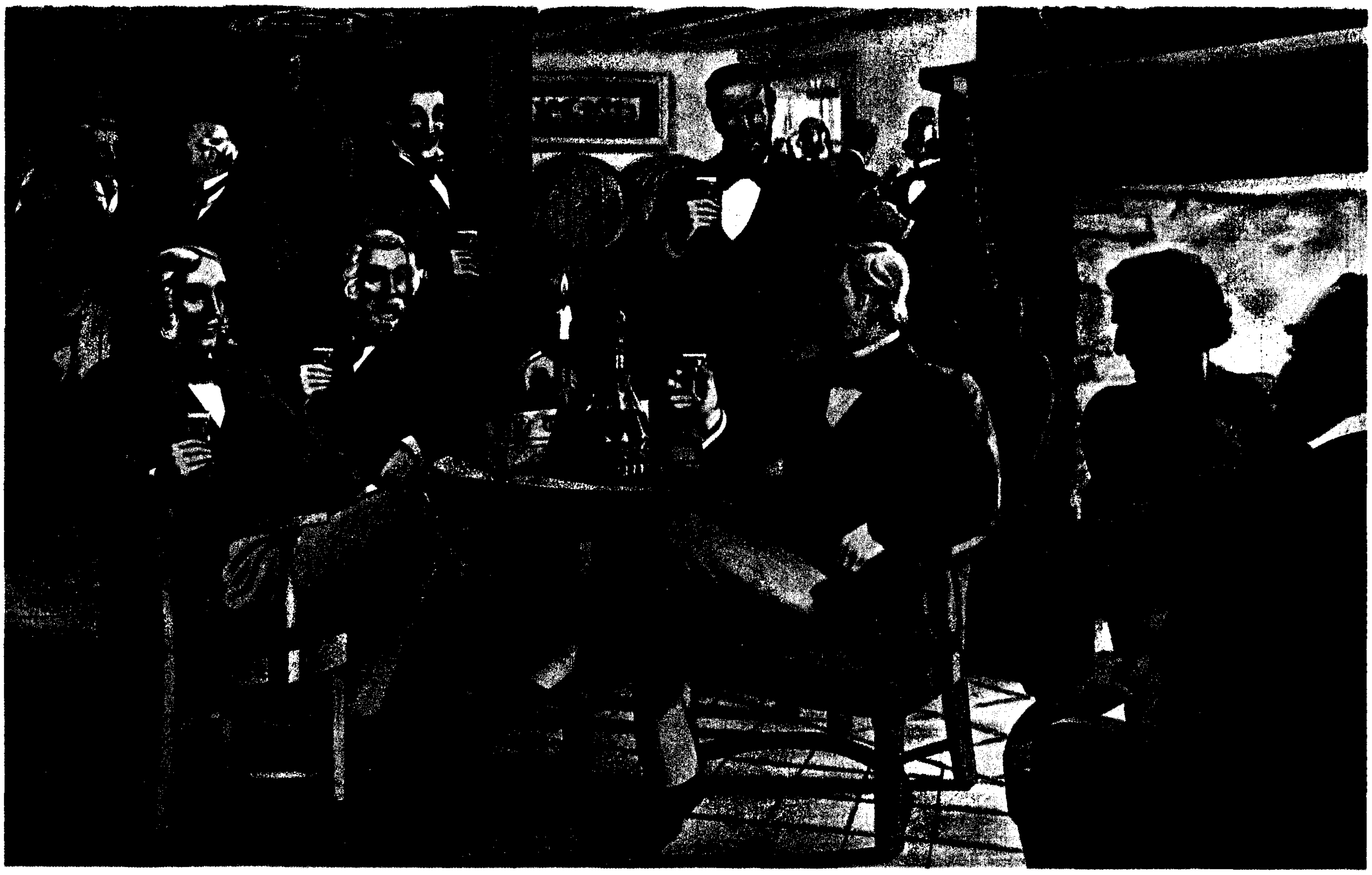

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Daniel Webster, Mark Twain and a host of others famous in past and present American history called for Old Crow. This evening—add your name to this distinguished list. Enjoy Old Crow . . . now available at a milder 86 Proof as well as in the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
LIGHTER, MILDER 86 PROOF
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THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Historic welcome throughout the land greets introduction of 86 Proof

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Answers public demand for a milder, prestige bourbon

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James Crow instructs his neighbors

The very beginning of this success goes back to 1835, when James Crow first stamped his name on a barrel of his wonderful bourbon. Since that day, Old Crow has become a household word, a name engraved in the hearts and minds of millions of bourbon buyers of every estate. Statesmen Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were but two of thousands of celebrated Americans who filled their glasses with Old Crow—a bourbon that traveled in frontiersmen's saddle bags through the Cumberland Gap; that rode in the holds of keelboats struggling up the roaring Missouri; that went by stage to become part of the elegance of the Atlantic seaboard's mushrooming metropolises.

From its historic Frankfort home—standing on the original site—Old Crow is still going places, its uncommon goodness and flavor winning more and more friends daily.

Daniel Webster visits Col. Crow

In your glass, or in your liquor cabinet, Old Crow marks you as one who chooses his bourbon with care—a man with an unerring instinct for quality and a knowing appreciation of tradition and good taste.

You may obtain Old Crow today in your favorite bottling—either in the lighter, milder 86 Proof bottling or in the world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. Whichever you select, you will enjoy the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.

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NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

OLD CROW
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

86 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Celebrated Old Crow — lighter, milder and lower-priced than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

☆ ☆ ☆

BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual

Lane would understand that. Somehow Ben's conditioning had failed him, had slipped aside like a shield and left him naked. If that was true, then the inference was that he had never been completely tested before, and thus had never known how quickly the breaking point could be reached. He had crashed in a trainer once, but he'd been too busy that time to think about anything. But in Korea the slow descent of the chute had given him time to think, and that was what was bad. He'd had time to think of how thin his skin was, how warm and tight over the little white nerve endings. After MacLane's talks the ship had begun to feel strange under his hands, and all the fliers had begun to look like strangers.

And he remembered how everything had been so orderly and uncomplicated at MacDill. That was when he had had the red convertible, and they used to take the girls over to Clearwater. That was when you knew you were a little bit better than any other breed of man. You were a tiger.

He wondered if the agency where Dick had worked would know anything about Helen. He went to the classified directory and ran his finger down the long columns of advertising agencies, knowing he would recognize the name when he saw it. *Christy & Reeves, Rockefeller Plaza.* He dialed and asked for the copy chief.

The girl said, "Mr. Willsie is our copy chief. Who is calling, please?"

"Mr. Morrow." As soon as he said it, he wondered why he left off the military title.

HE WAS connected with another girl, one with a softer voice, who also asked him his name. He waited for about thirty seconds and then a husky voice said, "Willsie speaking."

"Sorry to bother you like this, Mr. Willsie. I'm—I was a friend of Dick MacLane's. I just got back. I want to see Helen MacLane and I couldn't think of anyone else who might help me on that. Do you know where I could locate her?"

There was a long silence on the line. "Maybe I can help you, Mr. Morrow. Could you come up here at—noon?"

"I'd be glad to."

"I'll see you then, Mr. Morrow. I'd like to talk to you."

"Thank you."

He hung up and looked at his watch. It was twenty after eleven. He knew he should find someplace to stay. He walked back and got his bag out of the coin locker. He walked north on Vanderbilt and then turned west. After a couple of blocks he saw a sign that said *Hotel Maralane*. There was a stairway between two stores in the middle of the block and a sign that said that the lobby was one flight up. He reached the top of the staircase and almost turned back. The lobby was a narrow room without windows. Some men sat in ancient leather chairs reading newspapers. A girl in slacks leaned on the counter talking to the clerk. There was a dingy smell about the place, a smell of dust and cigars. But there would be a room, with a bed, and that was all he needed, so he went to the desk. The girl moved aside. She was blond and her cheek was badly bruised. The clerk said he had a room with a private bath, and it would be four fifty in advance. He agreed to refund the money if Mr. Morrow didn't like the looks of the room. An ancient and shabby bellhop led him back to another staircase, and up one floor.

The room was tiny, but it seemed reasonably clean. The window looked out on an air shaft. Ben tipped the morose old man. The maroon rug was worn down to the brown cords, and the towels were threadbare. The maid had forgotten to empty the ash tray. After the bellhop had gone, Ben carried the ash tray into the bathroom and dumped the cigarettes with their bright stains of lipstick. He unpacked quickly and went down the two flights and out into the sunshine. The smell of asphalt and gasoline was an improvement. Yet, in some obscure way, the Maralane pleased him. It had the air of being a hiding place. It had a slightly furtive flavor that matched his mood.

He asked directions and walked to Rockefeller Plaza. The flags fluttered brightly in the sunlight and he stopped and looked at a model of an ocean liner in the window of a travel agency. He got lost once among the banks of elevators, and then he found the right one to take him to the twenty-first floor.

THE small reception room was paneled in silver-bleached wood. A pretty girl sat behind a reception window, working a small switchboard. Two men sat on a coral-colored upholstered bench. Ben went to the window and spoke through the circular hole. "My name is Morrow. I have an appointment with Mr. Willsie."

The girl did not answer. She looked beyond him. The two men who had been waiting came up behind him.

"Mr. Morrow?" the taller one said. He had a lean, tired-looking face. He wore a dark, slightly rumpled suit and a gray felt hat. The man with him was shorter and broader, and similarly dressed. There was no special similarity of appearance, yet they gave Ben a strong impression of being very alike. He wondered if it was the expression in their eyes. Their eyes, their expressions, were completely devoid of friendliness. They had a clinical look.

"That's right," Ben said.

The tall thin one said, "Police, Mr. Morrow. I'm Davis. This is Sergeant Waska. Do you mind answering a few questions?"

"No. I don't mind."

"Come over here, Mr. Morrow."

Ben went over and sat on the padded bench. Waska sat beside him. Davis pulled up a chair, turning it so that he faced Ben.

"Full name, please."

"First Lieutenant Benjamin R. Morrow."

"You told Mr. Willsie you were back from Korea."

"That's right."

"Why aren't you in uniform?"

"I'm on leave."

"Let me see a copy of your orders."

"Sure." Ben took the folded copy out of his wallet and handed it over, and held the wallet out so that his ID card was visible. Davis glanced at the card and then read the orders and handed them back.

"Pilot?" Waska asked.

"Jet," Ben answered, endeavoring to recreate the pride with which he had always said that before.

"Friend of MacLane's?"

"Yes. What's this all about?"

"Why are you looking for Helen MacLane?"

"Hell, that's normal enough! I roomed with Dick. He must have mentioned me in letters to Helen. I was on the same flight when he got it ten months ago. I didn't actually see it, but the leader did. It's normal to come see her, isn't it? My people are in Philadelphia. I had to come East anyway. What's this all about?"

"Where are you staying in town, Lieutenant?"

"A place called the Hotel Maralane."

"Who suggested that fleabag?"

"Nobody. I just walked in. The hotels I called were full."

The two police officers glanced at each other. Waska shrugged. Davis said, "Sorry to bother you this way. Thanks for your co-operation."

"Now can you tell me what it's all about?"

They stood up. "Willsie told me that if you're okay he wants to buy you a lunch. We're kind of pushed for time, and he can give you the score. I guess you'll understand why we had to brace you when he tells you what the deal is."

They went out, and in the doorway Davis turned and waved casually at the girl behind the window. She smiled quickly, plugged a jack into her board and spoke into her mouthpiece. Ben went over to the window. "Mr. Willsie is on his way out," the girl said.

The paneled door opened and a small, round, white-haired man hurried toward Ben, smiling. He had clear bright blue eyes and a pink, unlined face. He had the direct guileless look of a well-adjusted child. He took Ben's right hand in both of his to shake it. "Nice to see you, Mr. Morrow. The authorities have cleared you, I see."

"Without telling me what it's about."

"I owe you a lunch for being so dramatic. Orders, you know. Come on. It was a terrible shock when I heard about Dick. Bright guy. I felt disassociated for days. Vividly unreal. Couldn't match that information to this environment. Get used to seeing a man in an office and you can't see him flying a jet. Entirely too Walter Mitty."

They didn't talk in the crowded elevator. And then when they were outside, Ben said, "He was very good in jets. Very steady. Older than most of the rest of us."

Willsie gave him a quick, bright stare. "Oh, you fly too? Or are you out of it now? Calling yourself mister."

"On leave. Lieutenant Morrow. Ben Morrow, Mr. Willsie."

"Here we are." Ben followed him into a narrow restaurant, dimmed to a perpetual twilight. They went to the bar. A man with a sheaf of menus appeared out of the gloom and said, "Your table is ready, Mr. Willsie."

"Thank you, Joseph. Let's have our drink at the table, Lieutenant."

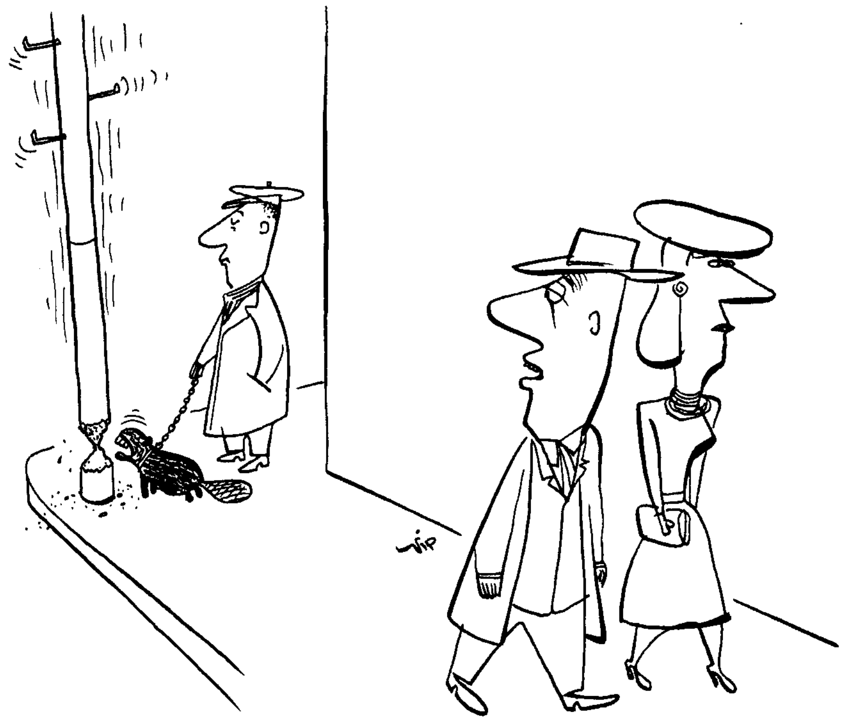
They went back and sat at the table, a table for two against the far wall. Willsie said, "You were lucky to find me in today. We're usually closed on Saturdays. This restaurant used to be a favorite of Dick's and mine. We had one rule when we came here: no shop talk. No soups and soaps, no campaigns, no presentations, no whining about the art department. We'd tell each other lies about our pasts in the newspaper business. Try the mutton chops. Recommend them."

THE drinks came. Ben said, "Those officers said you could tell me what this is all about."

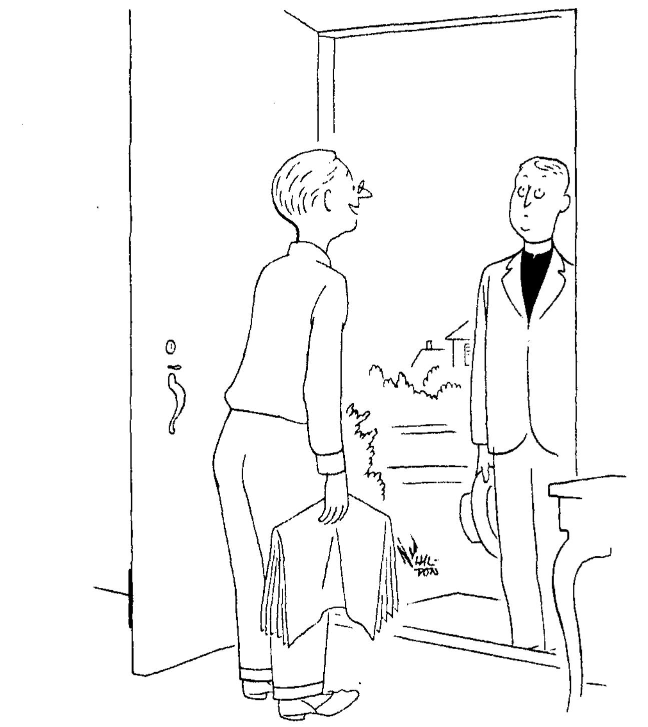
"Nobody knows the whole story, Lieutenant. When they called Dick back in, he wanted Helen to go to Ohio and stay with her folks. She didn't want to do that. Didn't want to give up the apartment. She said she could make some money modeling. She decided she could take in another girl and split expenses, and with Dick's allotment she could get along. He told her to get hold of me if she got in any sort of jam. And he told me to keep a fatherly eye on her.

"She took in a girl named Denny Young. Denise. Dark girl. Very lovely. I never met her, but the pictures of her in the papers were striking. A bad actor, that Denny Young, as it turned out. But you couldn't blame Helen. She didn't know anything about her when she moved in. Both modeled for the same agency. Denny was running around with a bad crowd, dating a man called Eric Gorman, going to all the flash spots with him and his bodyguard. He's one of those people who are always being arrested and released for lack of evidence. Big, ugly joker. Supposed to be a real-estate dealer, but the rumor is that he's mixed up in every filthy way a man can make money in this town.

"Anyhow, some nights Denny would come back to the apartment. Most nights she wouldn't. She broke so many modeling dates the agency finally



COLLIER'S "I guess it *is* a beaver, at that" VIRGIL PARTCH



"Well, well, Reverend, haven't seen you in a month of Sundays"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

dropped her, but she still came up with her share of the apartment expenses. Then something must have happened. You don't cross a man like Gorman, but Denny must have; nobody knows how. From the way he wrecked the apartment, the police think Denny must have taken something from him, and they don't know if Gorman got it back or not.

"WELL, it happened a little over three weeks ago. Helen had phoned me to come over the day before, said she felt discouraged, rootless. Up to then she'd kept busy, but now she didn't care. She said she had talked to her family long-distance and told them she was going to give up the apartment and go back there. I told her I thought that was a good idea. Denny was in her bedroom while I was there. Helen said Denny hadn't been out of the apartment in two days. She didn't feel good, or something. As I said, it all happened the very next day. Helen was already packing for Ohio when I got there, and she said she had told the agency to drop her.

"And then it happened, the very next day. It was about five o'clock when Gorman and his bodyguard came to the apartment. Helen didn't know how they got upstairs. It turned out they had come up the back way, through the service entrance. They knocked, and when she opened the door they pushed right in. Gorman's man clapped his hand over Helen's mouth. She thought it was some kind of a robbery —she'd never seen Gorman. The two men wrestled her over to a chair and tied her up with nylon stockings and gagged her with a dish towel from the kitchenette. They did all this very quietly. Then they went into the bedroom.

"Helen heard Denny give one yelp. Through the open door she saw the bodyguard pin Denny's arms behind her. She was limp and Helen guessed they had hit her. Gorman put on a pair of pigskin gloves to protect his hands and went to work on Denny's face. Helen told me she wanted to keep her eyes shut or her head turned away, but there was something so horrible about it she couldn't help watching. I remember what she said: 'The absolute destruction of beauty.'

"Helen fainted then. When she came to, Denny was on the floor. Helen could see her legs. The men were ransacking the apartment. They even went through the stuff Helen had packed. They dumped out the contents of her purse but didn't take the money. They ignored her, as though she weren't there. Helen couldn't tell if they found what they were looking for.

"They left about seven. Helen upset the chair and pulled herself across the room and knocked the telephone table over. She managed to dial the operator and make some muffled noises. The operator traced the call quickly and the police radioed the nearest car. The cops cut Helen loose and got an ambulance for Denny Young. Her face was a ruin—broken nose, jaw, cheekbones. But, unfortunately for Gorman, he'd done more damage than he realized. There was a brain injury. She died three days later without ever coming out of the coma. Gorman must have been informed, somehow, that he had seriously injured the girl, because, after Helen identified him from his picture on file and the police went to pick him up, he was gone. So was his plane, a small job he kept at a field in Westchester.

"The police had been trying to nail Eric Gorman for so long that it made Helen MacLane, as an eyewitness to murder, very important—so important they didn't want her to go back to Ohio. They could have locked her up as a material witness and for her own protection, and now I guess they wish they had. But instead they put a guard on her and let her stay at the apartment. A few days later somebody took a shot at her with a rifle with a silencer. They shot from a roof on the other side of Sixty-fourth. The man apparently didn't hold his aim low, as you're supposed to when shooting from a height, and the bullet went two inches over her head. If it had been three inches lower, Gorman could have come back to town with a manufactured alibi and defied anybody to bring him to trial, in spite of the statement Helen signed.

"After that happened, the police moved Helen to a hotel where they could watch her better. A week ago Wednesday she disappeared. They've been showing pictures of her on television, and pictures of Gorman and Brath—that's the bodyguard. They don't know whether Gorman or any of his people got her, but they don't think so. They think the strain of waiting got on her nerves and she cracked. One of the men who was supposed to be guarding her saw her walking out the door of the hotel carrying a small bag, and she was alone. He ran out and got the number of the cab before it disappeared in traffic. The driver said he let her off in Times Square and thought maybe she headed for a subway entrance, but he wasn't sure. They told me that if anybody came around looking for her or asking about her, I should get in touch with the police right away. The only way they'll know if Gorman got her is if he shows up back in town.

"The newspapers gave it a big play at first, but it's dying down now. Back-page stuff. The way the tabloids have covered it, you'd think Helen was as much of a tramp as Denny Young, that she was horsing around with Gorman and his crowd too. Having her a Korean-war widow has given it that touch of bathos they like.

"Well, that's the way it is now. Helen didn't go back to Ohio. Nobody knows why Gorman beat Denny Young to death, but they're pretty certain he's too intelligent to have killed her on purpose. Not with a witness there. If he'd meant to kill her, he'd have killed both of them. But killing seems to be out of his line. No rough stuff at all. He just happened to be mad enough to want to handle it personally. Gorman's plane hasn't been seen anywhere."

WILLSIE rubbed his eyes and said, "All this would have driven Dick out of his mind. He was crazy about her. I go around feeling responsible. I should have checked on that Young girl when she moved in with Helen. If Gorman comes back to town, it will be a pretty good indication that Helen is dead and her body is in deep water somewhere."

"You mean he could come back and nothing would happen to him?"

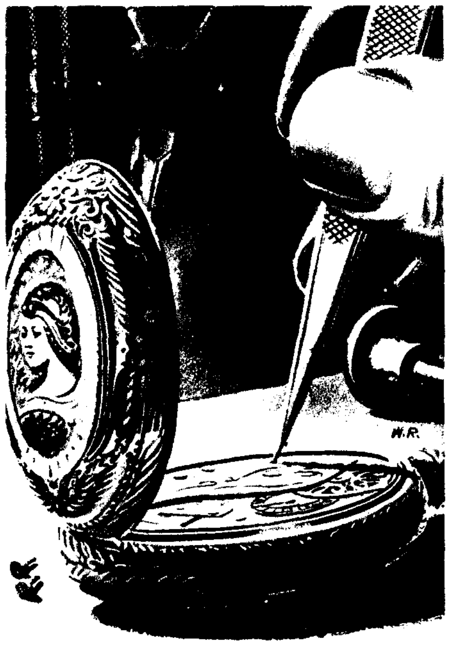
"I wouldn't say 'nothing.' He might fall down a flight of stairs, but without Helen on the stand, they can't make the case hold water. Nobody saw him enter or leave the apartment house. They know he must have come in the back. He didn't leave any fingerprints. And there's no such thing as legal positive identification by sworn statement."

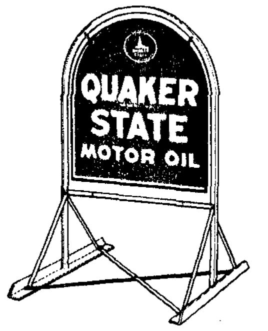
During the rest of lunch they talked about Dick MacLane, but Ben kept thinking of the blonde girl walking away into a crowd and losing herself. It was too bad. And it was none of his business. The experts were handling it.

"Dick MacLane was a strange guy," Willsie said softly. "I remember how he used to talk after he'd spent a few days in that secret retreat of his. He was more sour than usual. To listen to him you wouldn't think he believed in anything. Life, to him, was a farce. Everybody taking themselves too seriously. All he believed in were Helen and in the basic decency of most people, once you dig under the surface."

"He used to talk to me all the time," Ben said. "A lot of what he used to say bothered me. He made me . . . look at myself differently. Like those mirrors that are all bent. He told me I wasn't educated. That I was just conditioned."

"A man *has* to be conditioned to do what you have to do, Lieutenant. I





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would guess the less imagination you have, the better."

"Then how could Dick do it?"

"He had more strength than most of us, maybe."

"If it was bad—you know, convoy work when you get glimpses of them running—he'd be sick sometimes after we got back. He called it his 'birdman stomach.' "

"How are you going to use your leave, Ben?" Willsie asked abruptly.

"I haven't thought much about it."

"Do you get out at the end of your leave?"

"No, I . . ."

"Oh, then you go back to flying."

"No!" He realized as soon as the word was out that he had spoken too loudly. Willsie looked at him curiously. Ben said, quickly, "Not right away, anyway. I have to report to a training station."

"Did you shoot down anything?"

"Three MIG fifteens."

"That sounds like a good return on my investment as a taxpayer. Were those MIGs good?"

"They were faster than we were. They were damn' well flown. The gunnery wasn't as good, but their flight discipline was excellent. One of them knocked me out of the air the week before the truce."

"When did you start back to the States?"

"A week ago Wednesday."

"That was the day Helen disappeared," Willsie said, and then he looked at his watch. He swallowed the last of his coffee. "They'll be up there yammering my secretary's head off if I don't get back."

BEN walked along the street thinking of Helen MacLane. She had been an unsmiling picture of a smartly dressed girl, static, unknown—Dick's golden girl. Willsie's story had put her into motion. She had run away to hide. Before the last of the twenty-seven days were up, he would be doing the same. That seemed to bring her closer.

He walked along the street and looked at the young girls. He thought of Eric Gorman and of how this could be a very bad town for young girls. Perhaps any big city was a bad place for a girl alone. It made him think of how different this leave would be if the other Ben Morrow, the unbroken Ben Morrow, were taking it. There would have been people he would have got in touch with—friends of friends. And inevitably there would have been one of the slim young girls, and all the ancient and stylized formulas of approach and repulse, attack and defense, marked by a certain look in her eyes, a meaningful note in their laughter.

Now he had no heart for that game, and it made him feel drained and old. And there was no one to talk to about it. MacLane would have listened.

He walked slowly back to the Maralane. There wasn't much to do with the rest of Saturday. Get drunk. Go to a movie. Go to the room and lie on the bed.

He walked up the flight of steps to the lobby and went over to the desk for his key. The tall thin-faced officer named Davis walked over to him. "Mind some more questions?"

"I don't mind. In my room?"

"That'll be okay."

As they went up the stairs Davis said, "I thought you might go back to Willsie's office with him, but he said he'd left you at the restaurant, so then I thought you might stop back here."

Ben unlocked the door and they went in. There had been something alien about Davis in the paneled waiting room of Christy & Reeves. Here in the small shopworn room he seemed more plausible, and Ben could sense that he had spent a lot of time in such rooms as this, with people who lived in rooms like this. Davis tilted his hat back and sat in the single chair by the window, propped one thin ankle on his knee, popped a kitchen match with his thumbnail and lighted his cigarette.

"Short of dough, Lieutenant?"

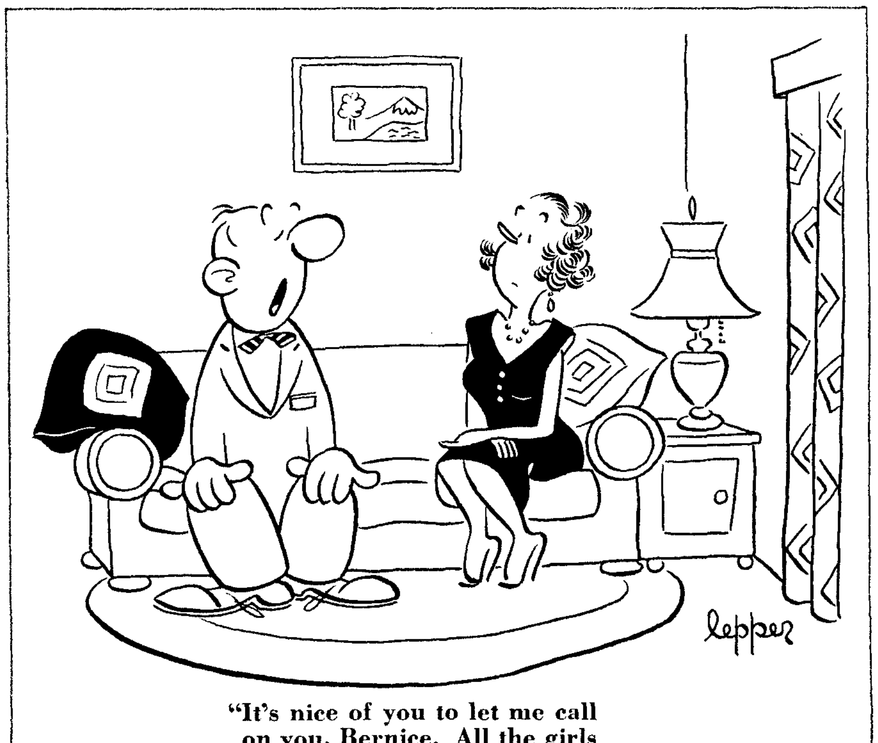
"No. Why?"

"If it was me, I mean getting a leave like you've got, I'd get me the biggest suite in town. I'd fill it with blondes and liquor. I'd have a party, boy."

"I guess I don't feel very partyish yet," Ben explained.

"When I got back to headquarters, I started talking to Waska and it came to us that with you knowing MacLane so well, we should have talked more to you. Maybe MacLane said something you could remember that would give us a lead on where the girl went."

"I think I see what you mean. But—"



COLLIER'S "It's nice of you to let me call on you, Bernice. All the girls I used to see are married now" EDWIN LEPPER

"Where did they go on vacations? Where did they go on their honeymoon? Who were their best friends? Usually when a woman runs, she runs to someplace she knows. A man will head for someplace he's never been before, and so we usually pick them up easier. If a person running goes to a place they know, they can usually hide better."

"I talked a lot with Dick, but it wasn't that kind of talk. I mean, not about people and places he remembered. It was more . . . well, abstract, I guess you'd call it. Sometimes he would talk about newspapers he had worked on."

"Didn't he ever talk about his wife? Any man with a wife who looks like that Helen—"

"He talked about her, but not about the places they went or anything like that. And from the way Mr. Willsie told me the story, she might not even be alive."

"I think she is. We've got sources. The word is that Gorman's crowd thought for a while her disappearance was a trick we were pulling. A smoke screen. That we'd let it get around that she'd run out on us so they'd look in the wrong places. You know, I've seen this vanishing act happen a hundred times. It would break your heart. People are willing to testify, and then they get to thinking about it and decide it isn't healthy.

"THIS Gorman is a rough joker. He's no punk, either. A well-educated man. He doesn't have the resources we have for trying to find her, but the word is that there's a cash offer out for her—a big one, all in small bills and no questions asked. It's big enough so that I can't even be sure of all my own people. I think I'd have heard indirectly if somebody earned that money, so the guess is that she's still in the clear. Damn' fool girl. We could have kept her healthy."

"Is there any information as to what it was they were hunting for in the apartment?"

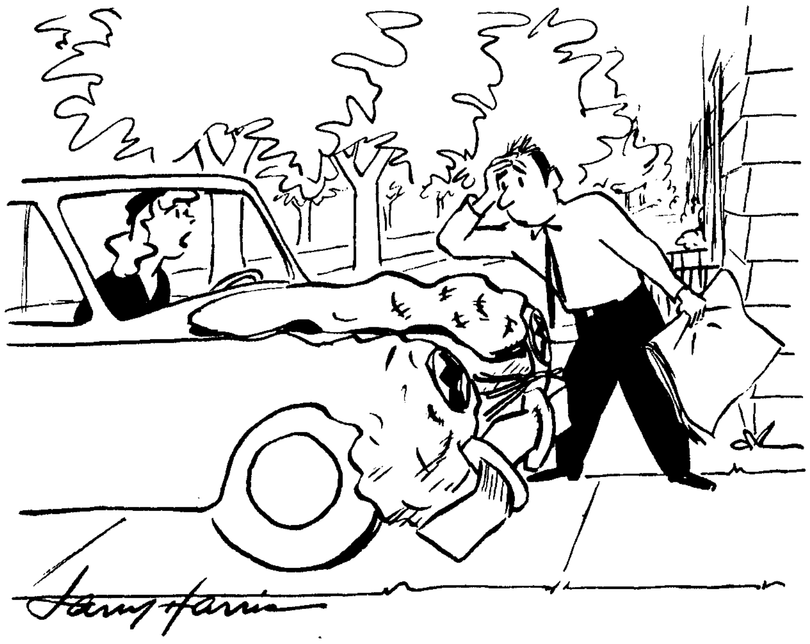
"Only educated guesses. The Young girl had the run of Gorman's apartment. She was a money-hungry kid. Maybe she found something she thought she could trade for a good income—an account book, a pay-off list—something that would be dangerous to him in a tax-fraud case. But he wouldn't let anybody do that to him. The way I guess it, Gorman had planned to get word to her in the hospital that unless she handed it back—that is, if he couldn't find it—she'd get more of the same. Plastic surgery might have fixed her up once, but not twice."

"Oh. Well, I'm sorry I can't help."

Davis stood up. "That's okay. It was an offbeat chance. We're ready to try anything, anything we can dream up. These young girls hit this town every day—every day there's a new platoon of them—seventeen-, eighteen-, nineteen-year-olds, from West Overshoe, Nebraska, and Hicktown, Missouri. Some make out. What happens to the rest of them isn't very pretty, usually. Like they say, the greater the risk the greater the profit. Some head here, and some head for the Beverly Hills routine. Well, take care, Lieutenant. You get any ideas, phone headquarters. I'm Detective Lieutenant Roger Davis. If I'm not there, they'll give you somebody who'll take the message for me."

After Davis left, Ben Morrow stretched out on the bed. He could hear the traffic noises. He felt restless. He sat up and lighted a cigarette—it had a stale taste. It was nearly three o'clock. In a neighboring room a woman began to laugh helplessly, a shrill neighing sound, drunken and meaningless. There was the sound of a slap, a man's harsh voice, and silence again.

He got up, put his coat on and went out. He walked slowly west toward the midtown honky-tonks. He went into a corner bar. He nursed a drink and stared without interest at the television screen. A husky man came in and sat on the stool beside Ben and ordered a beer. Ben glanced at him, saw the square head with the receding silky blond hair, worn long over the ears, saw the flabby and petulant face. The man wore a camel's-hair topcoat, stained gray-flannel pants, and a clip-on bow tie that had slipped loose from his collar on one side. The general impression was of a decayed college athlete clinging, years later, to old styles, old mannerisms.



COLLIER'S **"I'll tell you what happened if you'll promise not to laugh"** LARRY HARRIS

The man took a long drink of beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He looked at the television screen and said, in a low voice, "I used to know a lot of people named Morrow around Scranton, P.A."

The very casualness of his tone caught Ben off guard. He turned and stared at the man. "What was that?"

The man shrugged. "I just wondered if you come from around there."

"I'm from Philadelphia. How do you know my name?"

"Some of them could have moved down that way, I guess. I got your name off the register at the Maralane. Benjamin Morrow."

"Did you follow me from there?"

"Yeah, but not too close. I wanted to make sure nobody else had the same idea. If they have, they're better at it than I am, and I haven't met anybody yet who's any better, Ben. They all know I'm good. Hell, as soon as I get reinstated, I can take my pick of any agency in town, right from Pinkertons on down. I'm Davey Lemon. They'll be giving that license back any day now. Then I go back on wages. Right now I'm working on spec."

"I don't get it, Lemon. What's on your mind?"

"You can figure that out, Ben. It doesn't take any great brain."

"Helen MacLane?"

"Keep it low. You can't tell who some of these bums are. It has to be that, kid, because they got Davis working on nothing else but that, and he doesn't go calling on old pals during duty hours. A pal tipped me that Davis was at the Maralane, and my pal knows I've got an interest in this deal and that a tip on it would be good for ten bucks, so I got the dope at the desk and picked you up when you came out. Where do you stand on this, kid? With your coloring, and knowing her brother is in town, I would have figured you for the brother, except his name is Delson. You wouldn't be Delson calling yourself Morrow, would you?"

"No!"

"Don't get hot. I just want to know where you fit, that's all. You know the whole picture: the cops want her; Gorman wants her. And I'm sort of working on spec for some other people who want to make sure the cops get her before Gorman does. They sort of don't like Gorman; you know how I mean. There's a kind of a bonus in it for me. You look like a good kid. It won't hurt you any just to tell me how you fit, Ben."

Ben took another sip of his drink. He disliked Lemon. He didn't like the idea of being followed. But he could sense that unless he gave Lemon an answer that would satisfy him, it would be almost impossible to get rid of the fellow.

"I flew with her husband. I just got back from Korea. I came here to see her and found she was in this trouble. That's all I know about it."

"So why should Davis go talk to you? He thinks maybe you'd know where she'd go?"

"I haven't any idea where she'd go, and I don't much care."

"You're sort of tensed up for a guy who don't care."

"I'm tensed up because I'm damn' tired of you and your questions."

"Don't you guys have to carry identification cards? How about giving me a look, kid?"

"Go to hell."

"Just suppose she finds a nice place to hide. Then she sends somebody to town to make a deal with Davis. And this guy who comes to town checks in at a junk hotel where he stands out like a sore thumb, and he stays at that kind of place because he thinks that's the kind of place you're supposed to stay when you're handling that kind of deal."

Ben finished his drink and picked up his change. "Gorman would pay more for her than anybody else, and you look like the kind of character who would sell his sister for ten pesos."

Lemon grinned. "You just get back from Korea and you know all about Gorman's offer. My people will match anything Gorman wants to pay. Did you know that?"

Ben walked out onto the sidewalk. Lemon came with him. He said, "If you want to play, kid, we'll have fun. Just see if you can shake me. It will be good practice. Make sure you try the subway routine, and department stores and switching cabs."

Lemon suddenly looked down the street and his expression changed. "Kid, please, trust me for a minute. Come on. Around this corner. This is serious. I'll explain later."

Ben allowed himself to be led around the corner. They stepped into the recessed doorway of a store that was for rent. Lemon moved close to him. Ben saw the quick flicker of the beefy hand and tried to duck. The edge of the man's hand hit him on the side of the neck, just under the ear, and the whole world darkened. He didn't lose consciousness, but he lost the use of his arms and legs. He would have fallen if Lemon hadn't helped him up, backed him against the door, head lolling. He saw the vague shapes of the people who walked by the doorway, and he tried to cry out. He knew he made some sound, and he knew faces were turned toward him, but they walked on.

LEMON searched Ben's pockets and Ben felt his wallet being taken from him. From far away he heard the traffic sounds, heard the quick footsteps of the people going by. Lemon kept him propped up by leaning against him. He examined the contents of the wallet and then pawed through other pockets looking for papers. Ben's entire body prickled, the way a foot will that has gone to sleep. Then the support was gone, and Ben fell back against the door and slid to the floor of the vestibule.

He was alone in the entranceway.

He sat there and, with vision that was clearing slowly, looked at the people who went by. He saw them glance at him, look back at him as they went by. They all kept walking. His body felt numbed and enfeebled. He could hear people still walking by, endlessly. All the people in the world could walk by and not one of them would stop. No one would want to be involved.

He turned and reached up behind him and grasped the doorknob and used it to pull himself up so that he stood on trembling knees, leaning against the door, chin on his chest. He felt his pockets. His wallet had been returned to the side pocket of his suit coat. He took it out and looked dully into it. The money was gone, but his papers were all there. Lemon had taken a little over thirty dollars. The rest was in his khaki canvas money belt. In a few minutes he felt able to walk. His head pulsed. His neck was stiff.

After about ten steps, Lemon fell in step with him. He held out the money. He was grinning. Ben turned and braced himself and swung his fist at Lemon's face. Lemon caught the fist in his palm, laughed aloud, shoved the money into Ben's pocket, put a heavy arm around his shoulders and led him down the busy sidewalk, still laughing.

—JOHN D. MACDONALD

(This is the first of three parts)

NEW

Hypertension plays a part in half a million deaths a year. Now a little-known family of drugs holds out a promise of a normal and useful life for disabled victims

CONTROL for High Blood Pressure

By J. D. RATCLIFF

IN NEW YORK an elderly man's blood pressure rose until tiny blood vessels in his eyes began to rupture. His sight grew progressively dimmer; finally he had to feel his way about with a cane. Total blindness lay ahead. Then he was given a new medicine. His blood pressure dropped, eye damage stopped, old injuries healed—and his sight returned.

In New Zealand a fifty-seven-year-old engineer's blood pressure had climbed from a normal 120/80 to 220/146—220 while the heart was contracting, 146 while it was resting between beats. Unceasing pressure on blood vessels in the brain produced splitting headaches. Since the man's heart was overworked, blood accumulated in the lungs and he became breathless on the slightest exertion. But within minutes after he took a new medicine, his blood pressure dropped to normal levels. Before long his headaches disappeared. So did his breathlessness. The engineer, no longer an invalid, returned to work.

In London a woman, eight months pregnant, had eclampsia—a menacing complication of child-bearing in which blood pressure soars. Unless the pressure can be controlled, convulsions, coma and death of both mother and infant may follow. But new drugs reduced the London woman's blood pressure to normal. Both she and her child survived.

These three cases were chosen at random from thousands that have benefited from a new class of drugs. The new drugs are the most potent weapon yet found against one of civilization's most troublesome diseases—high blood pressure. Medical research has had as one of its great goals a drug to control high blood pressure as effectively as insulin controls diabetes, and liver extract controls pernicious anemia. In terms of human life, high blood pressure plays a key role in 500,000 deaths each year.

When blood pressure rises too high, brain arteries may rupture to cause apoplexy. Kidney vessels may fail, leading to uremic poisoning. Or—and this result is most likely of all—the heart may give way as a result of overwork and hardening of its arteries. It has been estimated that one person in four above the age of forty-five has high blood pressure and may fall victim of one of these ailments. These facts aren't cited to alarm, but to indicate the importance of the new class of drugs, known as the methonium compounds. A single dose will often drive extreme blood pressures to normal in seconds—although such dramatic results are not always desirable.

Taken in pill form at regular intervals, the drugs will often maintain blood pressure at normal or near-normal levels for months or even years. They frequently eliminate the splitting headaches that are one of the cardinal symptoms of hypertension (a medical designation for high blood pressure), restore failing eyesight and do away with the apprehension that most hypertensives feel. In scores of cases they have enabled invalids to leave their beds and go back to work.

Until 1948 the story of hypertension was largely a story of heartbreak. In only a handful of cases—perhaps one in 10—could doctors put their fingers on the cause. Pregnancy might cause blood pressure to soar; so might a diseased kidney or a tumor on one of the adrenal glands. When doctors could find the cause, they could often produce a cure: they might remove a diseased kidney or adrenal tumor, or terminate a pregnancy.

But in the great majority of hypertension cases—90 per cent—the cause remained a mystery. Doctors labeled such cases "essential hypertension"—hypertension, cause unknown. Something in the body caused tiny muscles in the walls of blood vessels to contract. Then, just as water pressure rises in a garden hose when the nozzle is shut off, blood pressure mounted in the body, forcing the heart to work ever harder to keep the blood supply moving. There was always a danger that weak spots in the body's arterial system would give way: in the eyes, the brain, the kidneys.

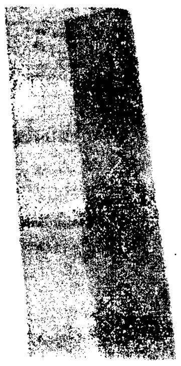
Seeking ways to overcome essential hypertension, researchers found that salt seemed to play some part in driving blood pressure upward. "Salt-poor" diets—including the monotonous rice diet—were devised. A drastic surgical operation was also tried, in which nerves controlling blood-vessel contraction were cut. The operation helped some patients, but just as often it failed to give relief.

Then in 1948 a brilliant young British researcher set to work on a project that at the time seemed to have nothing to do with high blood pressure. The researcher was thirty-one-year-old, Oxford-educated Dr. William Drummond Macdonald Paton.

Working in Britain's National Institute for Medical Research (he has since been appointed professor of pharmacology at the Royal College of Surgeons), Dr. Paton decided to investigate a series of little-known chemical compounds, the methoniums. He wanted to find out what their properties were, what effect they had on the human body, what medical uses they might have. For assistance, he called in pretty, red-haired Dr. Eleanor Zaimis. Born in Romania and raised in Greece, she was in England on a scholarship studying chemistry. Would she, Dr. Paton asked, synthesize a series of methonium compounds? As she produced them, he said, he would study their effects in animals—and see what turned up. Within a week Dr. Zaimis had her first chemical ready for testing. Dr. Paton injected it into a cat. The drug paralyzed the animal almost immediately, leaving it limp and helpless. But after half an hour, the cat began to regain use of its muscles and finally recovered completely. The compound appeared to act in much the same manner as curare, the poison in which South American Indians dipped their arrows and blowgun darts for hunting. In modern medicine, purified curare is used to relax muscles during abdominal surgery. Perhaps, Dr. Paton thought, the new drug might prove useful in the operating room as a cheap substitute for expensive curare.

But more experiments were needed. Dr. Paton successfully

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PETE DIMITRI



Doctors have found the methonium drugs useful in operations, too.

tested the drug on various additional animals, and the time came for tests on human beings. In trials of potentially dangerous drugs, the first human subject is often the researcher himself. Dr. Paton bared his arm. Would a lab assistant please inject him? An associate complied.

Then followed a rather terrifying sequence of events. Dr. Paton's eyelids became heavy and droopy. His face froze into a paralyzed mask. Numbness seeped down through his body. His voice faltered, dropped in pitch, and finally failed altogether. His hands became so leaden he couldn't move them. Then abdominal and leg muscles went limp. Dr. Paton was cut off from the world—a motionless, expressionless human being, unable to communicate with the assistants who were watching over him.

As the Paralysis Wore Off

Fortunately, the drug didn't seem to affect the doctor's breathing or heart action. Then, gradually, life began to return to the paralyzed muscles. But 45 minutes passed before Dr. Paton had enough strength to stand and take a few faltering steps.

Eleanor Zaimis was the next volunteer. The same series of effects occurred all over again.

The experiments indicated Dr. Paton had struck pay dirt in the methoniums. The paralyzing drug first studied indeed did prove useful in the operating room; it took the bite out of the convulsions of tetanus (lockjaw) and lessened the bone-breaking convulsions that often follow shock treatments for mental disease. Even more important, it convinced Dr. Paton that other methoniums deserved concentrated study. And Dr. Zaimis had another drug ready—hexamethonium.

Dr. Paton shot the new drug into a rabbit. Nothing much seemed to happen. The animal wasn't paralyzed. In fact, it didn't seem to be inconvenienced in any way. But Dr. Paton noted one significant reaction: the rabbit's normally pink ear turned an even brighter pink. Somehow the new drug was dilating blood vessels—exactly the effect sought by doctors treating essential hypertension. They needed something that would open up closed or nearly closed arteries, and the experiment on the rabbit indicated the new drug *might* be the answer.

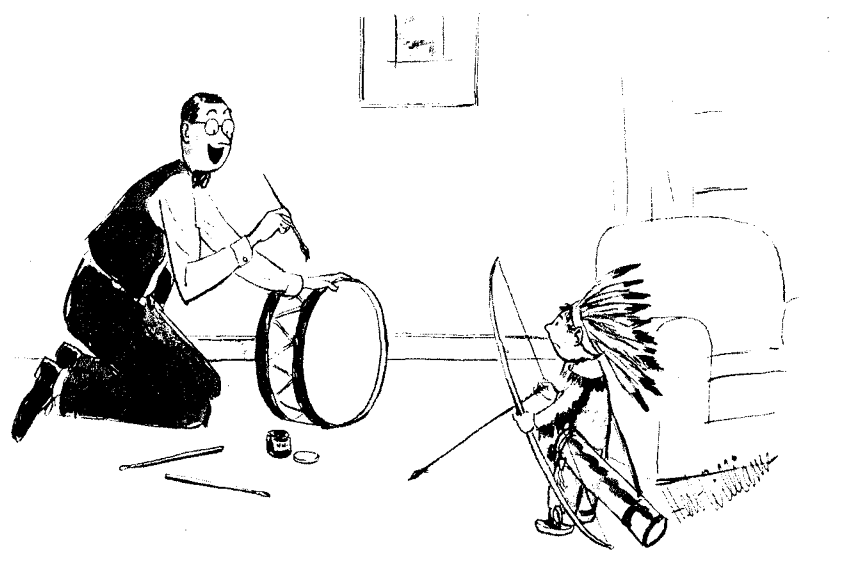
Tests were tried on cats. Magically, their blood pressure dropped from 160 to 100 after injections. Then Drs. Paton and Zaimis stepped forward again as test subjects. When he was shot with the drug, Dr. Paton's face flushed and his hands warmed up—his arteries were dilating. His blood pressure dropped from 140 to 100. Dr. Zaimis took her turn. Her blood pressure dropped so low that there was not enough blood for her brain. She fainted, but was quickly revived.

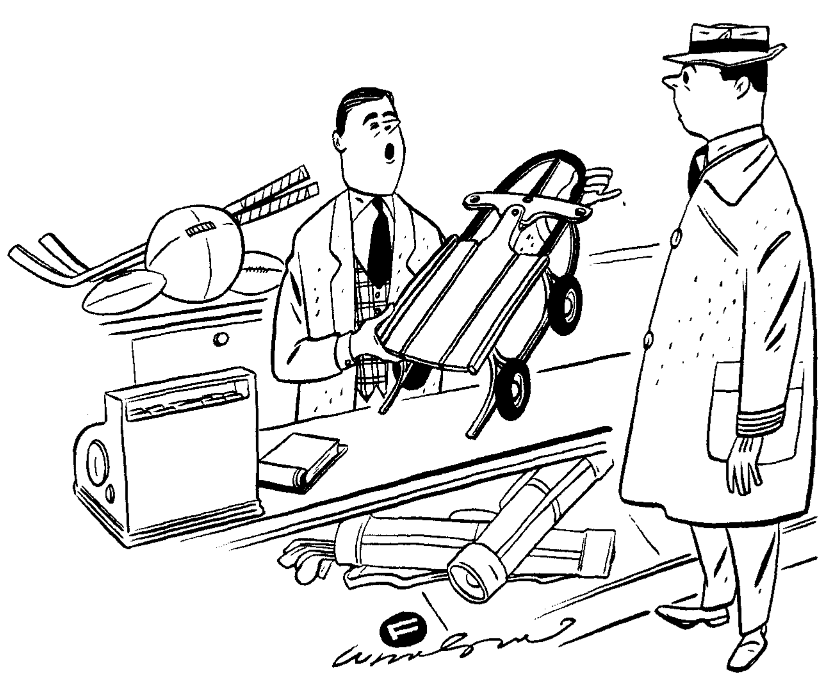
This second methonium drug seemed to be as potent a depressant of blood pressure as the first was a paralyzer of body functions. It appeared to achieve its effect by chemically blocking the sympathetic and parasympathetic nerves, which control contractions of blood vessels.

Late in 1948, Drs. Paton and Zaimis published initial results of their experiments in Nature, a British scientific journal.

Guarded clinical trials were the next step. The problem was to find *how* to use the potent new drug. Because it might drop blood pressure low enough to endanger life, all early patients were treated in hospitals. Most were suffering the worst ravages of essential hypertension—severe headaches, progressive blindness and constant dizziness. All other treatments had failed to bring relief. But when injected with hexamethonium, nearly all the patients felt better almost immediately.

If the drug were injected into a vein, their blood pressure plummeted in seconds. If it were shot into a muscle or under the skin, the drug entered the circulation and drove pressure down within a few minutes. Systolic pressures (blood pressure when the heart is contracting) as high as 300 settled to a normal 120. True, to hold pressures near normal levels, doctors had to give patients three or four injections a day. But even the need for frequent injections was not unduly discouraging. Multiple daily insulin injections were necessary for diabetics before longer-lasting insulins were developed.


COLLIER'S "Now, let's make a target out of this" HERB WILLIAMS


COLLIER'S "It's made especially for our mild winters!" FRITZ WILKINSON

In one of the clinical trials of hexamethonium on humans, Dr. Edmond A. Murphy, of the Hull Royal Infirmary in England, put 43 patients on a schedule of three doses a day. All had dangerously high systolic pressures—above 210. After the injections, the pressures of 12 dropped to normal, those of 17 dropped to safe levels, and five got some beneficial effects. The remaining nine got no benefit. Persistent, pounding headaches, the most common symptoms of high blood pressure, vanished in 65 per cent of the patients; another 28 per cent reported a large measure of relief.

In some patients, breathlessness and dizziness disappeared, and many reported sharply improved vision.

Group Tests in New Zealand

In Dunedin, New Zealand, Dr. F. Horace Smirk, on the faculty of the University of Otago Medical School, reported similar results from test injections on a group of patients. Their blood pressures fell from an average of 212/140 to normal.

Other tests in the United States, Germany, France and elsewhere also showed that hexamethonium drastically reduced blood pressures. Still the methonium drugs used initially had drawbacks. They sometimes caused constipation, dryness of the mouth, sleepiness and—most troubling of all—fainting.

Research turned to a hunt for more potent and less toxic methoniums, to ways to make the drugs in pill form so that patients could dose themselves.

At least four pharmaceutical houses took on the job of improving the methonium compounds: May & Baker in England, and Warner-Chilcott Laboratories, Ciba and Burroughs Wellcome in the United States.

Superior methonium drugs soon began coming from industry's laboratories. Some were five times more potent than Dr. Paton's original drug. Pills were also developed. The added potency was particularly valuable in pills because the drugs are only a tenth as effective in the digestive tract as in the bloodstream.

First on the market in America was Warner-Chilcott with a pill form of hexamethonium—which was trade-named Methium. Then Burroughs Wellcome introduced Hexameton; and Cida, Esomid.

A number of clinical trials of the industrially developed drugs began. The most notable test of the drug in pill form was conducted by three physicians on the faculty of Baylor University's College of Medicine, in Houston, Texas: Drs. John H. Moyer, Ralph V. Ford and Sam I. Miller.

Each of 120 patients treated by the Houston doctors with hexamethonium presented his own problems. Methoniums aren't like sulfa or penicillin, of which more or less set amounts can be expected to cure certain diseases. As with most potent drugs, the dose of methonium has to be adjusted for each patient. One patient may require six times the dosage of another.

The methoniums have still another quirk: patients rapidly build tolerance. After hypertension victims take the drugs for a few weeks, their dosage requirements rise as much as twelve times; then they level off. Since the Houston doctors intended to let the patients dose themselves, they emphasized the potential dangers of the drug. In particular, they said, constipation was to be avoided; it might permit dangerous amounts of the drug to accumulate in the body and force blood pressure down too low.

The Houston doctors started patients on small doses and increased them gradually until they gave maximum benefits with minimum difficulties. Patients were instructed to take pills four times a day: on arising, and at lunch, dinner and bedtime. Once or twice a week, the patients reported to the clinic for checkups.

Over-all results were heartening. In the entire group of 120, all but 17 had significant drops in blood pressure. Semi-invalids became well. Seventy-nine per cent reported relief from headaches, 73 per cent relief from stabbing chest pains caused by overworked hearts. There was also an unexpected development. In severe hypertension, the heart often enlarges in an attempt to handle the extra work thrust upon it. X-ray checks after treatment showed that the heart shrank to near-normal size in nearly two thirds of the affected patients.

As time passed, unpleasant reactions to the drug, common at first, became less frequent. On first taking the drug, 77 per cent of the patients complained of constipation. But at the end of a year, only 24 per cent were troubled. At the start, 65 per cent were bothered by blurred vision; after a year, only 12 per cent. At first, 73 per cent were worried by dry mouth; at the end, only 15 per cent.

Effect on Old People Feared

Despite these hopeful results, many doctors have been reluctant to give the drugs to older people. No drug, they say, could hope to repair the damage already done to worn-out kidneys, to remove calcium from already hardened arteries or to put old and tired hearts back in good condition. Some doctors also fear that in elderly patients, reduced pressures might lead to a reduced flow of blood through kidneys with already-narrowed arteries—paving the way for kidney failure and death. Yet, in practice, the drugs appear to have worked remarkably well in older people.

In one sample experiment, conducted by Dr. Henry A. Rafsky, Andrew Horonick and Dr. Jeanne C. Rafsky in a Bronx, New York, geriatrics hospital, hexamethonium was given to 23 patients ranging in age from sixty-five to ninety. Seventeen improved, some strikingly. One woman confined to a wheel chair by dizziness was able to walk about again. An old man whose sight was failing threw away the cane he had been using to feel his way about.

In general, the physicians who have had most experience with the methoniums hail them as a medical milestone. Even critics who regard them as dangerous show a certain amount of grudging admiration. One critic observed in The Journal of the American Medical Association: "These drugs are not a completely satisfactory treatment for hypertension. They are, however, the best now available."

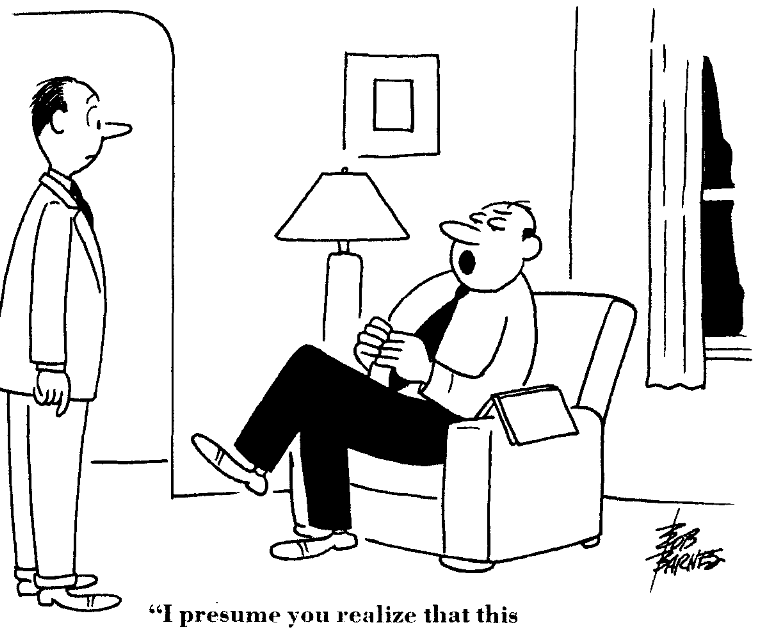
At the moment, the situation can be summed up as follows: the ability of the methoniums to drive blood pressure down from dangerous to safe levels has been proved. But not all people with slightly elevated blood pressure should start gobbling pills any more than all people with slightly elevated blood sugar should start taking insulin injections. For the time being, at least, the methoniums will be used only on patients with serious symptoms of hypertension: pounding hearts, continuous headaches, failing eyesight—in brief, only when the disease has produced invalidism or threatens death. "The question is not whether blood pressure can be lowered but whether it *should* be lowered," Dr. Smirk says.

New uses for the drugs are also being found. The methoniums are proving a boon in temporarily reducing high blood pressure that accompanies the toxemias of pregnancy—permitting normal deliveries. They are also proving valuable in making possible more or less bloodless surgery. In many areas of the body richly supplied with blood—the head, chest and neck areas particularly—surgery is often a tedious business. The surgeon spends more time stanching the flow of blood than doing surgical repair work.

Dr. G. E. H. Enderby, British anesthetist, reasoned that lowered blood pressure would mean a smaller flow of blood. Why not use the methoniums to lower pressure temporarily to 55 or 65 systolic? When tiny arteries were cut, there might be a small amount of seepage before a clot formed. But once pressure rose at the completion of surgery, arteries would contract again and clots would make tight stoppers.

To test his theory Dr. Enderby gave methoniums to 400 surgical patients. Almost bloodless surgery resulted. The benefits: easier and quicker work for the surgeon, less shock and faster recovery for the patient. The technique was particularly valuable in removal of tumors from head and neck, plastic repair of faces and removal of breasts. In some cases, surgeons completed in one stage operations that had formerly required two, three or four stages.

The methoniums represent the most hopeful approach yet to ending the perils of high blood pressure. The drugs haven't *cured* the disease—but they have relieved its symptoms. In doing so, they give hope—the first real hope—that one of the most ravaging of all diseases may be brought under control.



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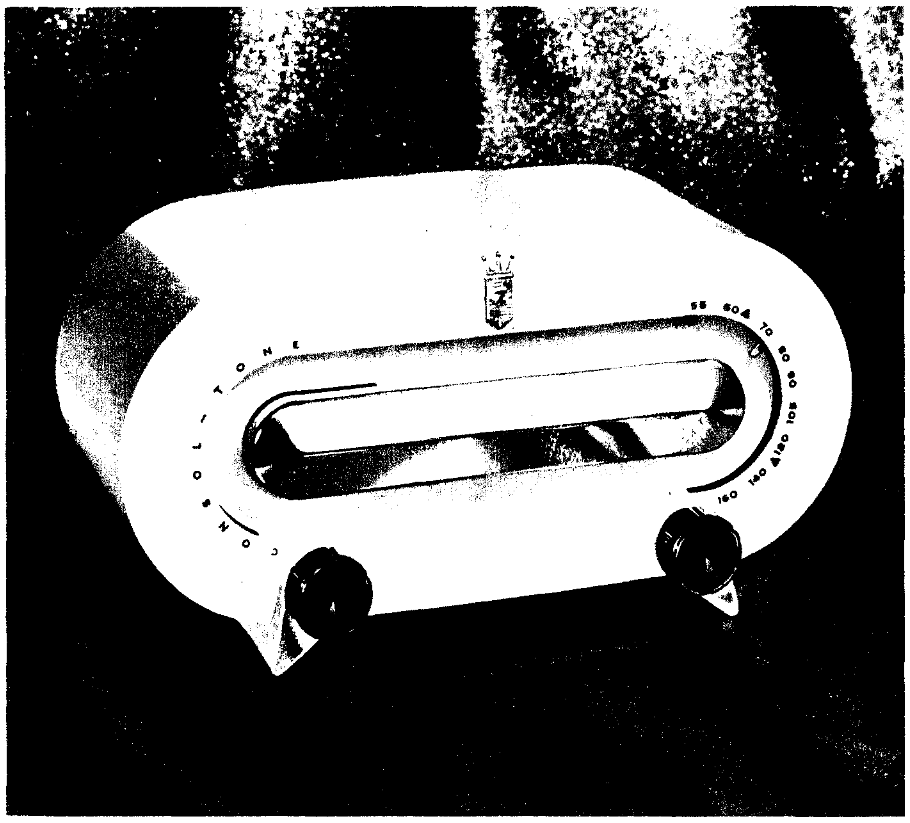

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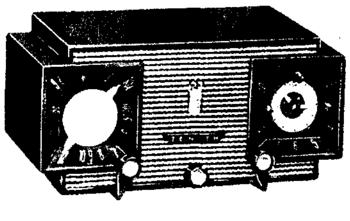

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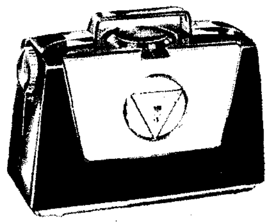

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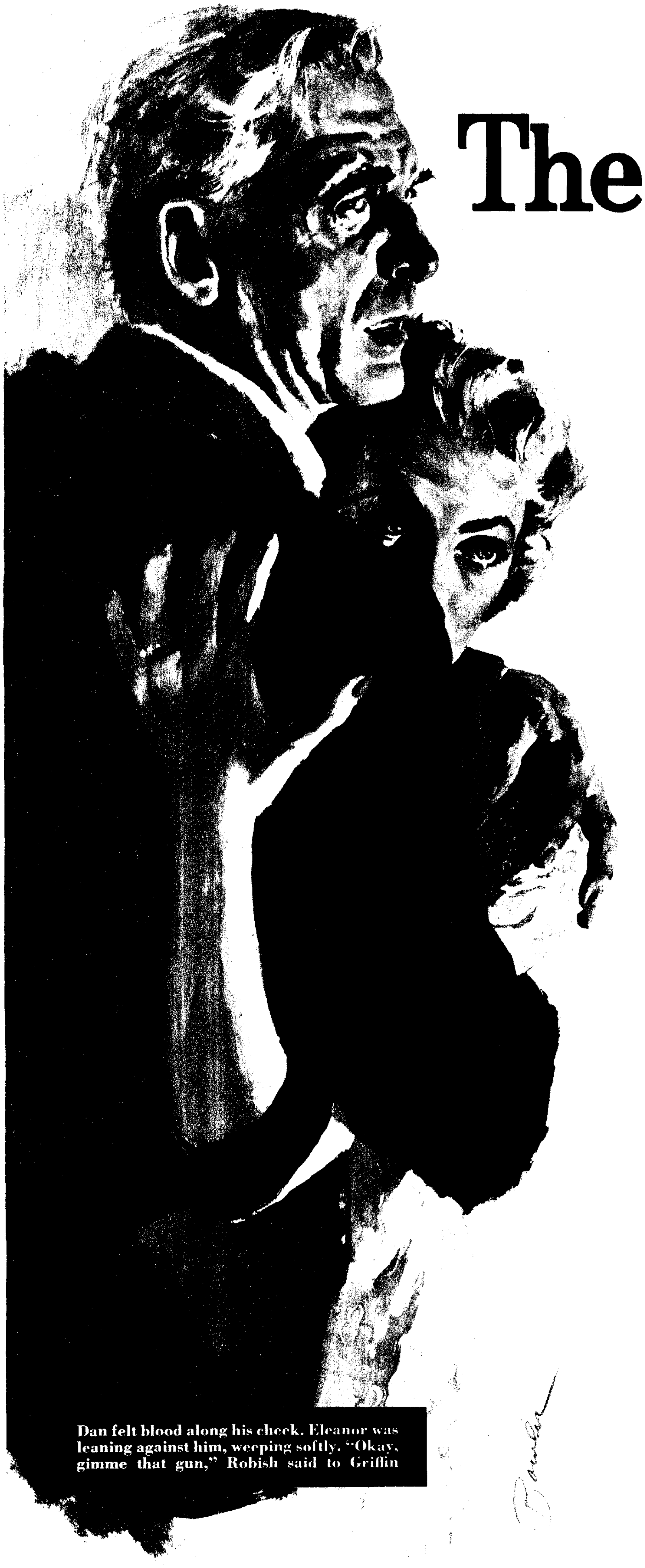

Dan felt blood along his cheek. Eleanor was leaning against him, weeping softly. "Okay, gimme that gun," Robish said to Griffin

The Desperate Hours

By JOSEPH HAYES

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The time had come: the convicts were ready to flee. And they intended to take Dan's wife as a hostage

The Story: For two full days Dan Hilliard, Indianapolis businessman, and his family had been held captive in their own home by three escaped convicts: Glenn Griffin, his younger brother Hank, and a middle-aged thug named Robish. Threatening that one of the family would be killed if police learned of their whereabouts, the men forced the Hilliards to shield them until money could arrive from Griffin's friend Helen Lamar. Griffin planned to hire a local hoodlum to kill Jesse Webb, the deputy sheriff who, two years before, had caused his arrest. Meantime, Webb headed the intensive search for the fugitives, with local and state police and the FBI participating. Webb wanted especially to get Griffin, who had once shot Webb's uncle and crippled him for life. By Thursday, the second day of the convicts' stay in the house, the police search had narrowed to the Hilliard neighborhood. In desperation, Hilliard wrote anonymously to the police, pleading with them to let the men escape unharmed—since he knew that, even when their money arrived, they would take along members of the family to ensure a safe getaway. Later, Hank Griffin, after a fight with his brother, fled the house and was killed on the outskirts of the city. When the gun he carried was traced to Dan Hilliard, the police knew for the first time in whose house the fugitives were hiding. Early Friday morning, police were posted atop the house nearest the Hilliards' and in the surrounding woods. Charles Wright, a young lawyer who was a friend of the Hilliards' daughter Cindy, entered the house surreptitiously in the hope of saving the family when the police closed in. That morning Griffin's money arrived at Hilliard's office. At Griffin's order, Hilliard turned part of it over to Cindy, who in turn delivered it to Flick, the gunman Griffin was hiring to kill Webb. Police immediately arrested Flick. As Hilliard prepared to return home with Glenn Griffin's escape money, he had a surprise visit from Deputy Sheriff Jesse Webb. Dan Hilliard knew then that his family was doubly endangered—for the police meant to capture the two remaining fugitives at all costs.

The Last of Four Parts

IT TOOK Dan Hilliard only about five minutes to tell Jesse Webb what he wanted to know. The deputy seemed already aware of some of the facts, but others he listened to intently. He interrupted only once, to question Dan closely about his daughter Cynthia: Exactly where had she gone this morning, and why?

"Griffin's hiring this man Flick to kill you, Deputy, for three thousand dollars," Dan Hilliard said. "My daughter's giving him the money now."

"So that's the way of it," Jesse said, rubbing his hand over his long, unshaven jaw. "So—"

"We had no choice, Webb."

"Who said you did?" The deputy sounded angry. "We'll take care of Flick, Hilliard. There're ways of handling scum like that."

"I wrote this letter a little while ago, Deputy. I didn't sign it, but you'd have found out who wrote it, after—" Dan didn't finish, but pushed the letter across the desk.

Jesse Webb read it quickly, and then glanced at Dan Hilliard's

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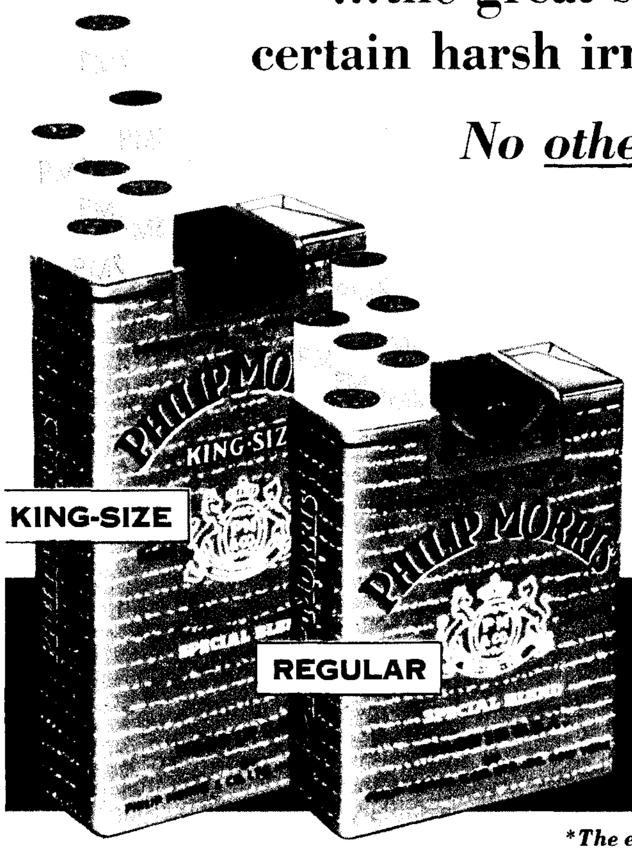

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haggard face. "Thanks, Mr. Hilliard," he said. "With those two names—mine and Flick's—we would have had all the information we needed. Nice of you to think of it, especially at a time like this." He laid the sheet of paper back on Dan's desk and said, "Well, if your daughter went to meet Flick, he'll be picked up today. There's an FBI man following Miss Cynthia Hilliard right now."

Dan stared at him in shocked amazement. "You fool!" he cried. "Are you out of your mind!"

"All right, all right," Jesse said calmly. "Let off steam now, Hilliard. We were trying to protect your daughter. How could we know what they'd send her into?"

Dan took a deep breath and got up. "It's late," he said flatly. "Those fellows will be getting anxious about their money." He walked across the room and put on his coat. "I'll have to go back without Cindy, I suppose."

"She'll be all right, Hilliard," Jesse assured him. "Don't worry about her. I swear—"

"Swear?" Dan cried. "What can you swear to? That those two won't get word, somehow, that their man Flick's been picked up? That they won't jump to the idea that Cindy or I caused it? Can you swear that they won't shoot my wife or son?"

"I can swear only to this, Hilliard: that with your daughter out of the house, she is safe."

DAN picked up his brief case and went to the doorway. "You're right, Webb," he said quietly. "I'm sorry I blew up."

"Why be sorry? Look, Hilliard—nobody blames you. Not for anything. Nobody in his right mind can raise a voice against what you've done. You've protected your family. But I've got a job too: I've got to keep those two from getting away and killing whatever hostages they take along, and then going on to kill others someplace else. I appreciate your feelings and I only wish there were a way to get them to come out alone, but—" Jesse did not finish. "You want a lift home?"

"I'm supposed to take a taxi," Dan Hilliard explained.

"Want my gun?"

Dan shook his head. "No," he said, "my having a gun wouldn't do any good—even though now they have only one between them."

"Do they search you when you come in?" Jesse asked.

This time Dan nodded, but suddenly he stopped and, with his hand already on the doorknob, turned back to Jesse Webb. "I've changed my mind about the gun," he said. "I'd like to have it."

Jesse Webb's expression plainly showed his surprise. "Listen, Hilliard," he said, "if there's any shooting, we're coming in."

"May I have it?"

Jesse Webb reached inside his coat and handed over the .38. The gun felt heavy in Dan's hand, unwieldy and unnatural. He opened it, shook the bullets out into his palm, and crossed over to his desk.

"Are you crazy, Hilliard?" Jesse demanded.

"Possibly. Only a crazy man would go into that house with an empty gun, wouldn't he? But Griffin doesn't think I'm crazy. That's a very, very long shot, but I don't have any short ones to suggest. Do you?"

Jesse Webb shook his head as Dan walked to the doorway again, the gun in his pocket. "Just a minute, Mr. Hilliard," he said. "There's something else I haven't mentioned: a young fellow by the name of Wright. Charles K. Wright, Jr. There's a strong chance that he's hiding near your house somewhere."

"Chuck Wright?" Dan cried. "Why? Where is he?"

"I don't know," Jesse said. "I just thought maybe you ought to have the whole picture."

"Thanks," Dan said. He went out and walked down the corridor to the elevator, stunned by the possibility that Chuck Wright might do something rash and foolish, something that would destroy their last hopes of escaping alive.

UNDER the basement stairs, Chuck was trying to make up his mind. When should he go upstairs? It was eleven thirty now, and for the two men upstairs this particular time seemed to have a certain importance. By now, Chuck assumed, the young-voiced man toward the front of the house—that would be Glenn Griffin—had expected to receive a telephone call, from a man he was careful not to name.

"Didn't that gal give him the dough?" Griffin called out. "What's happening? Robish, why you figure he don't call and say it's fixed?"

"I don't know the guy," Robish replied from the den. "Wouldn't catch me paying for a job I could do myself. Let me do it, Glenn. Give me a gun."

Give me a gun. Chuck Wright heard Robish's words in stunned disbelief. Did that mean there was only one gun up there between the two of them?

No rushing it now, Chuck told himself, and no mistakes. You can handle them, and easy too, if they have only one gun. But you can't be sure what will happen to Mrs. Hilliard or the boy when you go up there.

Mrs. Hilliard and Ralphie, Chuck remembered, were upstairs, on the second floor. If eleven thirty was so important, maybe it meant that Mr. Hilliard and Cindy were coming back then. If he could ambush the two men while Mrs. Hilliard and the boy were still upstairs, and before anyone else came in . . . He had to get upstairs at once.

He climbed the basement steps swiftly, silently. In the back hall, he kept his gun on the door leading into the den.

Beyond the door he could hear the older man moving about, pacing. Keeping the door covered, Chuck backed slowly, step by step, up the rear stairway to the second floor.

The upstairs portion of the Hilliard house was not familiar to him. His back against the wall, straining to hear any sound from below, he crept down the hall. He came to the front bedroom; the door was open. Across the hall, near the front stair well, was another bedroom, with the door closed. Mrs. Hilliard was in there, Chuck judged, with the boy.

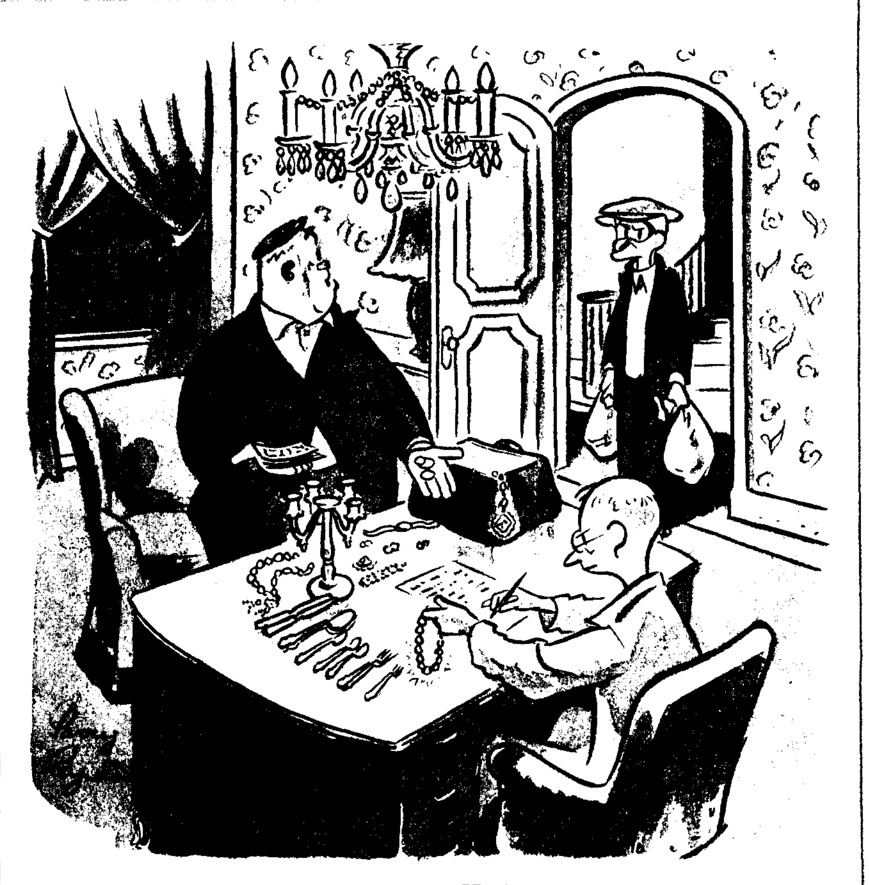
You'll have to get one of them upstairs, he told himself—the one with the gun. You can't risk going down the stairs yourself. Ambush the one with the gun, the rest is easy.

Holding the Japanese automatic in front of him, he backed into a bedroom and felt behind him with his free hand. There was a sinister quiet downstairs now. Had they heard him? His groping hand found a door, then a knob. All the while he kept his eyes on the hall. Was one of them coming up the stairs?

He edged the door open very slowly until he judged that he could step back and inside the closet. Then he was inside, hidden among Cindy's dresses, his eyes and his gun still directed toward the hall.

Now what? He had no time to decide, for suddenly in a savage burst of relief, the high-pitched voice from below called: "Here they come, Robish! There's a taxi stopping out front!" . . .

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Be right wit' you. He just wants to itemize what we're taking, for his income-tax deductions"

LARRY REYNOLDS

Hurrying through downtown traffic with his siren wailing, Jesse Webb had returned to the house nearest to the Hilliards' and was already on the roof watching by the time Dan's taxi stopped. Wearing yellow coveralls, Jesse continued to tighten the guy wires of the television antenna on the Wallings' roof, conscious all the while of the men deployed on the edge of the woods; of the patrol cars down the street in both directions; of Carson, the FBI man, across the roof from him, his face grave; and of Lieutenant Fredericks of the state police waiting impatiently below on the Wallings' lawn. Making sure his rifle was within reach, Jesse called down the three prearranged words. He could see the other men become instantly alert.

As he gazed intently at the taxi, Jesse realized suddenly that there was no longer any personal grudge involved in his determination to get Glenn Griffin. During the last few hours, in some inexplicable way, his sense of responsibility had shifted from Uncle Frank to the Hilliard family, to the man stepping out of the taxi now, brief case in hand.

Dan Hilliard stood with his back to the house, paying the driver. Then, with no discernible reluctance whatever, he walked toward his own side door. Hilliard was, Jesse noted, a larger man than he had thought, his broad shoulders square and set now, no longer drooping. Hilliard paused, knocked. The door opened, and he went inside.

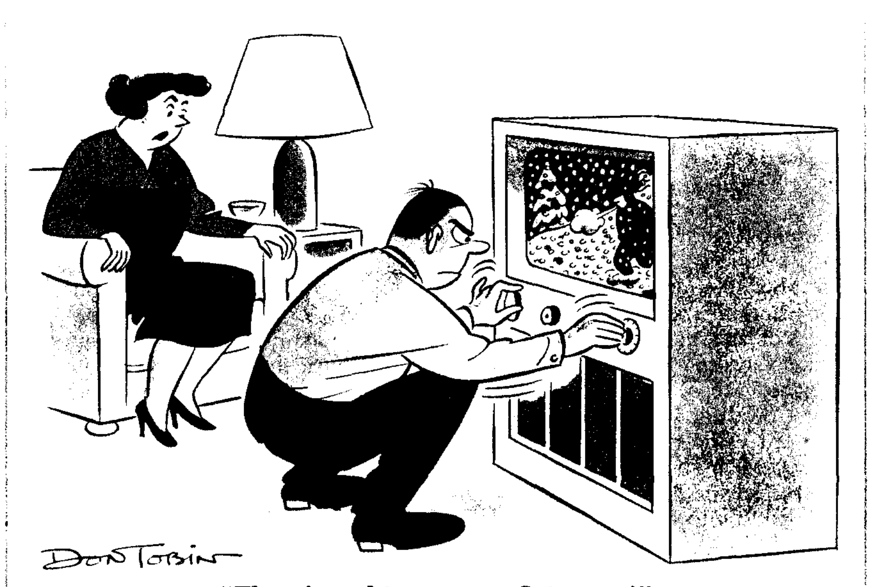
Staring across at the silent, ordinary-looking house, with the wind cutting through his clothes, Jesse felt his muscles tense. The time was almost here, the moment he had been working and waiting for ever since the first report of the escape had come in, two full days ago. And he was not thinking of Uncle Frank's withered arm or of his own personal anger, but of the look that had been on Dan Hilliard's face this morning when Jesse had introduced himself. Silently he cursed the men who had caused it, and vowed that they would not get away.

The longing to know what was happening inside that house at this moment made him grip the rungs of the ladder hard. What were they doing? How was Hilliard explaining the fact that the girl wasn't with him? All Hilliard had was the money and an empty gun. What was going on in there?

WHEN he heard Glenn Griffin's excited cry, "Here they come, Robish! There's a taxi stopping out front!" Chuck Wright knew he had waited too long. Mrs. Hilliard was moving about in the bedroom across the hall, giving quick instructions to Ralphie. Then the bedroom door opened and closed and Eleanor Hilliard was going quickly down the stairs. Chuck came out of the closet, feeling weak and futile. Mrs. Hilliard was downstairs with the criminals now. The family was split up, and he had allowed it to happen.

"Here they come," Griffin had said. "They" would be Mr. Hilliard and Cindy. Chuck had a sick, shrinking feeling and cursed himself for his indecision. He should have acted while the two men were down there alone.

With extreme caution he crept across the hall to the banister. There was still the chance that, if the two men started to move fast, he could go down the back stairs and make use of



COLLIER'S "There's nothing wrong. It *is* snow!" DON TOBIN

his best weapon—surprise. Whatever he did now, though, he must do in one headlong spurt; there was no time to think and plan and weigh his chances.

From below, then, he heard the high-pitched voice say: "Where's the redhead, Hilliard?"

Chuck held his breath. He couldn't hear Mr. Hilliard's low-voiced reply, but he felt a quick surge of joy at the thought that Cindy was not in the house; Cindy was safe. Chuck tried to dry his palms on his trouser legs and then took a firmer grasp on the automatic.

"He's lying," Robish said. "It's a damn' trick."

"The dough's all here," Griffin announced, and he sounded bewildered, or surprised at the sight of it. "Too late for tricks now, pop." Some of the lighthearted excitement returned to his tone. "We're on our way," he said. "But there's one more little matter, Hilliard—I don't like the way you're staring at me. Lay off, see. Put your hands up. Let's see what you're carrying."

Chuck strained to hear what was going on. Easy now, he told himself again. Not yet, not yet.

WITH his hands lifted and his eyes staring straight ahead, Dan Hilliard felt Glenn Griffin's gun pressed against his sore ribs while the other hand went through his pockets. He didn't flinch when, with a low whistle of amazement, Glenn Griffin stood back, the deputy's .38 in his hand.

"Why, you—" Glenn Griffin said, and his angry, startled tone gave Dan a moment of ironic satisfaction. In his fury and astonishment, Griffin was not examining the gun.

Dan saw the gun coming up then, swinging high and sideways; he heard Eleanor's stifled shriek at his side. Then he felt the muzzle across his cheekbone. It took a long moment for him to taste blood. He still had not moved. A tooth began to throb. He could feel the muscles of his face twitching.

"Okay, Hilliard. Don't just stand there!" Griffin shouted, waving the gun. "What're you tryin' to pull?"

Dan still did not answer; he felt the blood along the cheek, inside and out, and he felt Eleanor leaning slightly against him, weeping softly.

"Gimme that gun," Robish said, stepping up to Griffin. "Give it to me and let's blow. You got the dough. What're we waiting for?"

But the gun Robish wrenched from Glenn Griffin's hand was not the one Dan Hilliard had brought into the house. Robish held the loaded gun. "Griffin, snap out of it!" Robish bellowed. "We gotta move!"

IN THE hallway above, hearing Eleanor Hilliard's choked-off scream and Dan Hilliard's involuntary groan, Chuck had to grip the banister to keep himself from plunging down the stairs. The gun's on Mr. Hilliard, he warned himself fiercely. You can't move now.

He felt caught in the grip of his own helplessness. No matter what he did, or how, one of those guns—for there were two now—would be turned on the Hilliards.

"Get the kid," Griffin said. "Hilliard, the kid and your old lady are going for a ride. Any objections?"

"Yes," Mr. Hilliard said. "I'm the only one who knows the name of that policeman you want killed and the name of the man you're hiring to do the job. If you don't want me to put a damper on everything for you and get that hired killer nabbed, you'd better take me—only me."

"Listen who's telling us what to do," Robish said impatiently.

"Wait a minute, Robish," Griffin said anxiously. "Maybe he's got—"

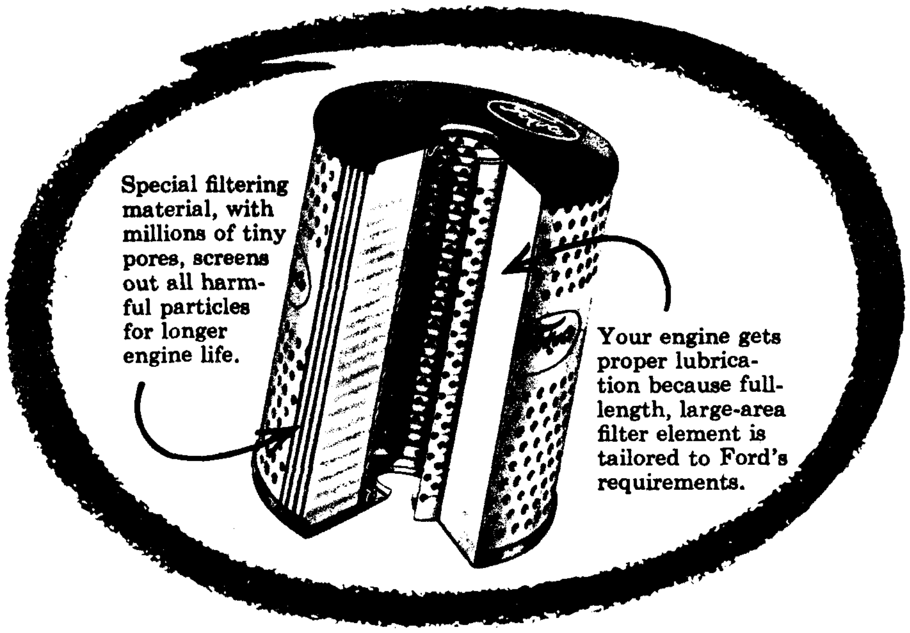
"He's got nothin'—that's what he's got! Tell him to stuff it!" Robish cried. "What the hell do I care what happens to your cop? It's my skin now, and we're wasting time. Those woods might be full of feds. I'm moving. I'm takin' the kid and the woman."

Chuck Wright realized, almost too late, that Robish was stalking toward the stairway. He whirled around and stepped back into the bedroom, across the hall from the room in which Ralphie was locked. He brought the Japanese automatic up and stood flattened against the inside wall of the room as the heavy feet pounded up the carpeted stairs. Now? Chuck thought anxiously. Now, when his back's to you and he's trying the door, twisting the knob? Should you get this one now, and fast, and then take your chances with the one downstairs?

But they're not your chances, he reminded himself. They're Mr. Hilliard's, and his wife's. His helplessness was a dead weight inside him as he heard Robish's low mutter of rage and then, from the locked bedroom, the faint voice of the boy, crying.

Suddenly Robish stopped twisting the doorknob. Chuck took one chance. He eased his head around the doorframe and took a look at the heavy man facing the closed door.

What are you waiting for? he asked



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himself. All you have to do is tighten your finger and pull the trigger. What are you waiting for?

From below he heard Griffin say: "Had it all doped out, didn't you, Hilliard?" There was a note of wry amusement in his voice now. "Thought we could make a deal, did you, pop? You're getting pretty brave, ain't you?" Then the tone changed: "Maybe you better tell me what's happened to Flick then, pop. Why he didn't call me this morning? You better tell me now, pop, 'cause pretty soon you're not going to be talking—see?"

Pull the trigger, Chuck told himself. Mr. Hilliard's going to die anyway unless you can—

But Chuck Wright was not prepared for what happened then. He saw Robish step back, his shoulders hunched, and kick the door savagely.

Although the jolt of the kick shook Robish's whole frame, the lock and the hinges held. Behind the door the boy's sobs grew louder. Cursing, Robish stepped back and kicked again. This time the wood cracked like the report of a rifle. The sound seemed to excite the big man, and he kicked again and again, a low laugh exploding deep in his throat. The wood splintered and shredded and broke with deafening reverberations through the house.

"Robish!" Griffin shouted from below. "Robish, you damn' fool! Cut out that racket!" Griffin came running up the stairs. The handsome head appeared before Chuck Wright could draw himself back into the room, but Griffin did not see him. He was screaming at Robish in a frantic, high-pitched voice: "No noise! You want to wake up the neighborhood? No noise!"

NOW Chuck was safe behind the doorframe. He couldn't wait now. The men, both of them, were upstairs—both of them were out there, facing each other at the head of the stairs. It was the break he'd been hoping for, and now that it had come, he wasted no time. He thought, as he shoved his head around the door, that he heard the front door open and close. He couldn't be sure of that, but the question in his mind made him pause a moment before he fired.

It was that split second of time that defeated him. He saw Glenn Griffin's gun coming up at him, and he swung his own gun to the right, just a little, and fired—expecting to hear a shot from Griffin's gun, but feeling only the jolt of his own firing in his arm. He saw Glenn Griffin dropping or flinging himself down on the stairs. Satisfied that he had fired before Griffin could even press the trigger, Chuck brought the automatic up again. Then he saw the spurt of fire from Robish's gun, and he fired back at the big man, knowing as he heard the thundering explosion that, for some reason, he had missed this time. The reason came to him then as he felt himself clawing at the wall, heard his own gun clattering to the floor, and felt for the first time, and with some surprise, the impact of Robish's bullet against his chest.

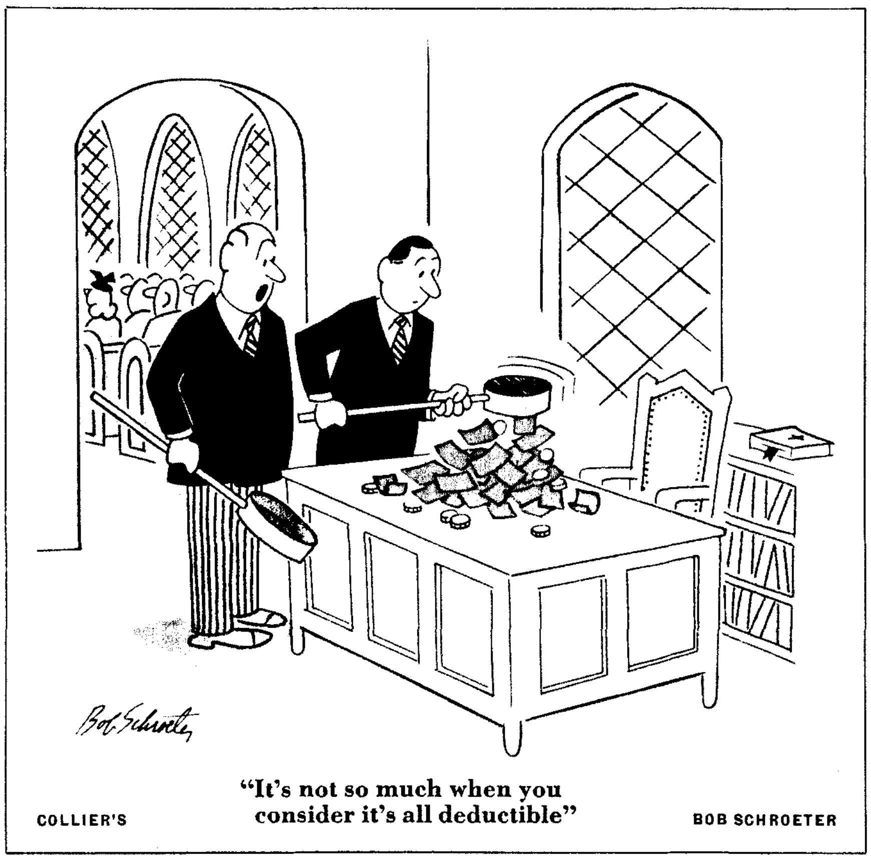
Slumped down inside the bedroom, wondering a little at the wetness around his chest, he knew what would happen now: the big man would come in and finish the job.

For some reason, that didn't seem so important to him as the fact that he had failed. He hadn't even hit the big man. Everything had gone wrong and it was his fault.

He heard then—from faraway—what he took to be footsteps coming down the stairs. But that was not possible; Chuck didn't believe it. Then the pain came, blanking his mind.

ROBISH plunged down the stairs, tripping over Glenn Griffin but not falling, muttering fiercely. In the downstairs hall he stopped, his little yellow-green eyes wild. Dan Hilliard waited, the despair taut in him now, knowing that his impulse of a few seconds before had saved Eleanor, but that Robish would kill him now and that Ralphie was still upstairs.

When Glenn Griffin had rushed up the stairs to stop Robish's kicking, Dan had seen his chance, perhaps the one chance left to him and he had unlocked and opened the front door; without a word, he had pushed Eleanor outside. Almost at once the three shots had exploded above, and she had turned back and whispered: "Ralphie."



COLLIER'S

"It's not so much when you consider it's all deductible"

BOB SCHROETER

"It's not Ralphie! It's not Ralphie! Run!" Dan had shouted at her. The very savagery of his reassurance had sent her running, but when Dan himself had closed the door and started toward the stairs, he had been sure that one of those three bullets had killed his son. The sight of Glenn Griffin sprawled on the stairs above had stopped him then, and he saw Robish step over the fallen man and come lunging down, cursing.

Dan could make out only a few words that Robish was bellowing at him: ". . . wise guy . . . got the cops after all . . . double cross."

Dan kept his eyes on the gun in Robish's hand, not understanding the words. What had the police to do with what had happened? Then, like a swift jolt of electric current up and down his whole body, he heard a voice from upstairs call out: "Dad? Dad?"

"Stay there, Ralphie," Dan called. "It's all right!"

"All right," Robish echoed faintly, but he did not move; he seemed to have no idea how to move. "You sneaked a copper in—" he said. Suddenly his expression changed and he charged to the front door and flung it open. "Any more of you out there?" he bawled into the cold air. "I got one of you upstairs! Who wants it next?"

Seeing Robish standing in the open doorway, blind to Eleanor's absence, senseless in the grip of his own terror, Dan edged closer, slowly, without sound. "Any more of you out there?" Robish bellowed again when no answer came. "I still got Hilliard and the kid. They're alive!"

In one sudden movement, before Robish could shout again, Dan reached out and grabbed the doorframe with both hands, lifted his foot and plunged it hard into Robish's back. The hulking man lunged across the porch in two spraddled-legged steps, and then fell over headfirst onto the grass.

Robish rolled as he hit the ground, lifted the gun and fired. The sound of the shot echoed up and down the street, but the bullet dug into the solid wood of the closed door that Dan Hilliard had pushed shut and was already locking from inside.

Dan turned quickly from the door, expecting a barrage of police gunfire from outside as he started up the stairs. He was surprised when no sound came. And when he was halfway up the stairs he stopped, stunned. Glenn Griffin no longer lay on the stairway.

WHEN Webb, watching from the ladder that was propped against the side of the Wallings' roof, saw a woman come out the front door of the Hilliard house, he stiffened, lifting his hand automatically to give the signal that the men below were expecting. But the woman was alone, hesitating on the porch a moment, and Jesse did not bring his hand down in the prearranged signal. In the next second he heard the muffled sound of three shots, fired in rapid succession from inside the Hilliard house. Jesse recalled his own warning: "If there's any shooting, Hilliard, we're coming in." But then he saw the woman turn from the house and begin to run; the swift desperation in her retreat toward the safety of the trees made him hold off giving the signal to close in. He reached impulsively for his rifle. Why not? he asked himself. Why not now?

Yet he waited, hoping for some answer to what was happening at the Hilliards'. It came shortly, after a few seconds that seemed an eternity, in the form of a hollow shout from the direction of the Hilliard front door. Jesse couldn't make out the words, but he recognized the furious, frenzied defiance as that of a trapped man. He did not know whether the words, whatever they were, were being shouted after the woman or at the police in the woods.

He had no time to find out what that bellowing cry meant, however, because at that moment a brawny man with a huge head came charging out the front door as though propelled from behind. He fell twisting on the grass, and Jesse gripped the rifle. In that second he heard another shot, this time not muffled, and when he lifted the rifle and sighted over the trees, he saw the black glitter of a gun in the man's hand. He brought the man into the dead center of the telescopic sight and followed him as he ran, hobbling a little, toward the blue sedan in the driveway. This man is Robish, Jesse thought, and I've got him.

BUT he did not fire. He couldn't—not this way. Whatever the shooting inside the house had meant, there was still the chance that Griffin was alive. What would happen to Hilliard and the boy if Griffin were startled now, if he realized the police were outside, if he had that other gun—

But the other gun was empty, Jesse remembered. Robish had fired. The gun in the house then was Jesse's own .38, and Hilliard himself had removed the bullets.

Uncertainly, Jesse glanced over toward Carson. The young FBI man nodded, and Jesse slowly lowered the rifle. "Tell them to pick him up three or four blocks from the house, Webb," Carson said.

Jesse relayed the order to Deputy Tom Winston, stationed at the attic window, and added: "He's armed, driving the Hilliard car. Get him!"

Winston was already speaking into the police-radio transmitter in the attic.

Carson had turned away and was again gazing across the treetops at the Hilliard house. Was he, too, thinking of that Wright kid and of that funny-looking automatic of his? It was Jesse's hunch that that gun was also in the house.

He looked closely for any sign of activity in the house. Down below, he caught a brief glimpse of Lieutenant Fredericks leading Mrs. Hilliard from the woods into the Wallings' house. Jesse decided then, arbitrarily, to give Hilliard another five minutes. He would wait at least until he had Fredericks' report from Mrs. Hilliard as to what was happening over there. . . .

Dan Hilliard went up the stairs, his steps heavy and determined, hearing instead of the police gunfire he had expected, the sound of his car starting outside. As he reached the head of the stairway, where Glenn Griffin had been lying a few moments before, he saw a streak of blood on the carpet and heard, outside, the spit of gravel and the mounting roar of the motor as the car raced down the boulevard.

Then, on his right, behind the smashed bedroom door, he heard Griffin's voice: "In here, Hilliard." As he started for the door, Dan saw something just inside Cindy's room. He looked down into the gray face of Chuck Wright. In a daze he saw the dark stain on the floor, the still, twisted body, the blood-spattered and odd-shaped gun. In one quick movement, Dan Hilliard stooped, picked up the automatic, and crossed the hall. It flickered through his mind that Robish had mistaken Chuck Wright for a policeman; that was what had brought him downstairs in such terror. Silently, Dan thanked Chuck Wright and walked across to the splintered door of his own bedroom.

He knew what he was going to do now. Before the police came in, he was going to do it. It was simple, really. But the thought of Ralphie in that room made Dan slip the gun into his coat pocket, with his hand closed over it. He would shoot through the coat. He would empty it into Glenn Griffin. That would be the end of it.

He stepped into the room. Ralphie was huddled on the bed, and in the corner behind him stood Glenn Griffin, his unnaturally bright eyes turned from the window and fixed glassily on Dan. But Dan was looking at the stark fear on the face of his son.

It would not be so easy. The boy was staring with sickened fascination at the muzzle of the gun in Glenn Griffin's hand. The gun was empty, but getting Griffin was still not going to be simple.

"You got to get me out of here, pop," Griffin said. But his insolence was gone, the attempt at arrogance thin and worn. "That copper over there nicked me. You got more of 'em outside?"

Dan saw, with a grim pleasure he was instantly ashamed of, the blood-edged furrow along the side of Glenn Griffin's scalp, and he realized that Chuck Wright's first shot had stunned but not seriously wounded the convict. Well, he would finish the job himself.

"Ralphie," he said quietly, his voice a dry whisper. "Ralphie, listen."

"No time now, no time!" Glenn Griffin cried, licking his lips. He moved his gun closer to the boy's head. Dan realized then that he must be careful. He must not startle Griffin into lifting that gun and bringing it down in desperate frustration on the boy's skull.

"Son," Dan said slowly, "listen to me. Nothing's going to happen to you. He's not going to shoot you. Do you hear me?" Ralphie nodded, but there was a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes. "He's not going to shoot you—"

"Lay off, Hilliard, or I'll get it over with," Griffin cried. "You got to get me out of here, see!" His voice was frantic now.

Dan's hand was on the butt of the automatic in his pocket, his finger on the trigger. Ralphie was between him and his target. "I wouldn't lie to you," he said. "Have I ever lied to you, Ralph?"

The boy shook his head.

"Shut up!" Griffin screamed. "Will you stop it! Are there any more cops out there? Why didn't they knock off Robish? There ain't any more, are there? They'd be in here by now!"

Dan still ignored him, concentrating on his son. "Ralph, his gun isn't loaded. It doesn't have any bullets in it. Do you believe me?"

Dan was conscious of Glenn Griffin's amazed shock, followed immediately by a quick grin of disbelief, but he was studying his son's face. "Do you believe me?" he repeated.

Very slowly, the boy nodded his head.

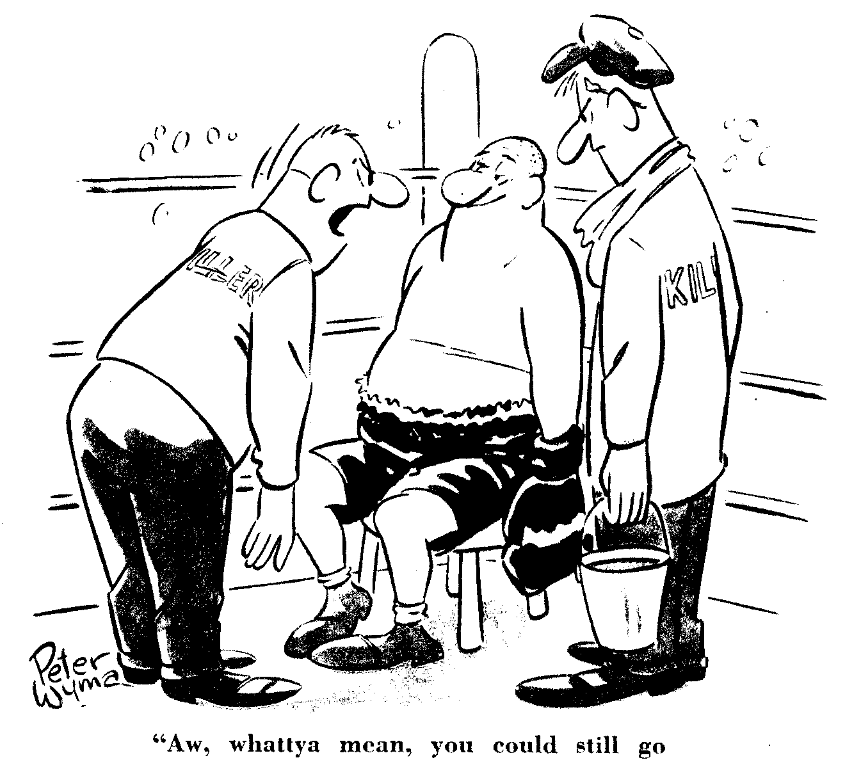
"Stop it!" Griffin yelled. "I got to—" He broke off, and somewhere in his reeling mind a suspicion took root. He lowered his voice. "You wouldn't of come in here with a empty—"

THAT moment of self-doubt was what Dan had been playing for. "Ralph!" he yelled suddenly. "Run!" The shout brought the boy up off the bed in one bound before Griffin could move. "Get downstairs and outside!" Dan cried after him.

And then he saw Glenn Griffin lifting the gun, moving too late. Dan's first impulse was to shoot, now, but he checked it with a great effort of will. He heard Ralphie on the stairs; the boy was safe now. He would not see what his father was about to do.

Dan watched the bleak, dazed fury in the face across the room; he heard the faint boyish cry in the back of the young man's throat as he brought the deputy sheriff's gun up. Dan heard the empty clicks, over and over, and then an even stranger sound—the short explosion of his own laughter.

It was then that he brought the automatic from his coat pocket. And whatever Glenn Griffin saw on Dan Hilliard's face then—the pitiless eyes,



COLLIER'S "Aw, whattya mean, you could still go another round? The fight ain't started yet!" PETER WYMA

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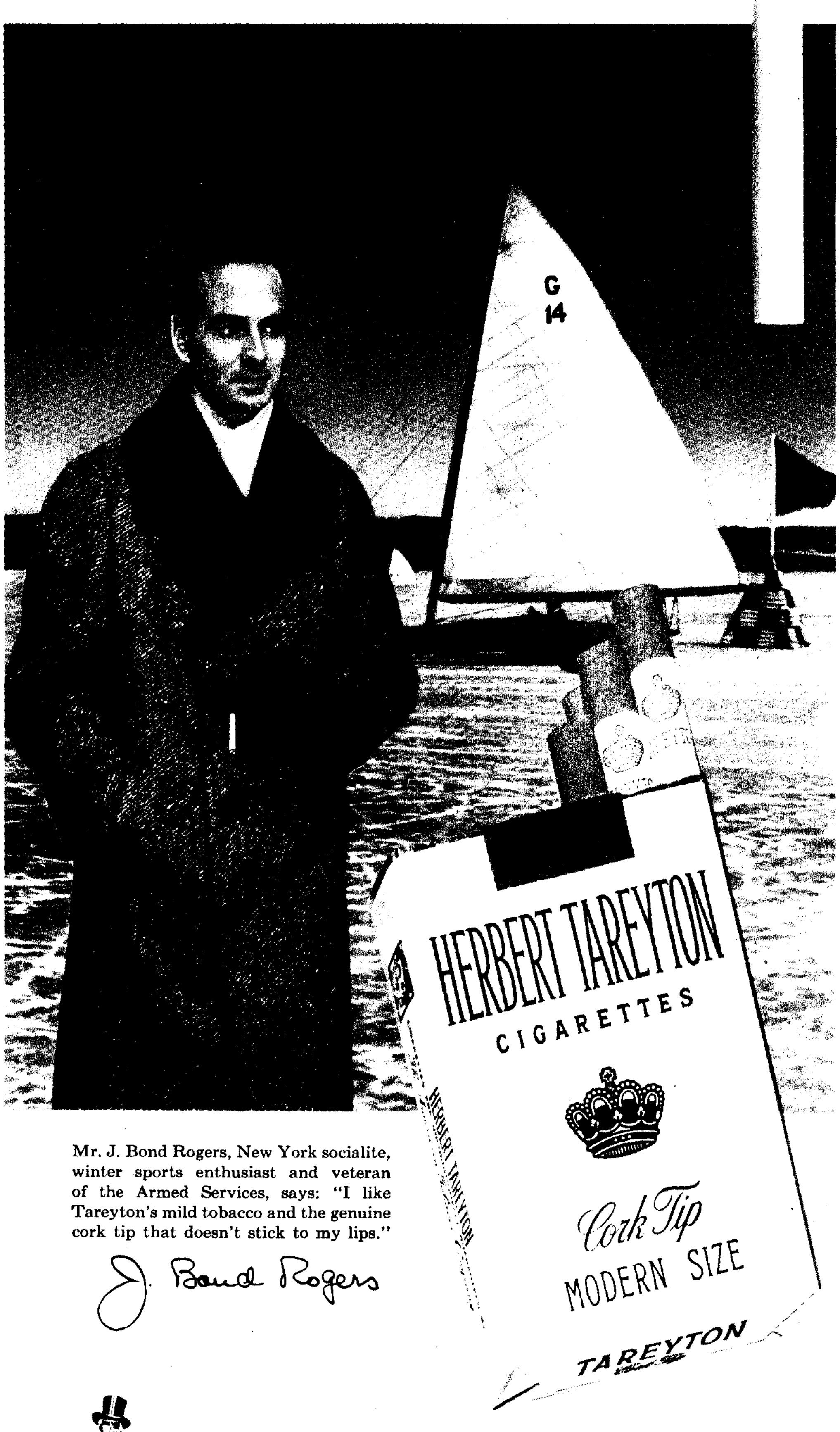

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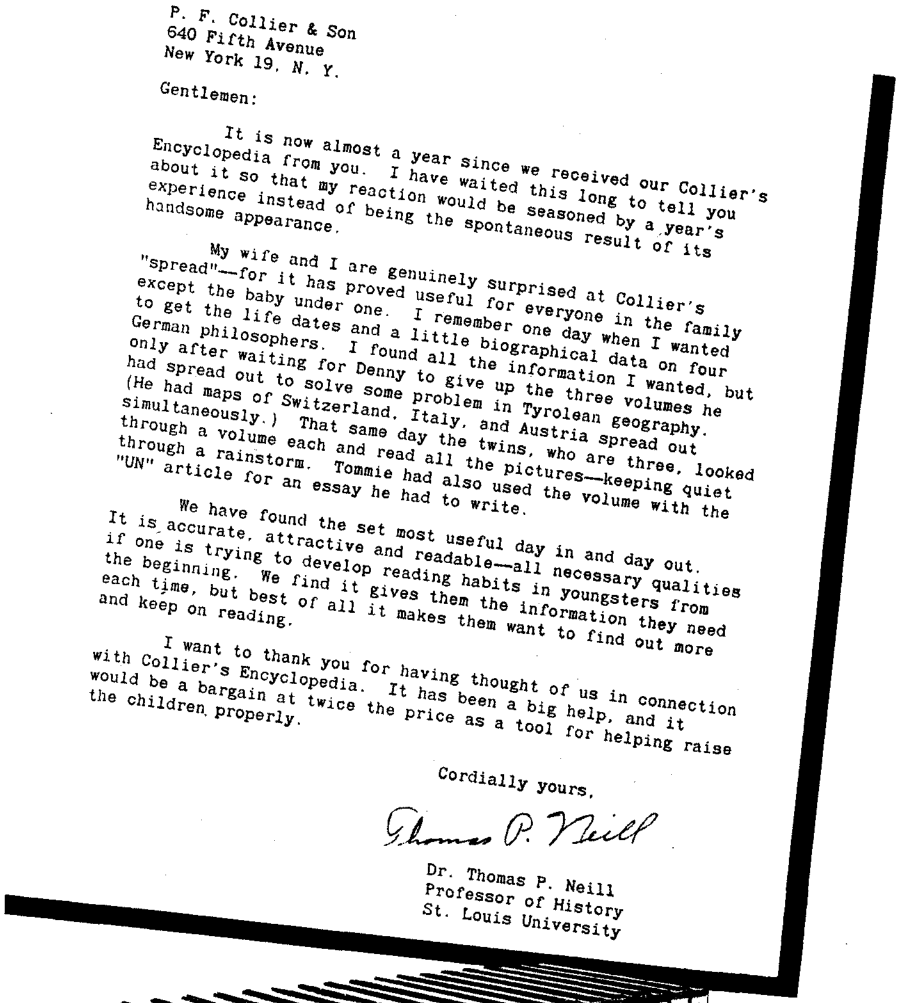

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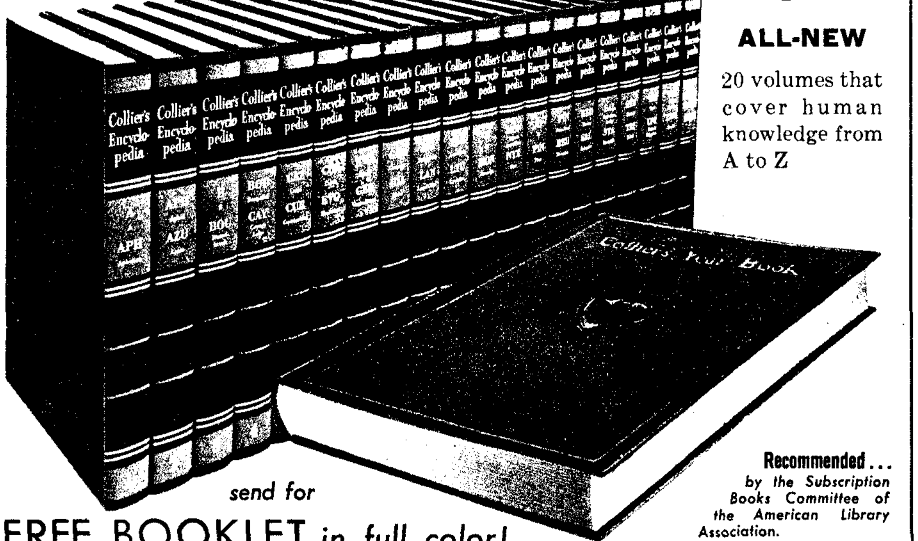
Cordially yours,

Thomas P. Neill

Dr. Thomas P. Neill
Professor of History
St. Louis University



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the hard set of jaw, the purple swelling of the bruise that Griffin himself had put along one cheek—whatever it was, it caused him to back into the corner, his tongue darting wetly over his lips.

Dan felt that he had no control over what he was going to do now. These men had put his family through two days of nightmarish hell; they had beaten and threatened and terrified; they had brought violence and blood and filth into his home. There was only this now, this one final act, and then it would all be over.

GLENN GRIFFIN was sliding down against the wall, saliva dribbling down his chin. His mouth opened and closed and opened again, working loosely, but no sound came. His eyes were glazed, staring at Dan.

Now—why don't you pull the trigger? Dan asked himself. Why don't you get it over with? Why should you hesitate to shoot, when Griffin would—

It was then that Dan realized that he could not kill the cowering man before him. This was his room, the bedroom where he and his wife slept. This was his home. And down below, his wife and son were waiting, wondering, not knowing he was safe, still trembling with the fear these men had brought into the house. Across the hall lay the young man who loved Cindy, who must love her deeply. And he, perhaps, was dead now—or he needed help, and quick. Dan lowered the gun slowly and put it back in his pocket.

The sight of Glenn Griffin crumpled in the corner sickened him. "Get out," he said softly. He felt dirty all over, as though some of the slime had somehow wiped off on him. "Get out of my house," he said.

Then, staring out the window, seeing in the distance a man on a ladder against the roof of the Wallings' house, he heard the scuffling as Glenn Griffin pulled himself up and staggered toward the hall. He heard quick steps on the stairway and the opening of the front door. He threw open the window. "Webb!" he shouted. "Webb! Get a doctor and ambulance, fast!"

Then he turned and went quickly to his daughter's bedroom where Chuck Wright lay crumpled and unconscious. Dan was bending over him, when he heard two shots outside. They seemed to come from a distance, with a long-drawn whine. . . .

Jesse Webb lowered his rifle. In his mind the lithe, slender figure of a young man was still running across the Hilliard lawn; but he knew, of course, that the figure lay quite still now, quite lifeless. Two minutes before, he had received the report on Robish: the big man had wrecked the blue sedan in the chase and the police had pulled him from the wreckage, badly injured but alive. Alive for a while anyway, Jesse thought grimly—until after the trial.

It's all over, Jesse thought then. But he was remembering, as he climbed slowly down the ladder, his legs aching and stiff, the way he had lifted the rifle when he saw that figure emerge from the front door of the Hilliard house.

Griffin had been running at full tilt, shouting indistinguishable words, his arms raised. Had those words been a plea to let him surrender? Jesse did not know. In the back of his mind he was remembering that other time when, after firing at Uncle Frank, Griffin had thrown his gun to the pavement and demanded the privilege of giving himself up. This time Jesse had fired, feeling only the recoil of the rifle, seeing the running figure stop, twist around, sink to one knee on the grass and remain balanced there until the second bullet hit him. Then he plunged forward, arms and legs outstretched, face down on the grass.

After a moment's absolute stillness, Carson had clambered across the crest of roof to the other ladder leaning against the side of the Wallings' house. Before descending, he had paused briefly, looked at Jesse and nodded.

Jesse was on the Wallings' lawn now, leaning the rifle against the ladder, keenly aware of the heat still in the barrel. After such violence, he had learned to expect a certain secret shame, an appalling sense of failure that amounted almost to nausea. If matters had to be settled this way, someone had failed; he didn't know who, or what, but he could never avoid the feeling that it was so.

As he went into the Wallings' house he heard sirens wailing in the distance. That would be the ambulance Hilliard had asked for. He sat in a chair beside the telephone table. He could imagine the soft note of relief that would be in his wife's voice when he called her, even though she'd try to cover it. And he could imagine, too, Uncle Frank's grim satisfaction when he heard the news.

But Jesse did not share the satisfaction. His feeling of disgust was too strong, not because he'd killed a man—he no longer considered Glenn Griffin as a man in that sense—but because life should not have to be a matter of kill or be killed. And then, as he picked up the telephone, he was glad for the feeling. It set him apart from men like Griffin and Robish.

Jesse was grateful, too, that somewhere along the way he'd lost the idea of personal revenge against Griffin. Maybe getting over an idea like that, as Lieutenant Fredericks had suggested, would make him a better cop.

EVERYONE, especially Eleanor, had insisted that Dan stay home that afternoon. Certainly there was nothing more he could do now; he needed his rest, and his swollen cheek looked terrible. But here he was, sitting on the wicker couch in the hospital waiting room, with Eleanor beside him. Their hands did not touch, but both were aware of the closeness between them—a closeness that was not new, really, but newly recognized.

Dan saw the deputy sheriff—the tall, lanky one named Webb—walking toward them along the tile-floored corridor, with a trim nurse hurrying beside him, trying to keep up with his long strides.

As he entered the waiting room, Jesse removed his hat and stood, a trifle awkwardly, before the couch where Dan and Eleanor sat.

"Miss Standish here," he said, "will give you the details. Wright ought to be out of here in two weeks. Your daughter's in the room with him, Mr. Hilliard. She just apologized to me about something—the money, I guess, and Flick—not that she could have done anything but what she did. And Flick will stay out of trouble, where we've got him." He stifled a yawn. "Just one last item—Helen Lamar: the FBI arrested her in Cincinnati a couple of hours ago. I guess that's all. Now will you go home?"

Dan stood up. "If Chuck Wright's conscious, I'd like to see him," he said.

"Room four-oh-two," the nurse said, "but—"

Jesse Webb nodded his head and she

stopped. A little crookedly Jesse was grinning down at Dan. "I want to say something," he said. "If—if you ever want a job, sir, just look me up." It was not what he had intended to say. It didn't even come close, but it was the best he could manage.

Dan Hilliard was smiling too, and the warmth in his eyes made Jesse forget the lopsided shape of the face before him. The eyes were blue now, like the daughter's—not black, as Jesse had thought before. Embarrassed then, Jesse turned to Mrs. Hilliard. She stood a full head shorter than her husband. Her eyes were soft and they seemed to look into him.

"The same to you," Dan Hilliard said, and he offered the deputy his hand: "You're stealing my thunder, though. That's my work—handing out jobs. It may sound pretty dull, compared to yours, but—" He shrugged.

"Room four-oh-two, sir," Jesse said, releasing Dan's hand. "And listen: go home and get some sleep." He spoke the last words a little louder, a trifle more gruffly, than he'd intended. But he grew uncomfortable under Mrs. Hilliard's steady gaze, wondering whether she could read his thoughts.

He watched Dan Hilliard walk down the corridor, stepping lightly and briskly now, his body upright and confident. It was funny, Jesse thought, how he could never say what he really felt or thought. He rubbed the back of his neck absently, blinking back the sleep that threatened to catch up with him now. He never could seem to find the right words. He had wanted to tell Dan Hilliard and his wife that they were—well, magnificent was the only word he could think of.

As he turned and walked back down the corridor to the elevators, Jesse thought wryly that perhaps it was just as well he hadn't used that word. Dan Hilliard would have been embarrassed by it too.

When Dan stepped inside the hospital room, he found Chuck Wright stretched out with a sheet drawn up to his blunt-looking chin, his head turned away from the door. On the far side of the bed, beside the high windows, stood Cindy, her red hair flaming in the early afternoon sunlight, her shoulders squared.

The young man turned his head slowly as Dan Hilliard came in, and his gray eyes widened. Dan walked over to the bed.

"You tell him, Dad," Cindy said. "I've been trying to make him see. Wasn't he foolish? I was nearly crazy in that police station, suspecting he was up to something, thinking he might be in the house. Please tell him, Dad, so he'll learn not to be such a reckless fool!"

Her anger might have fooled Chuck Wright, although Dan doubted even that as he fought down a smile. He noticed the bright spots of color in his daughter's cheeks.

"You were a reckless fool, Chuck," Dan said, smiling. "It came in very handy."

Chuck Wright looked pale, but some of the grayness had gone from his face. "I couldn't do anything else, I guess."

Dan cleared his throat. "Yes," he said brusquely. "Yes, I know the feeling." He half turned to the door. "Don't let her rag you, son," he said. "Make her invite you to dinner—say, two weeks from Sunday. I understand you'll be out of here by then."

DAN went out, closing the door behind him, and paused a moment in the corridor, struck again by the radiance he had glimpsed in his daughter's face. His body was tired, but his mind was not. He started down the corridor. Had he said to Chuck Wright what he had come all this way to say? Probably not. There were some feelings you couldn't express—but perhaps Chuck Wright had understood.

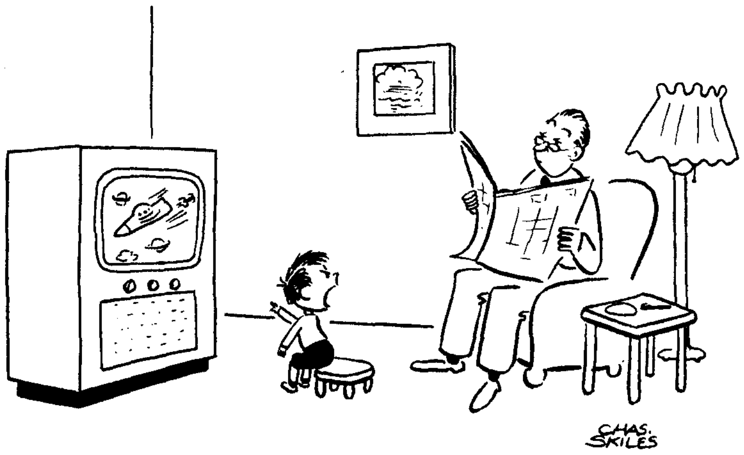
Dan walked into the waiting room, where Eleanor was sitting alone. She got up and took his arm. "You," she said, in that same bullying way her daughter had, "are going to bed now. You're going to sleep for three solid days. I mean it, Dan."

They went down in the elevator and then through the stone-and-marble entrance hall of the hospital.

On the wide steps outside, young Ralph Hilliard was surrounded by three men who, to Dan, looked suspiciously like newspaper reporters. One carried a camera. Ralph stopped talking when he saw his parents, and he waited for them, very grave, very adult for his ten years. Then he said, out of the corner of his mouth, to the three men: "If you tell him I said so, I'll sue you for libel."

Dan didn't inquire what his son had told the reporters. Eleanor, too, said nothing. After the picture had been taken and they were in the taxi, she turned her face to Dan and kissed him full on the lips. Ralph Hilliard, embarrassed, stared out the window.

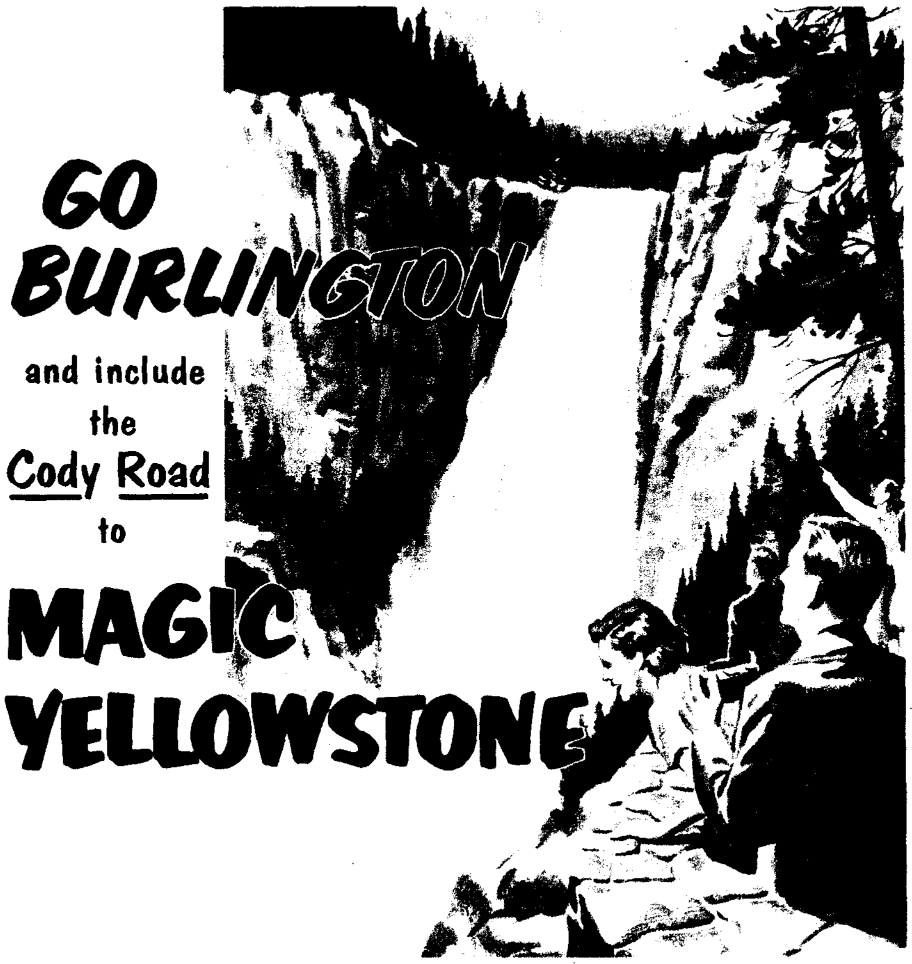
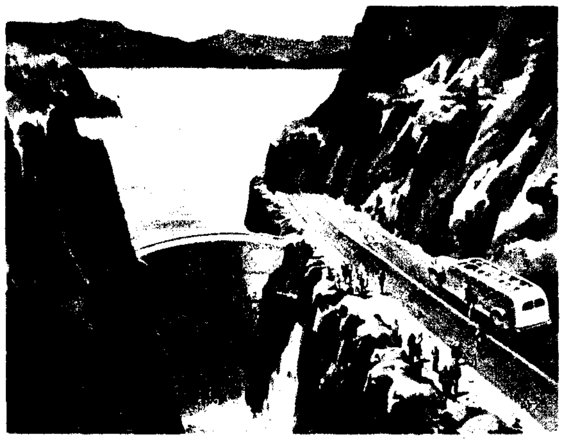
—JOSEPH HAYES



COLLIER'S

"How can you sit there so calmly? If he doesn't get there in time it will mean the end of the world!"

CHARLES SKILES

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Inmate broke Warden Carty's jaw in five places and gave him severe brain concussion in 1951 attack. Despite his injuries, Carty went back to prison in less than a month

In every prison 15 per cent of the inmates are incorrigible troublemakers. In 34 years at New Jersey State Prison—from guard to warden—I've learned the hard way that . . .

You've Got to Be Tougher

WHAT causes prison riots? How can we prevent them? Nearly everyone who has been within 50 feet of a convict has a cure-all for the disorders that have swept America's penal institutions in recent years. Usually it's more humane treatment for all prisoners.

I'm dead set against that solution.

How can I be so sure it's wrong? Theory is all right, but you can't beat practical experience—and I've had experiences that the theorists will never have. I spent 34 years in New Jersey State Prison as warden and guard, and my father was a guard there before me. I virtually lived in the prison from the time I was seven years old until I retired at the age of fifty-seven a few months ago.

I officiated at nearly 60 electrocutions and dealt with internationally known prisoners like racketeer Joe Adonis and the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby, Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Day after day, I risked death and injury by going down into the cell blocks with the convicts. I quelled two of the worst riots in the prison's history—one lasting 54 hours and the other 77—without the loss of a single life. In attacks by inmates, I've lost a thumb, my eyes have been nearly gouged out and my jaw has been fractured in five places.

My experiences have led me to one major conclusion: in every prison, only 15 per cent of the inmates are troublemakers; the rest are decent men who deserve kindness and consideration. It makes no difference how humanely you treat the well-behaved majority; it's your handling of the trouble-making minority that makes or breaks you as a penologist. If you keep the 15 per cent under control, you have a peaceful, well-run prison. If not—you have riot and anarchy and bloodshed.

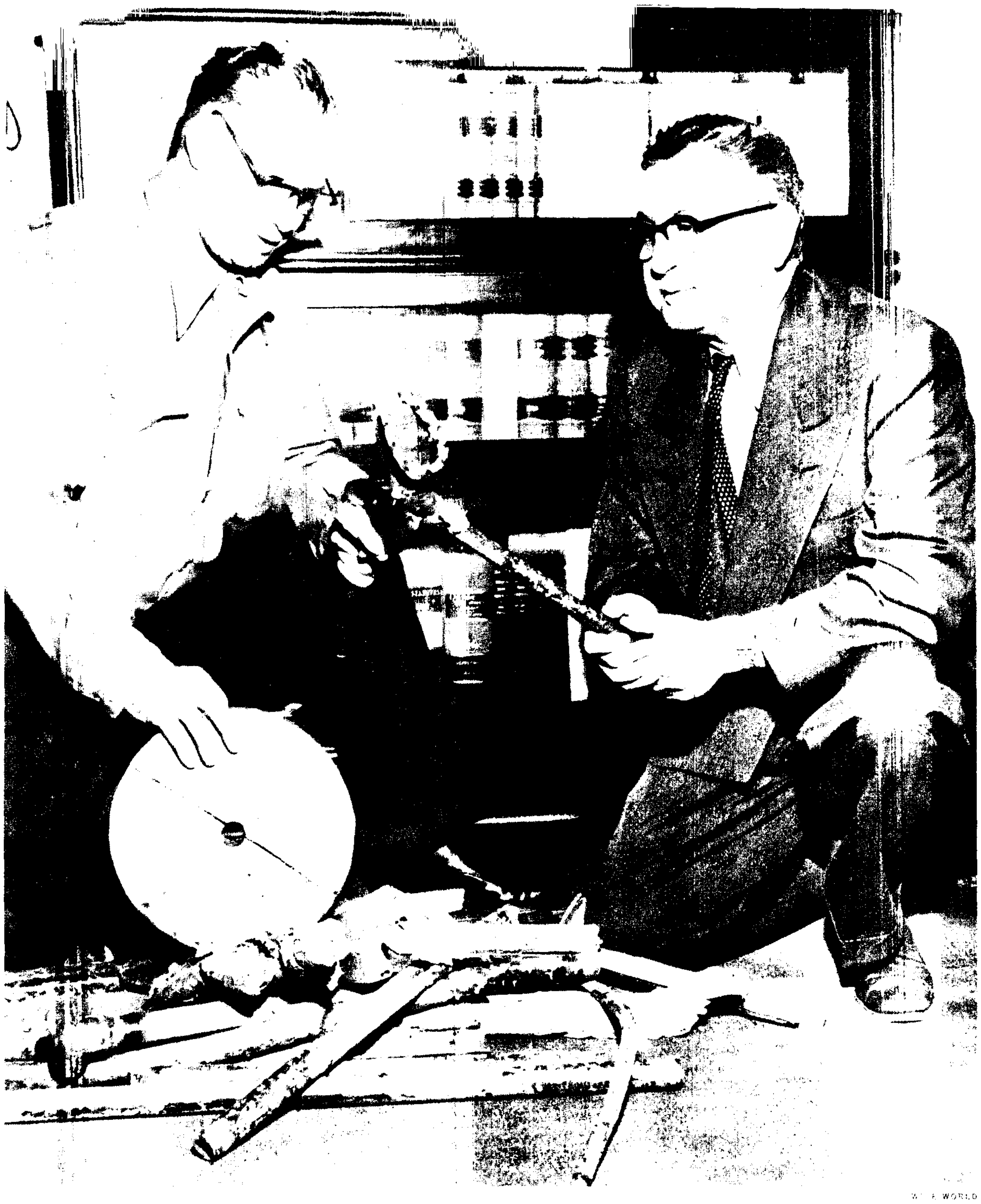
The loss of my thumb taught me what to expect from the dangerous minority. It happened early in my career, while I was a guard in the prison print shop. One day an inmate approached me and said, "Mr. Carty, the paper-cutting machine isn't working." I walked over and poked my right hand into the cutter. As I freed the jammed mechanism, someone started the machine.

I still don't know how, but I got my hand out—that is, all except the thumb. It was crushed off at the point where it joins the palm. As I sprinted toward the hospital trailing blood, I could hear derisive laughter from the tough inmates in the print shop.

That was lesson number one in my course on the Nature of the Enemy—and my missing right thumb has provided me with a reminder of the ruthlessness of prison bullies ever since.

I have had many other lessons in the shocking realities and incongruities of a locked-up society dominated by fear of a brutal small minority—facets of prison life that outsiders rarely comprehend. Would you believe, for example, that a paralyzed convict could dig an eight-foot escape tunnel? Or that the inmates of any prison have 25 to 100 hidden knives at any given time, no matter how thorough the precautions? Or that, contrary to movie tradition, a squealer is rarely harmed by other convicts in a prison?

Take the paralyzed convict. He was a lifer



WIDE WORLD

Left: Carty and Deputy New Jersey Institutions Commissioner F. L. Bixby (right) look over the weapons used by convicts in March, 1952, riot. Below: Number 5 Wing after rioters surrendered

WIDE WORLD

than the Toughs

BY WARDEN WILLIAM H. CARTY   BILL DAVIDSON

named Baxter. His spine had been injured by a guard's shotgun blast in a previous escape attempt. He was completely paralyzed from the waist down and could get around the prison only in a wheel chair. Therefore I was amazed when I was tipped off that every day he was passing a mysterious package to another inmate who worked in the print shop.

I assigned a guard to watch the second inmate. Sure enough, Baxter handed him a package. The guard intercepted it and found that it was filled with stones. Impossible as it seemed, the paralyzed Baxter obviously was digging an escape tunnel. The stones apparently were too big to be flushed down the toilet, and the other inmate was getting rid of them for him.

I sent two guards to examine Baxter's wing and cell. They found nothing. Then I went to Baxter's cell myself and ordered the guards to remove his bed, plumbing and everything else in the cubicle. My eyes fell on a dirt-filled box used by Baxter's cat (convicts were allowed one pet per cell block to keep rats and mice away). "Take that out, too," I ordered—and Baxter said quietly, "Okay, boss, you've got me."

Underneath the cat's box a slab of concrete had been cut loose with acid and a knife. Beneath the slab was an eight-foot tunnel, straight down. It ended just a few feet from an underground passageway leading to the hospital basement next to the outside wall. The guards, feeling the solid concrete slab when they poked down through the dirt of the cat's box, had not bothered to move the box. We never learned how Baxter managed to drag himself from his bed to work on his excavation.

We never found out, either, how to prevent inmates from making weapons—such as the knife with which Baxter began his excavation—and any warden who says he can keep knives out of his prison is just whistling in the dark. Until a year before my retirement, we made a shakedown search of the entire prison at irregular intervals. It always uncovered a number of knives. Then we installed an electronic metal-detecting device for systematic searches of prisoners. Even when it failed to turn up any weapons, I was certain there were at least 25 knives in the institution at all times. I'm sure the same is true of all prisons.

Where do inmates get the knives? There is a machine shop in every prison. When a guard's back is turned for an instant, an inmate metalworker can snip out a long thin triangle of sheet steel with just two swift cuts of his machine, then later slip the rudimentary weapon out a window to another convict in the exercise yard.

I have found knives hidden in washrooms, in mattresses, under cabinets and over ledges. Once we lowered a sash weight through a ventilator shaft behind a cell and knocked loose eight knives. Another time a guard found a thin knife slipped in between the binding and the cover of a Bible.

Armed with such crude weapons, prisoners have killed or seriously wounded guards both in mass riots and individual attacks. But mostly they use the knives to threaten or bully weaker prisoners, or else for self-defense against other convicts.

Ninety per cent of the murders and stabbings inside prison walls can be traced to homosexuals. While I was warden, we had on the average about 80 known homosexuals among our 1,300 to 1,400 prisoners, and they caused trouble out of all proportion to their numbers. We tried to segregate and watch them, but the prison was too crowded to control them effectively.

One use the convicts do not make of their knives is to wreak vengeance on squealers—Hollywood prison films to the contrary. I don't know of a single informer who was ever harmed physically by his fellow inmates.

Actually a stoolie is an important part of the social pattern of every prison. Most inmates don't want trouble because it means closer supervision and hardship for everyone. As a result, prisoners who learn about plans for escapes or disturbances frequently pass on the information to a stoolie because they know he will relay it to the authorities. Most prisoners feel they need a stool pigeon; others fear his powers. In the end, he is treated with more deference than most convicts.

We would have had far more trouble in the New Jersey State Prison without the "rat system." The informers kept us notified in advance of every move planned by the enemy leaders—psychopathic bullies who, candy-store stick-up men or muggers on the outside, rose to become big shots in prison. These "tough guys," as we came to call them, comprised about a third of the troublemakers and roughly 5 per cent of the total inmate population.

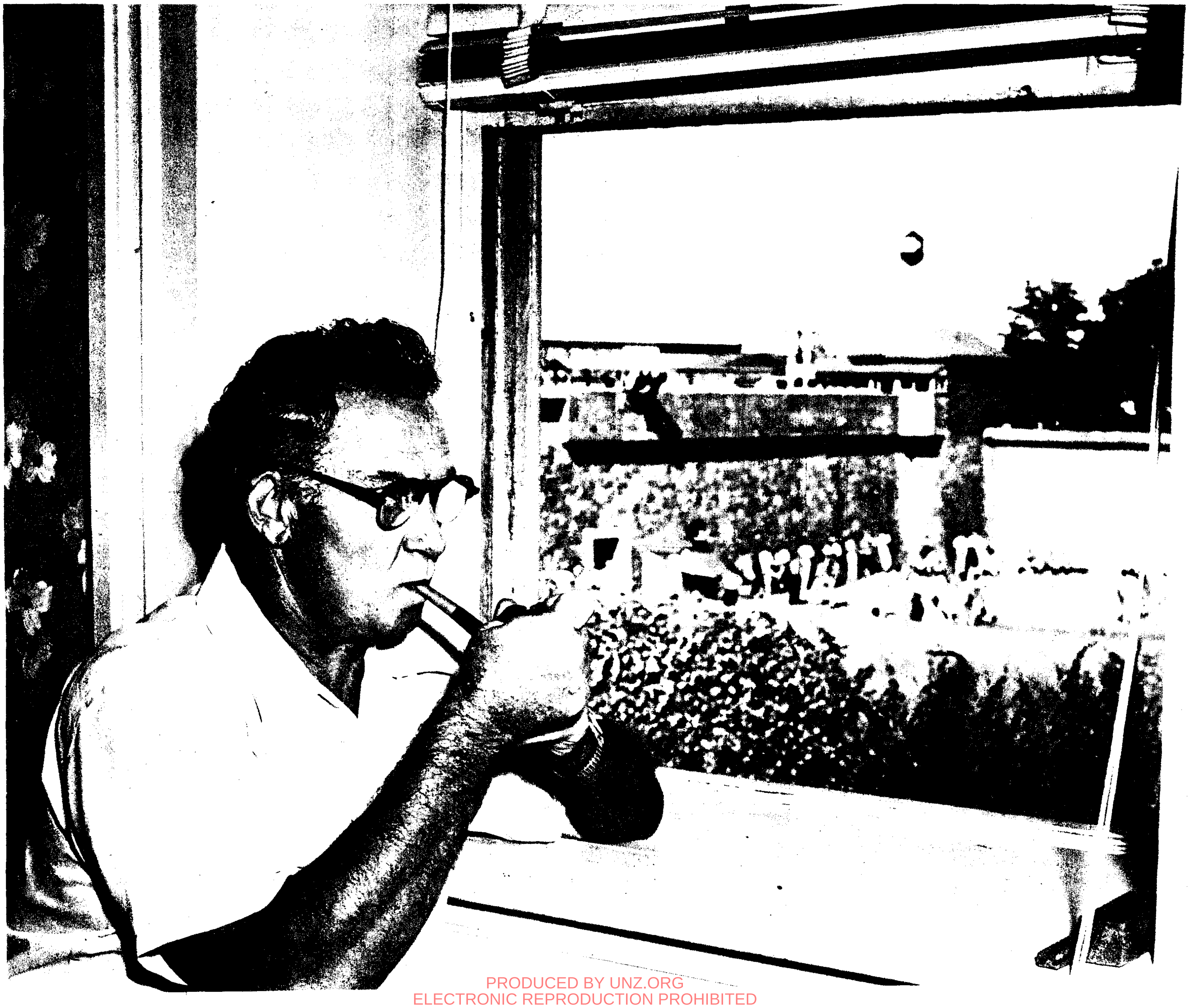
Criminals who were really big shots on the outside rarely caused trouble in prison. While I was warden, I had in my custody virtually all of northern New Jersey's multimillion-dollar gambling hierarchy—Joe Adonis, Frank Erickson, Sal Moretti, Arthur Longano, Anthony Guarino and James (Piggy) Lynch. All were model prisoners; they wanted to get out on parole after serving only their minimum terms.

I guess the most notorious prisoner we ever had in New Jersey State Prison was Bruno Richard Hauptmann, convicted kidnaper-murderer of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., infant son of the flier. Hauptmann was a model prisoner, too. While he was in the death house in 1935 and 1936 awaiting execution, I served as courier between him and the then warden, Colonel Mark O. Kimberling. As such, I probably spent more time with the controversial slayer than any other official of the prison.

Hauptmann was always calm and impassive when I talked with him in the death house—except on one notable occasion. That was when I brought him news that his lawyers, Lloyd Fisher and the famous criminal attorney, John Reilly, had quarreled. I told him he'd have to choose between them. Hauptmann pulled on his hair and paced up and down the cell. After a few minutes of storming about, he turned to me and asked: "Which should I pick?" I told him, "The one you have the most confidence in." "That's Fisher," he said. Next day the newspapers announced Reilly had retired from the case.

Soon afterward, Colonel Kimberling called me

Author William H. Carty lights pipe at window of 157-year-old Warden's Residence overlooking courtyard of New Jersey State Prison, Trenton



BILL STAPLETON

isits were one of the best-kept secrets of the Lindbergh baby kidnap-murder case

WIDE WORLD

Carty says underworld big shots like gambler Frank Erickson (above) were model prisoners

WIDE WORLD

Racketeer Joe Adonis was also model inmate. He just wanted to complete term and get out

WIDE WORLD

Bruno Richard Hauptmann got upset only when his lawyers disputed over conduct of trial

in and asked me to arrange for a party of unidentified persons to make a series of nighttime visits to the death house. He said it must be done in such a way that no one else in the prison would be aware of the visits. I suggested the party could be slipped in the truck gate, through the electrocution chamber and into the death house proper. The first visit was set for 10:00 o'clock the following night.

Hauptmann's Two Mysterious Visitors

Precisely at the arranged hour, two men appeared at the truck gate with their coat collars turned up and their hatbrims pulled down. I admitted them and took them to the door of the electrocution chamber. They emerged an hour later and I escorted them back to the gate. They repeated their mysterious visit on two other nights.

Not a word about the death-house callers leaked to the press or public. Later I learned that one of the two men was New Jersey's then governor, Harold Hoffman; I think the other was Ellis Parker, Burlington County chief of detectives. Apparently Hoffman was convinced that Hauptmann either was not entirely guilty or had accomplices in the Lindbergh kidnaping, and he was trying to wring more information out of the kidnaper. But Hauptmann died in the electric chair April 3, 1936, with his lips still sealed.

Looking back, I think I can safely say that few wardens in our country have seen as much of the inside of prison life as I have. Most heads of prisons either are political appointees from other fields who hold office for only a few years, or are college-trained penologists who concentrate on administration and rarely see convicts except in the sheltered sanctuary of their offices.

New Jersey State Prison figured in my life almost from my birth. My father died in harness as a guard there at the age of seventy-eight. My uncle, a state senator and member of the prison board of inspectors, began taking me on regular visits through the institution in 1902, when I was seven years old.

In 1919—after having left school at the age of thirteen to become successively an iceman, store clerk, electrician, telephone repairman, riveter, salesman and World War I corporal—I started working in the prison myself as a guard. It was a lowly beginning—$85 a month for a 12-hour day—but it launched a career which eventually made me the first warden in New Jersey history to rise from the ranks.

Milestones on that rise were my appointment as Center keeper, in charge of guards on the day shift, in 1930; as assistant chief deputy in 1937; and as chief deputy, top administrative officer under the warden, in 1946. My education in prison ways kept pace. I learned not only how to handle the day-to-day routine of the institution, but how to cope with escape attempts, stabbings and increasingly serious protest demonstrations.

I was prepared when the prisoners suddenly began a sit-down strike in 1950. I quelled it by locking the inmates in their cells and feeding them nothing but bread and coffee. The tough prisoners seethed after my easy victory, and informers told me another demonstration would take place when a new warden was appointed. (Warden George W. Page had resigned after being elected a commissioner of the city of Trenton.)

Naturally I wanted to be warden, but thought I hadn't a chance because of my limited education. I felt Sanford Bates, New Jersey's Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies and one of the world's foremost penologists, would want a college-trained professional like himself. I was the most surprised man in the world when I received word February 1, 1951, that I had been named acting warden. I was given the permanent appointment the following November 1st.

But I couldn't have taken over at a more dangerous time. All the pressures of the preceding 30 years were building up. The prison was old and obsolete. One of the wings had been built in 1835 like a medieval stone dungeon, but was still in use; the newest wing dated back to 1902. Originally the prison had been far out in the country; now the city of Trenton had closed in around it and there was no room to expand. As a result, we could give jobs to only 900 inmates at a time. This left 400 to 600 others dangerously idle at all times.

Most serious of all, the juvenile delinquency of the war and postwar years had brought in an overwhelming influx of tough inmates. Among them were psychopaths, defectives and near insane. If I could have isolated and punished the troublemakers as they appeared, I could have kept the prison under control. But I simply did not have the space to lock up the troublemakers where they could not conspire with other inmates. Also, the state's prison appropriation was so small I couldn't hire enough competent guards.

I had just moved into the beautiful 157-year-old Warden's Residence on Trenton's Second Street, directly outside the prison walls, when the prison bullies set off a wave of terror that hasn't subsided yet. It started with an automobile ride for a brutal, dangerous convict named George Zagorski.

Zagorski, serving 20 to 30 years for armed robbery, had to be taken to Hackensack, New Jersey, to stand trial for another crime in which he had been involved. On February 28, 1951, he was driven 60 miles to the northern New Jersey town. On the way back that afternoon, he was handcuffed to one of two parole violators picked up in Newark for return to the prison. Keeper Lester Throckmorton was driving the car, a light sedan; another guard, Victor Viteritto, was on the front seat, watching the three prisoners in the rear.

Murderous Attack on a Prison Guard

Suddenly Throckmorton heard a groan. He looked around—and broke into a cold sweat. Zagorski had wriggled free of the handcuffs and was leaning over the front seat, plunging a knife into Viteritto's chest.

The car was going at a 50-mile-per-hour clip, and Throckmorton, a powerful ex-champion weight lifter, acted with a heroic skill that probably saved his life. He slammed on the brakes, hurling Zagorski forward. Then, clamping a headlock on the inmate, he pulled him into the front seat and threw him out the door of the still-moving car. He tumbled out after Zagorski and they grappled on the ground for the knife. Zagorski slashed Throckmorton twice across the stomach, but the guard wrestled the knife away from him. Then Zagorski jumped up and began to run. Throckmorton whipped out his revolver and fired five times, hitting Zagorski twice in the legs. Keeper Viteritto died at the hospital the same day.

How had Zagorski carried out his fantastic plot? It never would have gone beyond the planning stage but for a momentary act of carelessness that might not happen again in a hundred years. My standing orders were that before inmates were taken from the institution, they should be stripped naked and outfitted in a new set of prison clothing. The proce-

The prison's worst riot was broken after 77 hours. But it broke th

dure normally prevented prisoners from carrying weapons or contraband from the institution.

Viteritto had followed my instructions, but had neglected to ask Zagorski to turn around while naked—and the convict had a knife (stolen from the officers' mess) taped to his back between the shoulder blades. That moment of forgetfulness cost Viteritto his life—and put blood in the nostrils of the prison troublemakers.

Immediately afterward came a wave of homosexual stabbings, accidental deaths and suicides—more than a score of them. It was almost as though the prisoners were turning their lust for destruction against themselves. We knew that violence was growing, but we had no idea where it would surge up next.

On the afternoon of November 1, 1951, I heard a disturbance in the Center, the administrative section of the prison. When I arrived at the scene I saw that the troublemaker was a young inmate named James Wilburn, who was serving a 10- to 15-year sentence for larceny. I had thought I saw some good in the man and was helping him along, but then he injured another inmate in a fight and bit two officers who tried to break up the struggle. He was sentenced to a year in segregation. I let him out 90 days before his term was up, on his promise to mend his ways. Now he was in trouble again, being rebellious and insolent to the prison officers.

A Threat—and Its Results

I took Wilburn to one corner and told him, "You've failed to live up to the conditions under which I released you. One more violation and back you go to segregation." The next morning he was in trouble again. I returned to the Center and led him to a corner, away from the other officers. I told him that this time he was to be locked up. Then I turned to go—and it was the last thing I remembered for hours.

Later I found out that Wilburn had pounced on me from the rear and felled me with a terrific blow on the jaw. When I went down, he had jumped on my chest and banged my head several times against the concrete floor. He tried to gouge my eyes out and landed five or six heavy blows on my face before the roomful of officers pulled him off me. At the hospital, doctors found that my jaw was broken in five places and I had a severe concussion.

Despite my injuries, the tension in the prison was so great that I returned to my office on November 26th, just 24 days after the attack. I was still suffering great pain and dizziness and, to hold my jaw in place, had to wear a metal clamp attached to the right side of my face by three steel pins. I just barely made it through each working day. Finally, on January 7, 1952, Commissioner Bates ordered me to take a leave of absence.

Less than two weeks later I was back. The story of our series of disasters had leaked out in distorted form. A Newark newspaper had accused us of laxity and alleged that the prison was overrun with "dope, sex and gambling." Sick as I was, I had to defend the institution in investigations by the governor, the Senate, the State Board of Control and the prison's board of managers.

Although we were completely exonerated, the investigations stirred up the inmates—and I knew another explosion might not be long in coming. The prison was so jammed now that we had to put two men in one-man cells. We didn't have enough clothing to go around and some inmates had to go to the exercise yard without socks, underwear or coats. Long-smoldering resentments came to the surface and there was bitter grumbling.

Where the Outbreak Started

The blowup came at eleven thirty on the night of March 29, 1952, in Number Five Wing, where I had segregated the known troublemakers. The cell block was far from being our most secure (it had been built to house women prisoners many years ago), but it was in the center of the prison and had no access to any other wing. If there had to be trouble, I wanted it to be in a confined area where we could localize the insurrection and snuff it out.

Late on the evening of March 29th an inmate named William De Freitas had complained of being ill and asked to be sent to the hospital. The guard was suspicious of his motives and asked a medical orderly to examine the prisoner in his cell. The examination showed that De Freitas was suffering from nothing more serious than a mild head cold, but he began to moan and groan and threw himself from his bunk to the floor. Meantime, several of his friends started chanting in unison, "Take that boy to the hospital! Take that boy to the hospital!"

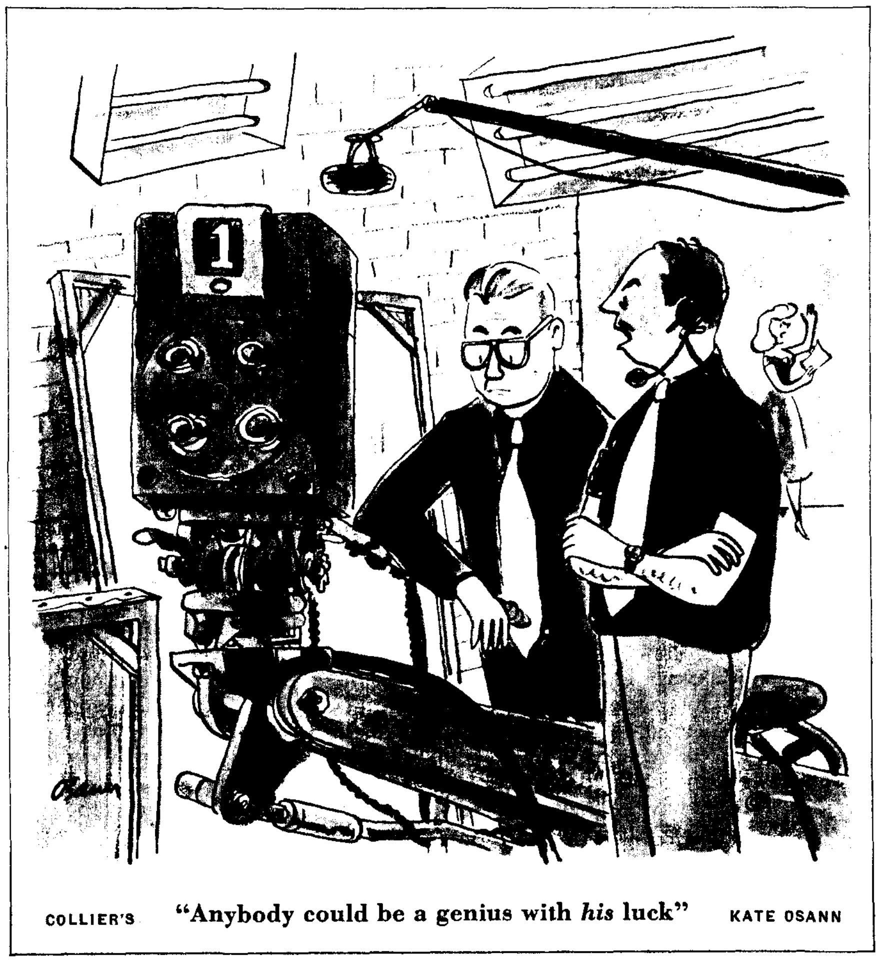
The disturbance grew rapidly. Other inmates of the wing rattled their metal cups against the bars of their cells, shouted, and burned paper and magazines. They smashed their washbasins and hurled the fragments at windows, electric light bulbs and the sole guard on duty in the wing. Soon the howling, screaming wing was plunged into darkness.

The guard in charge and another who had responded to an emergency alarm removed De Freitas and a second convict, a chronic asthma sufferer, from their cells and fled from the wing. It was none too soon. As they slammed shut the door, they saw the shadowy forms of convicts moving around the corridors. The inmates had broken out of their cells and, because of my orders to avoid brutality, the guards weren't even armed with nightsticks.

Five Wing was in a state of siege by the time I arrived. The men had barricaded themselves inside and were still shouting and smashing fixtures in the building. But, just as I had predicted, there wasn't a sound from the rest of the prison. The riot was confined to the 52 troublemakers, and the other 1,385 inmates—mostly decent, obedient men—were having no part of it. I sighed with relief and got on with plans for reducing the fortress.

I called the Center keepers together and told them that rather than risk the lives of guards in a frontal attack, we would starve out the rioters and try other siege tactics. In the morning—it was Sunday, March 30th—I called for reinforcements from the Trenton police and fire departments and from the New Jersey State Police. I told the firemen to pump water into the wing to force the men to windows facing the segregation exercise yard. Then I told the state police captain simply to station his men in the yard. "When they see your uniforms," I said, "I think some of them will surrender. They know we hesitate to use weapons but they think you'll shoot on sight."

The maneuver worked. The door of the wing opened slowly. Twenty-eight men came out. But then the door was slammed shut and barricaded again. There still were 24 men loose in the cell block. The siege went on.



COLLIER'S "Anybody could be a genius with *his* luck" KATE OSANN

We poured water into the wing all day, but the rioters avoided the full force of the streams by hiding in corners or in remote cells. Next morning we started shooting tear gas into the wing. This time the convicts draped wet blankets over the cell doors to keep out the fumes. But I figured I now had the prisoners where I wanted them.

I sent Center keeper Jack Malkin to reconnoiter the roof of the wing and he reported that there were 12 ventilators, all opening into the cells where the convicts had taken refuge. At 7:00 P.M., I shouted to the rioters that we now had the means to get them out. "If you could have done it, you would have done it before," one of the ringleaders shouted back. "So do your worst."

"Okay, boys," I said. My guards quietly stole up onto the roof, then simultaneously dropped a tear-gas bomb down each of the 12 ventilators. At the same time, my other men fired a volley of gas shells through the windows.

The rioters were caught between two curtains of gas—front and rear—and in a matter of minutes they surrendered. We had broken the riot after 54 hours. But I knew the trouble was far from over. My intelligence system among the inmates kept bringing in reports that the Five Wing episode was nothing compared to what would happen shortly. It seemed that the troublemakers were planning to take over the whole prison.

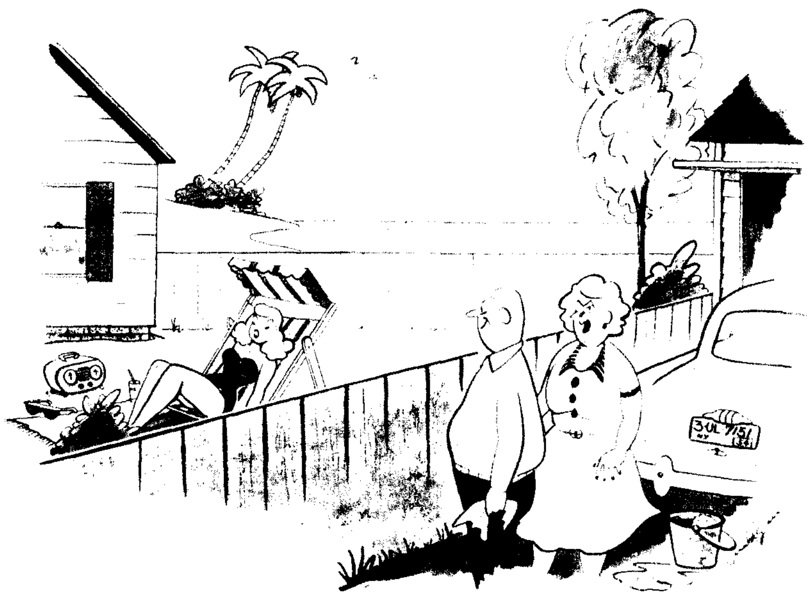
The Convicts' Big Opportunity

Zero hour was set for 3:00 P.M. on Monday, April 14th, while the idle men were in the mess hall having their dinner. Normally there was only a skeleton shift of officers on duty in the prison at that hour, with a maximum of two guards in the mess hall. I cringed when I realized how easily the 400 inmates in the mess hall could overpower the guards and then fan out to take the cookhouse and the commissary. Simultaneously, other convicts could seize the cell blocks and the shops—each of which had only two unarmed officers for 60 or 100 men. The insurrectionists would hold perhaps two dozen hostages (the civilian trade instructors as well as the guards) and could roam at will through most of the prison—burning, looting and destroying. They would have enough food to enable them to hold out for weeks.

I knew that if the riot ever got that far, it might take a regiment of infantry to recapture the prison—and much innocent blood might be shed. I also knew that guns and doubled guards might not be enough to foil the coup—and we couldn't keep officers on round-the-clock duty indefinitely.

On the Monday set for the riot, I pulled a trick out of my sleeve—praying that it would work. I declared a holiday for the institution, allowing all the men to go to the exercise yard to discuss their grievances with an elected committee. The 3:00 P.M. zero hour came and went—and there was no riot. Apparently I had knocked the scheme out of kilter by having all the men in one place, instead of in the shops and wings.

arden as well. He retired, his health shattered



"I'd like to see her kitchen sink. I'll bet that's well stacked too"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

In the confusion of the men returning to their cells from the yard, I seized a tough convict named Cintura, identified by my informers as the mastermind of the plot, and five of his henchmen. Before the prison population knew what had happened, I whisked the six men to the Rahway Prison Farm under guard of a busload of officer trainees. That move may have saved the prison. The riot started the next morning, but with the enemy's commander and chief lieutenants gone—and no time for new leaders to come to the fore—the execution of the plot was weak and disorganized.

The morning of the riot—Tuesday, April 15th—started peacefully enough, with all the working inmates marching quietly to their shops. I sat by my telephone waiting for trouble. It came, suddenly, at 10:05 A.M. Two inmates—William Dickens (12 to 21 years for armed robbery) and Thomas De Maio (10 to 12 years for armed robbery)—appeared in the print shop. Both were troublemakers, and they apparently picked the print shop because most of the nonsegregated prison bullies worked there with Cintura.

Sabotage in the Print Shop

The moment the pair arrived, the inmates in the shop toppled over machines in the bindery. They seized the two guards and two civilian printing instructors as hostages, barricaded the shop doors, and then began smashing the presses and other machinery with heavy sledge hammers.

But the only men taking part in the riot were the 69 inmates in the print shop. I could scarcely believe it, but I issued orders to keep it that way. I surrounded the print shop with guards carrying riot guns. Then I ordered all other inmates in the prison marched back to their cells. The lockup was completed without incident. For the second time in a row I had localized the rebellion.

A new siege started. Once again the prison swarmed with Trenton police and firemen and a detachment of the New Jersey State Police. I kept the rebels surrounded and cut off their water and heat while Commissioner Bates negotiated with them. I posted officers in the cellar, in the loft and at ventilators to keep tabs on what was going on in the camp of the enemy. We had tape recorders taking down everything the convicts said.

At 3:05 P.M. we heard the prisoners discussing an attack on one of the machine-gun positions. "We'll send the hostages out first," one man said, "dressed in inmates' clothes." Fortunately, the plan was dropped. Another crucial moment arose at 4:15 P.M., when there was a discussion over whether or not to murder the hostages. An inmate named Menzo screamed, "I'll kill them and then kill myself!" The would-be murderers were restrained by Dickens.

The men were eating bread and jelly and pickles stolen from the kitchen. They burned paper and debris to keep warm. But I knew the end was near when they began to rip steampipes from the walls in an effort to drain a few drops of drinking water from them.

Finally, at 10:55 A.M. on April 18th, they surrendered to Commissioner Bates on his guarantee that there would be no corporal punishment and that the prison would be investigated by Robert Hannum of the Osborne Association, an organization dedicated to improving conditions in prisons.

Thus our institution's biggest riot was broken after 77 hours—but it broke me, too. I had had only one and a half hours' sleep during the ordeal and was still shaky from the attack by Wilburn. I hung on through the investigations, but then my doctors ordered me to retire, which I did on September 30, 1953.

Before I left, I had the satisfaction of seeing my record and my methods vindicated. Hannum, one of the most modest and outstanding men I have ever met, turned over the results of his investigation to a special committee appointed by Governor Alfred E. Driscoll. The committee reported: "Warden Carty's reputation is that of a conscientious, hard-working official, and he has demonstrated these qualities in the period during which the committee has been conducting the inquiry. . . . The committee finds no evidence that there has been either malfeasance in office or dereliction of duty."

There were some surprises in store for the tough prisoners who thought I was too strict with them. My successor as warden was Lloyd W. McCorkle, who is one of the most brilliant of today's young college-trained penologists. Where I infrequently and hesitatingly used clubs to break up disturbances, McCorkle went in with blazing submachine guns the first time he had trouble. Where I allowed full meals for troublemakers in isolation, McCorkle cut them down to bread and water.

"Helping Hand" Policy Retained

Aside from that, McCorkle's methods do not differ greatly from mine. It always was my policy to be as tough as possible with the troublemakers and extend kindness and a helping hand to the vast majority of decent inmates who wanted to serve their time as quickly as possible and return to respectable society.

I believed in rewarding well-behaved men with educational facilities, sports, movies, radio and—most important of all—with transfers to the less strict prison farms. I further believed that there is a psychological moment in the life of every man, even a troublemaker, when he can be reached and converted to decency. I constantly looked for that moment. But the 1952 post-riot investigations showed that such an enlightened policy no longer would work in the New Jersey State Prison. The institution was too old, run-down and overcrowded. As the governor's committee wrote in its official report:

"The prison is one of the most inadequate and outmoded to be found anywhere in America, except in the most backward states. In addition to caring for ordinary prisoners of the maximum security type, it is the dumping ground for a heterogeneous mass of psychopaths, defectives, insane and near-insane, perverts, incorrigibles and misfits of all types. Until Trenton Prison is replaced by a modern institution . . . one must not expect any warden or staff to achieve standards consistent with New Jersey's position among the States of the Union and its generally excellent reputation in the correctional field."

There, in a paragraph, is the main reason for the recent wave of riots and unrest in American penal institutions. The American people cannot ignore their prisons, let them grow old and obsolete. They cannot just sit by until they suffer a rude awakening in a costly upsurge of sabotage and bloodshed.

New Jersey had just such an awakening. Aroused by the costly riots, the state legislature voted an appropriation of $4,800,000 toward the building of a new state prison on a magnificent 225-acre site at Arneytown in Burlington County. There is plenty of room there to expand work facilities and build segregation areas for homosexuals and other troublemakers.

Construction of the new prison well may be the answer to the question of how to prevent future riots. My fervent prayer is that those 225 acres will be used wisely—that careful control of the troublemakers will result in a rehabilitation center that will provide a model for the rest of the prisons in America.

Then my missing thumb, my shattered jaw, my undermined health—my 34 years behind prison walls—will have served some purpose. ▲▲▲

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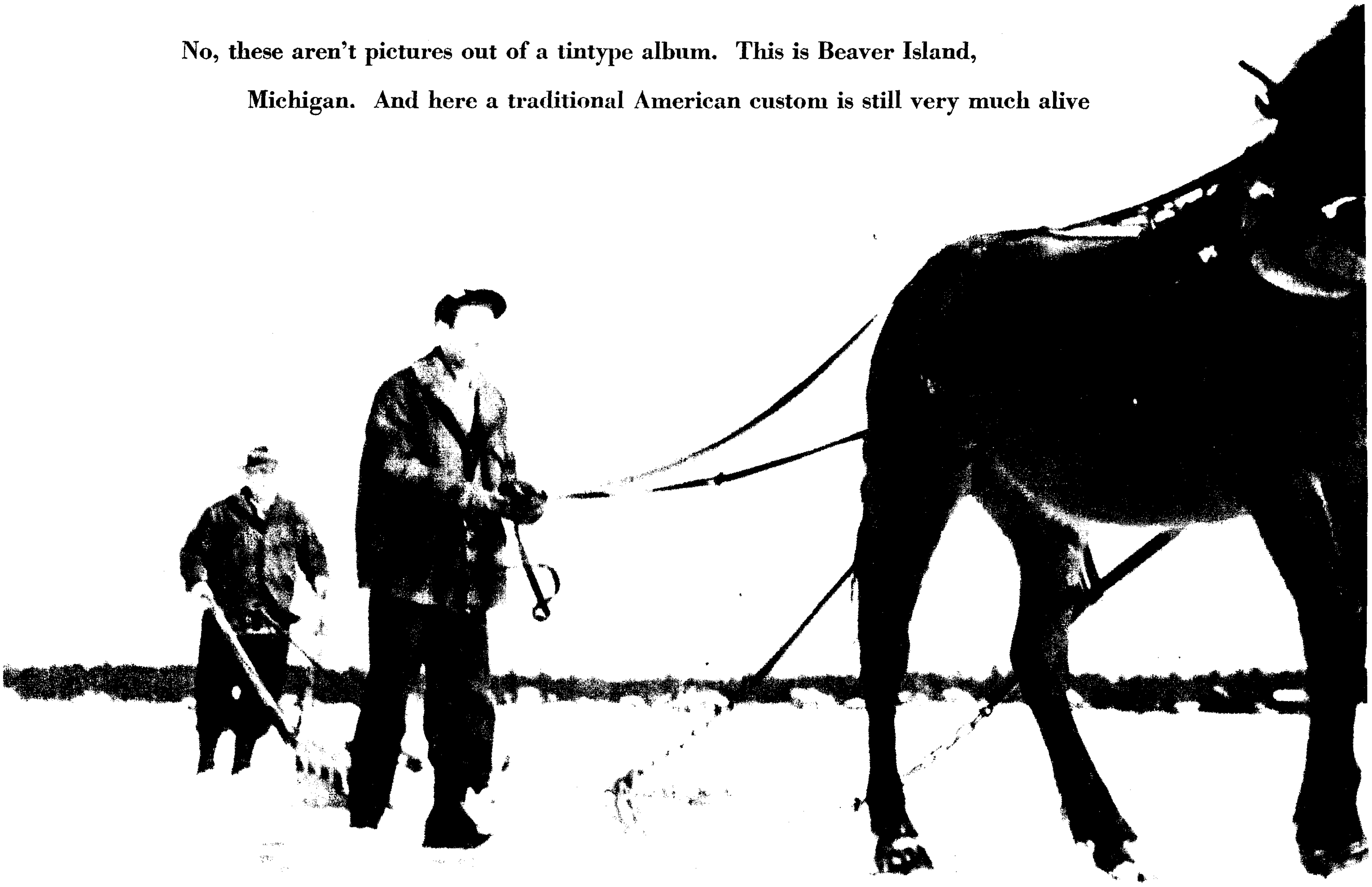
HARVESTING THE ICE

No, these aren't pictures out of a tintype album. This is Beaver Island, Michigan. And here a traditional American custom is still very much alive



Icy winds whip mane of the horse pulling a marking plow for ice harvesters on bay of Beaver Island, Michigan. James W. Gallagher guides t

Three small-fry superintendents watch James H. Gallagher (handling large chisel), William Schmidt and Jimmy Floyd begin harvest. The ice, usually about two feet thick, is cut along the guide lines scored by marking plow

THE United States is a land with its eye on tomorrow, a nation in a rush, a country of superhighways and short-order meals. We're electrified and modernized and mechanized. But not everybody is right up to the minute. Little reminders of the past keep cropping up, quaint and picturesque symbols of the rugged life that great-grandpa led in the days when everyone heated bath water on the kitchen stove.

Take refrigeration, for example. Nowadays food is stored in home freezers and refrigerators that even know when to defrost themselves. But not in great-grandpa's day. He had an icebox, and it may well have been chilled by the ice that he and his neighbors harvested themselves each winter. The whole community turned out, bundled up against the bitter wind that swept across the lake. The horses exhaled clouds of steam, and the youngsters got into snowball fights.

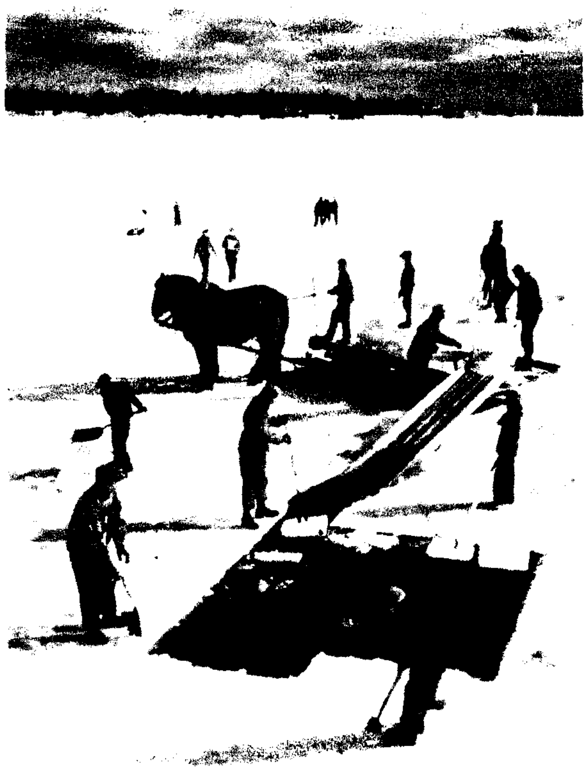
You'd go a long way today to find a community that harvests its own ice. But there are a few villages scattered throughout the Northern States that still do. One of the

ur-bladed tool and Ray Cull handles horse

most colorful is Beaver Island in northern Michigan. It's a small community and so are its needs. The old-fashioned methods of cutting ice serve Beaver Island's purposes just fine.

Here winter comes on Thanksgiving and never leaves till May. By midwinter, the tiny harbor of St. James is frozen over and then the village fathers meet to test the ice. If it is thick enough, the word goes out and the men of the village gather. Each has a job. The long handsaws are sharpened and the horses harnessed to the sleighs. The ice is cleared with an ancient, creaking scraper. Next comes the marking. A horse-drawn plow scores a shallow furrow in the blue-white ice and then the cutting begins. As each block comes loose it is skidded up a roughhewn ramp onto sleighs and hauled away to the icehouse. It takes about three days before the house is full and the ice is bedded down in sawdust.

Old-fashioned? Perhaps, but Beaver Island is in no special hurry, and it likes the warmth it finds in harvesting the ice.

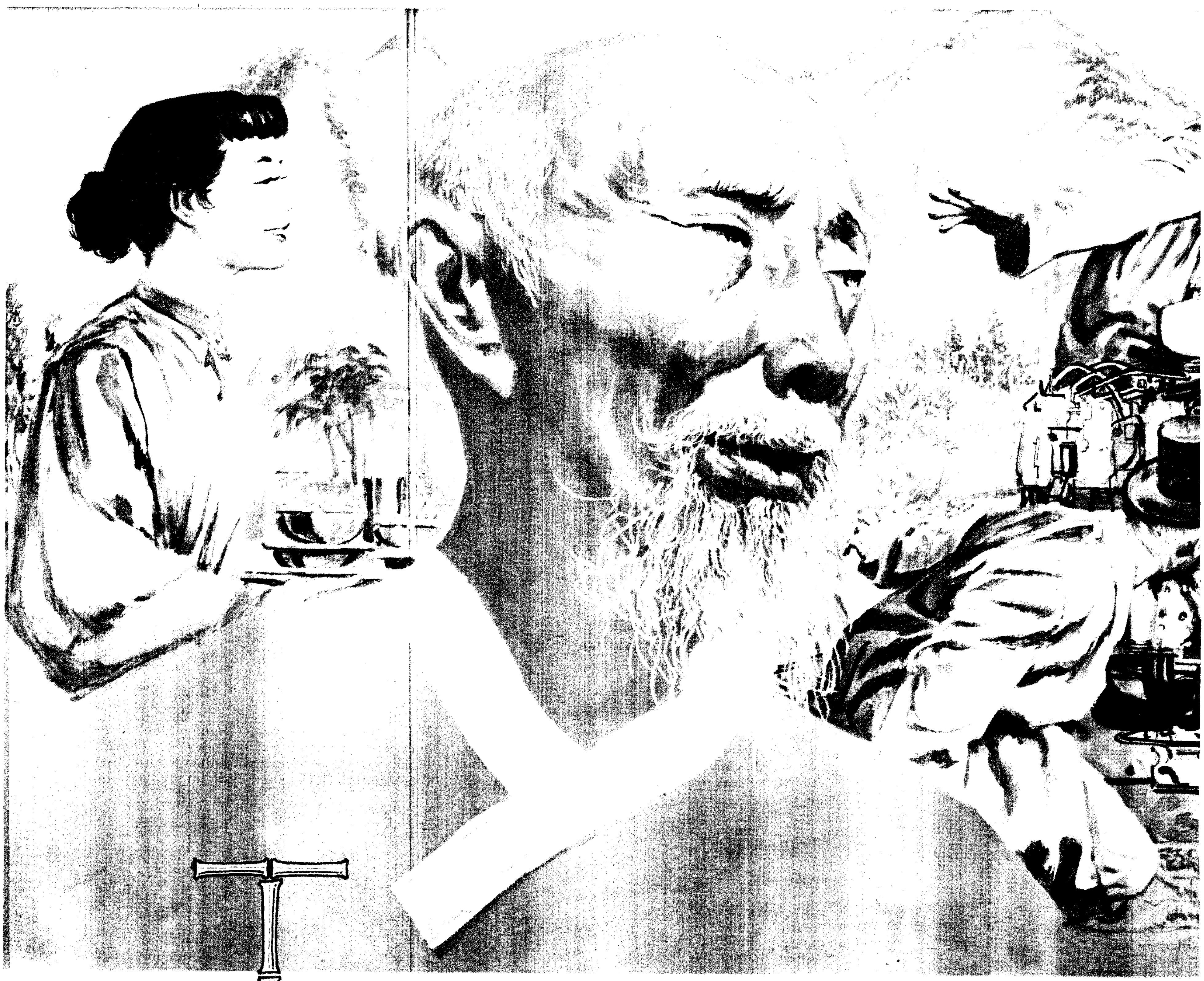


Everybody has a job. Men saw, then move the ice cakes to skidway with pike poles for loading on sleigh. Women in background bring coffee for harvesters working in the below-zero weather

Bells ajingle, ice-laden sleigh glides through evergreen forest on way to icehouse. There the blocks are packed snug in sawdust for use during the summer. Each cake weighs about 300 pounds

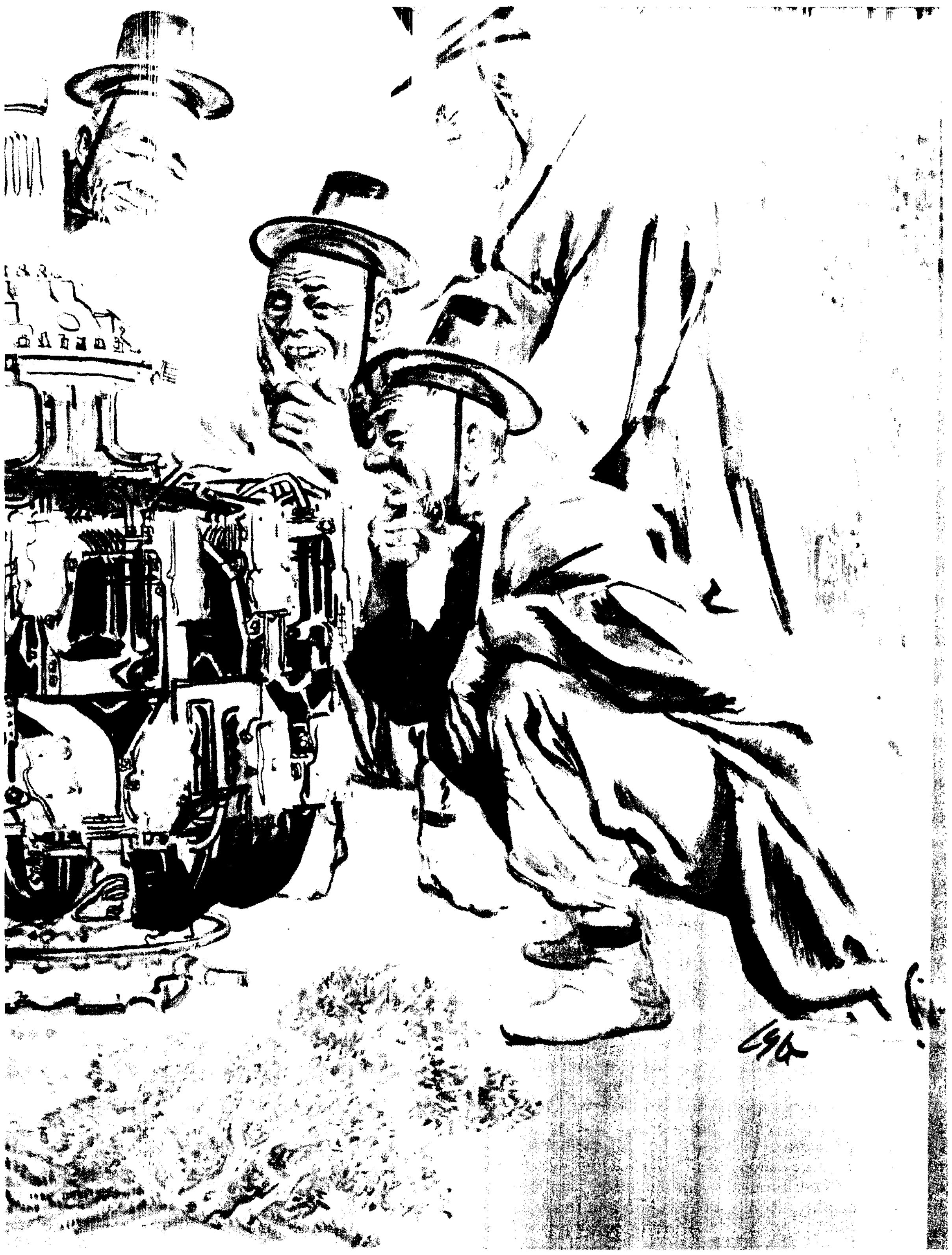
Pale winter sunlight shines through ice being loaded on sleigh. Job begins when village fathers decide ice is thick enough to be cut. The entire operation normally requires three days of work

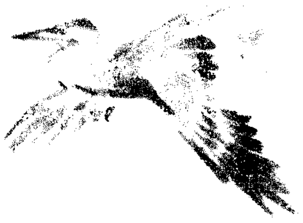
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER



The Happiness Machine

It was the most wonderful machine on earth: it would make him popular; it would make him wise. And soon it would make him rue the day he bought it





A First Short Story **By W. DOUGLAS LANDSFORD**

ONE evening in late September, Mr. Kwan Sun Yul, retired farmer and resident of the village of Sangyang-ni, led a rented ox and cart along the road from Seoul. In the cart was the most fabulous, most exciting object Mr. Kwan had ever seen. It was an airplane engine.

Mr. Kwan, whose face under his straw hat resembled a cooked prune that was framed by snowy hair and a sparse little beard, was reliving, over and over again, that magic moment in Seoul when his eyes had first seen the wonderful machine. It had happened on the street that the Americans called Thieves' Market—imagine, this *miracle* on his first visit to the great city in twenty-two years! Oh, how the gods had smiled on him! The very heart of an iron bird lay at the stupid vendor's feet, but the dolt didn't know its worth or didn't care.

Mr. Kwan grinned toothlessly, remembering what a young American soldier had read to him from the shiny plate on the engine. It was difficult to say the words, but he remembered them: Pratt and Whitney—a sound as lovely as the name of his village—Pratt and Whitney. He thought of the musical words with a thrill of anticipation, picturing the moment when he should unveil his treasure before the elders of Sangyang-ni. Could they ignore him then?

It was dark when the old man turned onto the trail that led to the fifty-odd *geep*—or houses—that composed Sangyang-ni. And it was then that the little fears attacked him. What would the villagers think of his machine? Would they regard him as a wise man now—or an even greater fool?

Not for twenty-two years had he held himself up to the judgment of the village, not since, unhandsome and already forty-eight years old, he had returned from a similar trip to Seoul with his young, beautiful bride, Hwang Ok Iee—the Sapphire. For her, the sun in his heart, he had dreamed of building a new *geep*—solid and well-thatched—wherein, during the winters, he might have fire under every room and be as comfortable as Buddha in his temple.

But it was not to be. Tok Kae Bi, the devil ghost of death, flood and famine, had seen his lovely bride and envied him. But it was *they*, his neighbors with their venomous tongues, who had brought the evil one upon her.

"The city woman will bear you naught but evil, Kwan-Shi!" He had heard it from everyone, and within the year Ok Iee had sickened and died without bearing him a child.

It was told by the old women of Sangyang-ni that one day, along the outskirts of the village, a most handsome youth had appeared to Ok Iee. He was irresistible, and she had to follow. Faster and faster he walked, and faster and faster she pursued, until she was running. Then suddenly he stopped and turned, and his face was the horned, tiger-fanged face of Tok Kae Bi. And when he blew his evil breath upon her, she fell as one dead, never to open her eyes again.

The day they carried her body, wrapped in paper and bound from head to foot with seven ties, and placed it in a hillside while drums and symbols kept the evil spirits away—on that day Mr. Kwan became old.

He never remarried. But as the years dulled the pain in his heart he came to like being an idle gentleman. And he dreamed that one day, with the proper age, he might even become a philosopher, the most honored occupation among Koreans. In his declining years he would assume the patriarchal role of village elder.

So he had settled to await the respect due his age and station—but there had been no respect, no demand for his philosophy. Where his house should have been crowded with those seeking his wisdom, it was filled only with loneliness. Somewhere along the years he had missed a turn, had overlooked the paving of a road to his store of knowledge. How? When? He did not know. He knew only that his neighbors deemed him miserly and eccentric, because he'd had the good sense to hang on to his hard-earned money. Why, wondered Mr. Kwan, should that matter? What was money compared with the spiritual wealth he was ready to extend to one and all?

Mr. Kwan brought the phlegmatic ox to a stop before his *geep*. Meanwhile, excited whispers that the old miser had come back—leading an ox and cart with a mysterious cargo wrapped in rice mats—brought the curious villagers racing breathlessly to his door.

Kwan, pretending not to notice the excitement his arrival had caused, climbed up on the cart and made as if to move the massive load alone. Instantly several young men offered assistance. These Kwan eyed suspiciously, stroking his whiskers; then he ordered stout poles and rope, and with much ceremony directed the men as they unloaded the covered engine and carried it into his house.

As the young men sweated and grunted, he noted with pure joy the questions in their eyes.The crowd, forced to wait outside, whispered excitedly. They die of curiosity, Kwan thought, smiling. Oh, let them wonder!

"I once hired such an animal for a rich farmer," he heard one man say. "You would not believe the cost were I to tell you!"

"A fortune!" cried another man.

"A fortune, indeed! What has the old fool bought to warrant such extravagance?"

The crowd shifted impatiently, but still he let it wait. Finally, when he came out, it was only to wave his battered hat and announce in his thin voice: "I am tired, neighbors. Permit an old man his rest." And the villagers dispersed reluctantly, muttering, as he re-entered his *geep*. He had never felt better.

Mi Fwa, his niece, left her slippers at the door and padded across the wooden floor to him. At seventeen she was tiny and soft, with a broad pretty face. Under her small sharp nose was a diminutive mouth as round as the wild berries she loved so well. Her eyes, large and brown, had always re-

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minded old Kwan of peach pits with burning centers. Her name, which meant Beautiful Flower, suited her well.

She squatted beside him. "There is great excitement," she said, taking his wrinkled hand. "It is whispered you have brought back a treasure."

"True," said old Kwan happily. "But could it be"—and he smiled—"that curiosity consumes your heart as well?"

"Oh," she cried, "I die of it!"

"Then let us satisfy it," he said, and limped toward the bundle by the wall. He bent with effort, for the trip had been long for his seventy years, and untied the ropes.

"And are you as rich as they say, Uncle?"

"Rich?" He paused to tap his head. "Only here—a form of wealth our neighbors have never understood. You and I have lived for the last ten years, since your good father gave you to me, from the sale of my land and oxen."

SHE watched eagerly as he unwrapped the mysterious bundle, feeling a deep love for him.

"Look! Mi Fwa, is it not beautiful? Is it not majestic?" But at the disappointment written so clearly on her face, his happiness changed to perplexity, and then to fear. What—what if the elders—?

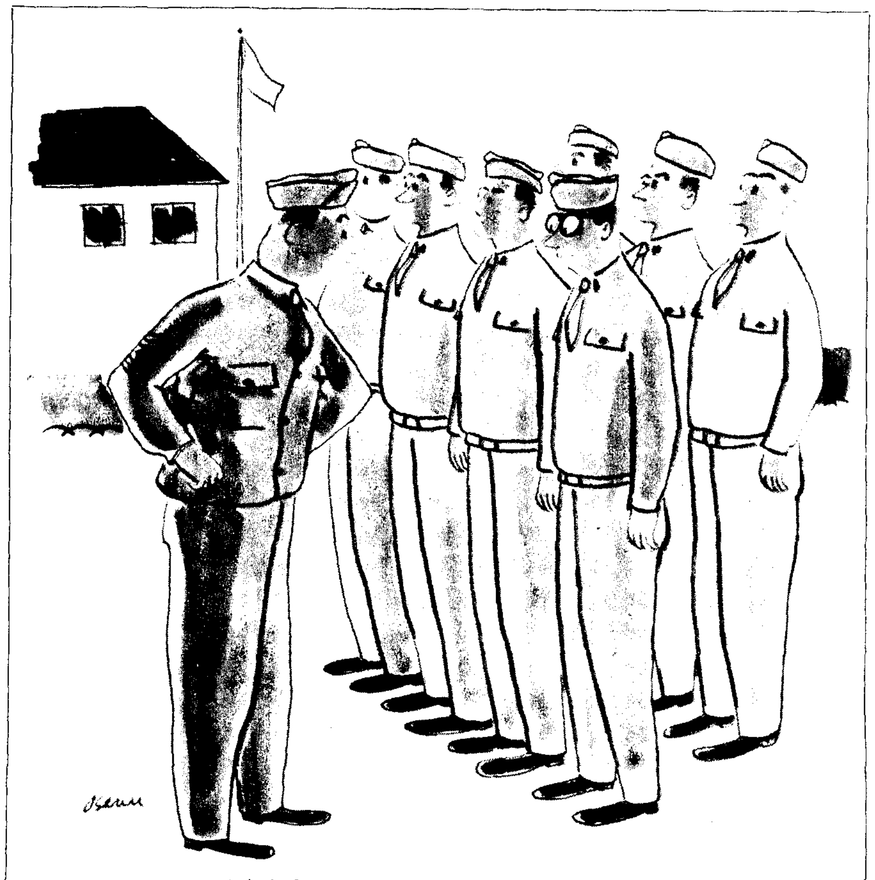
"A dirty pile of iron!" the girl whispered almost pityingly.

"No—a treasure, child! A treasure!" he cried desperately. "You are too young to understand such a machine!"

Suddenly aware of the pain she had caused him, she wanted to tear out her tongue. "You are right, Uncle," she said. "What am I but a foolish girl? It *is* beautiful, truly beautiful, Uncle. Now I will prepare your food, for you must be starved."

"There will soon be visitors," Mr. Kwan said, and he brightened at the thought. "Many, many visitors, my dear, and they will be hungry and thirsty." From under his knee-length linen coat he took several notes and handed them to Mi Fwa. "One thousand *whan!*" he announced. "Run, child. Buy saki. Get colored cookies, nuts, apples, and provide us with a bowl of your delectable *kimchi!* Quickly, dear Flower!" he cried, his little eyes twinkling joyously, "and do not forget to fire the floor. Our guests must be made comfortable!"

The girl, confused but ever obedient, went quickly. . . .



COLLIER'S "All this isn't exactly new to me, sir. My mother was a major in the WAC in World War Two" KATE OSANN

For over two hours Mr. Kwan toiled over the engine, scraping its deepest recesses, bathing it with seed oil from his lamps, polishing it to the brilliance of the sun itself. The engine represented the last of his savings.

He regarded it with joy, a massive monument of metal fashioned in the flawless lines of a Buddha. It was the very heart of one of those incredible birds that had roared daily over his home on their way to lay their eggs of fire on the enemy from the north. How he had thrilled to their magnificent *roar!* They had been silver gods—untouchable, completely unbelievable to him and those of his village.

The engine lay propeller shaft up, its cylinders surrounding it so that it looked like a huge steel cake. A lamp flickered behind it, another against the wall, and the light fell dramatically on its surface. Mr. Kwan sat down behind it, legs crossed, back straight, and waited for his visitors.

At the first sound of voices he hastily covered the engine with a mat and sat back fumbling to strike a match to the steel bowl of his long bamboo pipe.

They approached like sinners come to redeem their sins at the temple. The first to poke his head around the curtain at his door was Lee Chi Ho, a stocky old man with a button nose and an egg-shaped head shaved bald. Though he tickled the funny bone on sight, Lee Chi Ho was no fool. He was an elder who sat in the company of Cho Pyong Yong, the silent; Pak Yun Yan, the powerful landowner; Kim Il Soo, the merchant; Han Koo Sick, the respected dispenser of herbs and healer of bodily ills. They were all wealthy and retired gentlemen, held in high esteem for their profound wisdom and philosophy.

"Good evening," said Lee Chi Ho cautiously.

"Whom do you seek?" asked Kwan-Shi as though he had never set eyes on the little man before, though inside he was bursting with excitement.

"I"—it was obvious he was being nudged through the curtain—"I come to pay my—respects. Yes, most assuredly—my respects, Kwan-Shi!"

"After twenty-two years?" Mr. Kwan asked coolly. "Surely, you have not suddenly discovered that Kwan Sun Yul lives."

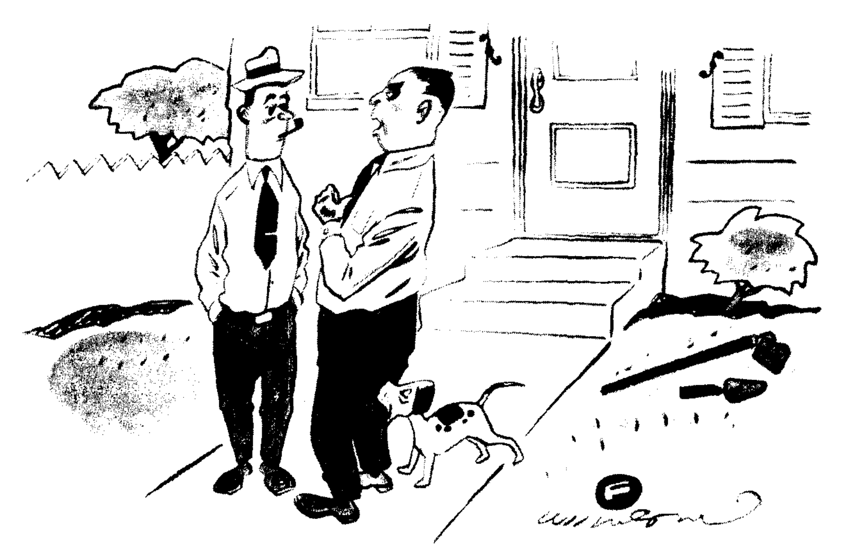
A hand appeared from behind the curtain and thrust a bowl into Lee's hand. "If one may" —he began lamely—"offer a foolish present—"

"Well now," said Mr. Kwan who did not wish to appear too disinterested. "Please come into my poor house."

AS LEE CHI HO removed his shoes and shuffled in nervously, Mr. Kwan detected the strong, sour odor of *kimchi.* He accepted the bowl, bowing deeply.

"There are those who feel honored to call you friend who await outside, Kwan-Shi," said Lee nervously. Here the curtain parted to admit the bullet head of Pak Yun Yan, the landowner, who withdrew after a furtive look.

Mr. Kwan, who was now enjoying himself immensely, walked to the doorway and suddenly, throwing back the



COLLIER'S "He's strictly a one man dog. Never bites anyone but me" FRITZ WILKINSON curtain, caught four nervous elders huddled together, holding bowls, boxes and cloth packets. They were in their finest coats and *kwans*—the hats of horsehair that denoted their status as retired gentlemen—and their quarrelsome frowns became angelic smiles as Kwan looked at them.

"You are welcome," said Mr. Kwan, smiling and bowing them in.

"An honor," said Kim Il Soo, the incredibly wizened old merchant.

Cho Pyong Yong, the silent, bowed so low his bones seemed about to crack.

One by one they sat, and Kwan uttered an inaudible sigh of relief.

"We have seen your magnificent ox," said Pak Yun Yan. Mr. Kwan saw their gaze turn toward the covered machine. He nodded slightly and continued puffing on his stale pipe.

"We trust the fine animal was well cared for," said Cho Pyong Yong. "My son, who is a good judge of stock, assures me it is very expensive to rent such animals."

"I am indebted for your son's trouble."

"Very expensive," echoed Kim Il Soo.

"Very," Mr. Kwan agreed, nodding.

"Might one inquire the *exact* price?" asked Dr. Han with that forwardness of which all Koreans are possessed.

"Forty-eight hundred *whan*," Mr. Kwan replied matter-of-factly.

THROUGH what remained of their teeth, the men sucked air audibly to express their astonishment. "My dear Kwan-Shi—" Mr. Pak exclaimed.

"One wonders," cut in Mr. Lee, "if one might see what is under that mat." He giggled like a little girl.

"No," said Mr. Kwan. "Decidedly not! My machine is—"

"Machine? Machine?" asked Cho Pyong Yong eagerly. "What machine?"

"*The* machine," old Kwan said mysteriously.

They stared at one another with a mixture of fascination and terror. Then, no longer able to pretend, they pleaded, flattered and cajoled, until Kwan-Shi, smiling proudly, exposed his treasure. "Behold, gentlemen! The *kikwan!* The heart of the *bihangki*—the machine that flies!"

And he could have swooned with happiness at the amazement in their faces, and for the "Oh's" and "Ah's" that filled the room.

"And now, friends," he said, clapping twice to call his niece, "we shall eat." He turned his back on their smiles of delight as they received the trays she passed, and then the visitors unwrapped the gifts they had brought. There were nuts, rice, beans and fruits. There was tobacco too, and big, unsalted peanuts, and *kimchi* made by Dr. Han's wife—gifts for a king! Kwan Sun Yul almost wept.

LONG into the night the old men spoke and smoked and ate, lavishing caresses with their hands and eyes upon the astounding mass of steel. And Mr. Kwan spoke long and eloquently of its marvels, hinting at the amazing price he had paid for it, and of his difficulties in persuading the vendor—who had suddenly acquired the shrewdness of a devil—to part with it.

Through the hours the elders listened openmouthed to the flow of philosophy and heretofore unsuspected knowledge with which old Kwan spoke. Indeed, his speech was that of the wisest, his tastes those of a true gentleman. When they left that night, they wondered how they had ever overlooked such a one as Kwan-Shi.

The dinners continued, and within days Kwan's fame, and that of his machine, had spread to other villages; and everywhere he was greeted warmly, with many smiles and bows. He ordered clothes to dress the part. His *kwan* was of silk, his long coat of purest white and his voluminous trousers bloused at the ankles above spotless white shoes. He strolled along, head high, puffing his pipe with the arrogance of a lord. For he owned the only airplane engine in Sangyang-ni—quite possibly in all of Korea. . . .

Being a celebrity had its drawbacks, Mr. Kwan sadly observed one day. An inventory of his kitchen, clothes and money had just convinced him that if his hospitality had been unequaled in the history of the village, so now would his poverty be; for he was impoverished with a horrible finality, and with the additional problem of having to maintain a proper front.

For a week he and his new friends had whiled away the evenings deliciously, enjoying Mi Fwa's cooking and quantities of saki, while they related stories they had heard—or invented—about the huge steel birds that traversed the sky. Oh, happy night! But how could they go on? He could no longer afford his friends. And what if they learned of his debts, of his lack of preparedness for a dignified old age?

But this was not his only problem. Of late, cheerful Mi Fwa had looked gloomy, ready to burst into tears at the slightest provocation. Old Kwan wanted to comfort her, learn the cause of her sorrow and cure it.

"Come to me, girl," he said one day.

She came obediently and sat by him, avoiding his eyes.

"Unhappiness, my dear, is a cloud that soon darkens the brightest sun," he said. He waited for her to answer and when she did not, he placed his wrinkled hand on her face and turned it toward him. She was crying. "Have I been so unkind, dear one?" he said. "Is it because I refused to take you to Seoul?"

"Oh, it is worse. Oh, worse, worse!" She suddenly gave vent to her misery in a great torrent of tears. "I have lost my husband!"

The old one stopped stroking her hair. "In Buddha's name, have you lost your senses? You have no husband!"

"And I shall never have one!" she moaned. "Never, Uncle, never."

Old Kwan suppressed a smile. "Now," he said, "this husband you lost before marrying—what is his name?"

She looked at him for a moment, sniffled, wiped her eyes. "It is Pak Yun Wi," she said, "son of Pak Yun Yan, the landowner."

"The son—impossible! Nonsense!" the old man cried. "Yun Wi is a soldier. He has not yet come home."

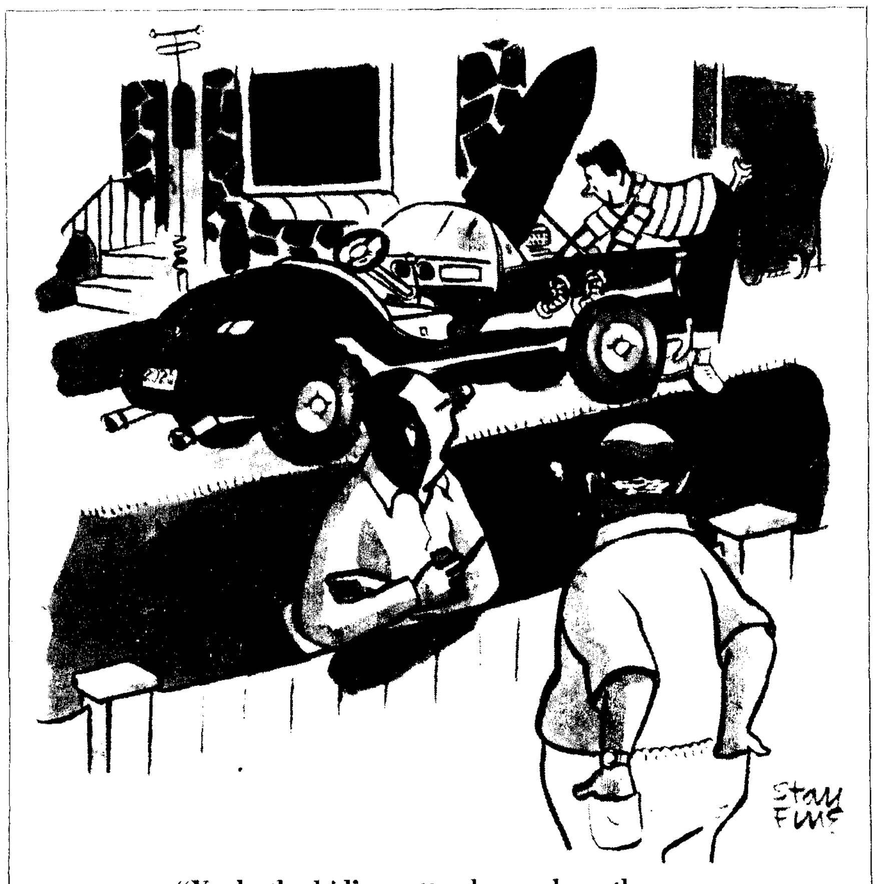
"It is not nonsense!" she replied spiritedly. "He is here, for while you were in Seoul he returned to convalesce from a wound. Oh, Uncle—he is so brave and kind!"

"May Buddha forgive your waywardness, indecent girl!" The old man held his head in anguish. In the village, where marriages were arranged by a broker, it was worth a girl's reputation to fraternize with young men. He dreaded what he had to ask next. "Have you been—alone with the boy?"

She nodded, turning her face from him and sobbing quietly. "He loves me, Uncle. And I love him. Oh, can you not see that we must marry?"

An unutterable weight pressed on Kwan's heart as he patted her head. Already he had decided on a plan that would permit his niece to marry her soldier and have her child honorably. It was a painful plan that would require that he make a great sacrifice—and that he have much luck.

PAK YUN YAN came eagerly, almost as though he had divined Mr. Kwan's purpose in sending for him secretly. For a long while the two old men smoked in silence. "My dear Pak-Shi," Kwan said at last, "during your



COLLIER'S "Yeah, the kid's pretty clever along those lines. He built that baby out of a few secondhand parts and $550 of my money" STAN FINE

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many recent visits I have observed how you caress my treasure with your eyes. What would you give to share it with me?"

Pak, caught off guard, was flustered. "Sh—share it? Share your machine? Why—why, I have money, Kwan-Shi—much money! And land and animals!"

MR. KWAN held up a hand. "Money?" he lied glibly. "I have more than I know what to do with. Land, animals? They interest me not."

"But—"

"I will *present* you with a share of my power," Kwan said. He could see Pak's tiny eyes narrow with suspicion and he hurried to beat him to the question. "Why? Why would I offer to share such power, such incredible beauty, such a treasure? I answer thusly: because fate has decreed that I should be uncle to a mere girl; and you are father to a brave, handsome boy."

"A dowry?" The old merchant was incredulous.

"A dowry, precisely. A union of our honored houses."

"I must think," said Pak Yun Yan, completely overwhelmed. "I am a man of great importance in this community. My son should marry well."

"Come," said Mr. Kwan, feigning annoyance when it was fear he felt. "I am prepared to be generous, but I grow impatient."

"How generous?" Pak asked.

Kwan swallowed hard. We must be bold, he told his heart; this is no time for indecision. "I shall not quibble," he said. "I shall be generous beyond your wildest expectations, Pak-Shi. I offer you—one half."

"One half!" Pak cried excitedly. "My *dear* Kwan-Shi! My dear friend! The marriage broker shall pass your portals this same afternoon!"

"It is well," said Mr. Kwan with the last of his composure. "Let us celebrate." And he poured a very large drink of saki for each of them.

That afternoon the broker did indeed enter the house. The contract was drawn, and signed by Mr. Kwan. It stipulated that Pak must never make known his partnership, and that the engine must remain in Kwan's house. In return, Mr. Kwan agreed to build a new *geep* for the bride and groom.

Reasoning that it is as painful to hang for a goose as for a gander, Mr. Kwan decided to raise money for his many expenditures by the only means at his disposal. That same afternoon he secretly visited each of the elders. With each visit the bulge in his pocket grew more impressive. He had accurately surmised that once he had outmaneuvered the shrewd Pak, the others would be like children in the grip of his wit. Yet his self-appraisal had been, if anything, modest; he proved to be so suave, so irresistible, so sure in his singleness of purpose, that in the end he outsmarted even himself.

Back home again, he discovered to his boundless joy that he had almost twice what he had paid for the machine in Seoul, twice as much money as he had ever before amassed in his life. There was enough to invest and live on comfortably for the remainder of his life; furthermore, he had bought Mi Fwa a husband.

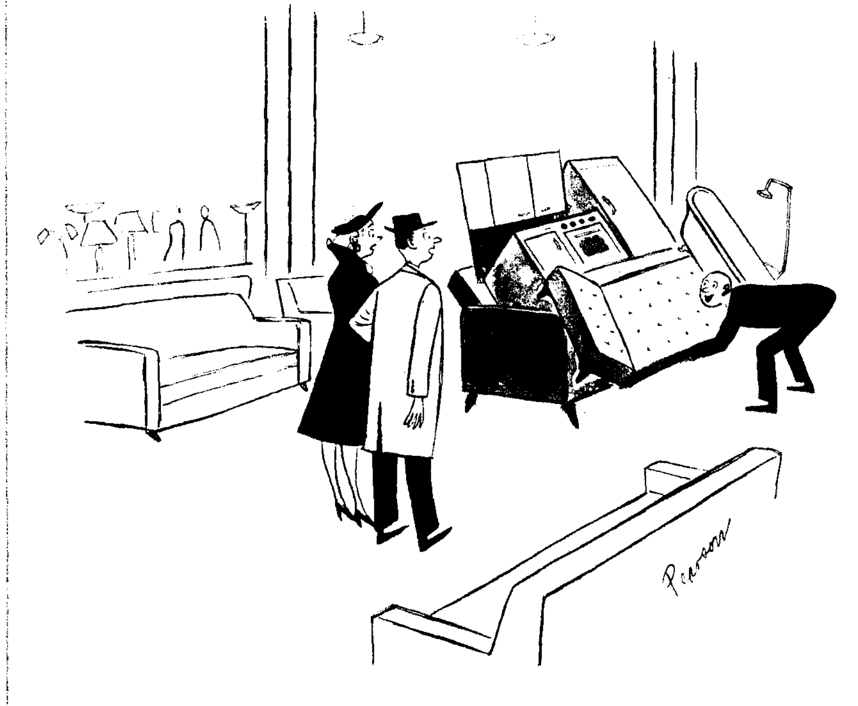
And none of the elders knew that anyone else owned any part of the *kikwan*. But what had completely escaped Kwan's notice was that, as of that afternoon, not one part of the engine now belonged to him.

MORE and more, as his philosophy swayed the elders, Kwan-Shi's stature grew. And the coming marriage of his niece Mi Fwa to shrewd old Pak's only son had only served to press the final jewel into the old philosopher's crown. Unfortunately, all this had not left him unchanged. He had lately decided that these were indeed stupid fellows with whom he associated—uninformed, complacent louts masquerading as wise men. Well, he would give them something for the dull teeth of their minds to masticate.

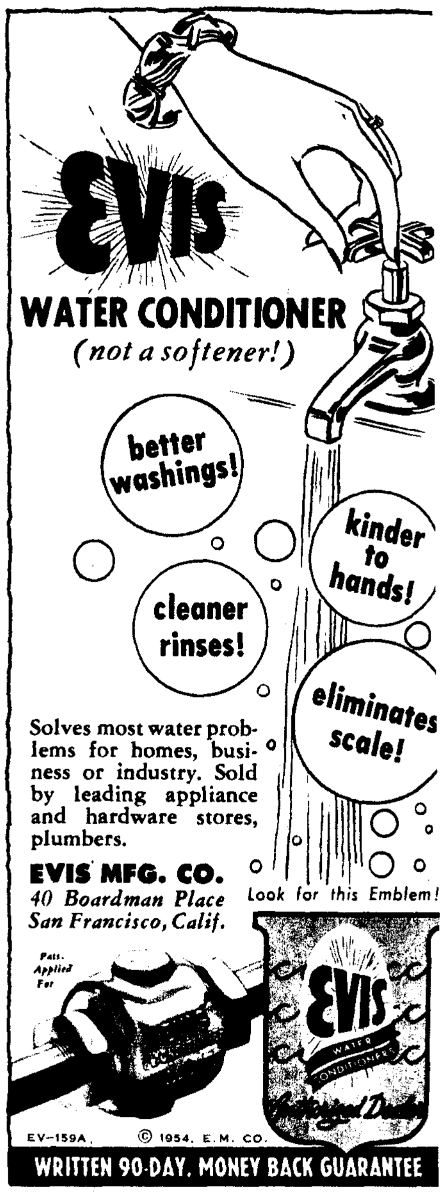
One evening after several jars of strong saki, while the elders sat admiring the machine that each secretly shared, Mr. Kwan said: "If I desired it, this machine could fly a house to Seoul!"

"A *house,* Kwan-Shi?" they exclaimed.

"A house—precisely!" he answered haughtily. "What are mud and straw to a machine that can hurl a bird of iron filled with men through space?



COLLIER'S "Up to now all you could get out of these things was a bed" CHARLES PEARSON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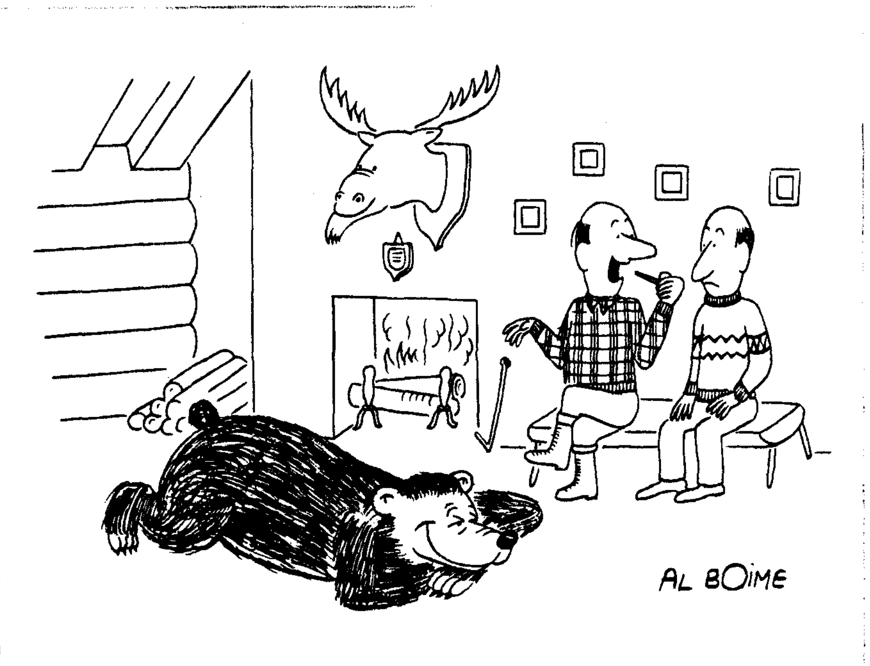


"I didn't have the heart to shoot him—and besides, he seems quite happy as a rug"

COLLIER'S AL BOIME

Gentlemen, have you any notion of how large a *bihangki* is?"

Fascinated, they gazed at him.

"Now, our largest *geep* is but one half the size of the smallest *bihangki.* If I wished, I could attach the heart of the bird to the house I am building for Mi Fwa, and lift it with ease!" It was a fine, dramatic moment. He could feel with a mild contempt that his presence had become too big for the room.

"We must do it!" cried Pak Yun Yan excitedly.

"Yes, we must, we shall!" echoed Lee Chi Ho feverishly. "If Kwan says it can be done, it *will* be done!"

"Make the house fly!" cried Dr. Han, struggling to his feet. "We shall all fly with it to Seoul!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" There was such a clamor that it left no chance for refusal. As if in a dream, Mr. Kwan found himself accepting leadership of the project. He was intoxicated with the prospect of the glorious success that he never doubted would crown his attempt. For like the bumblebee, Mr. Kwan lived blissfully unaware of the principles of aerodynamics.

"Mr. Kwan," said the exasperated young soldier most deliberately, "it cannot be done!"

MR. KWAN had been listening to Pak Yun Wi for over an hour, impressed only by the utter impertinence of the younger generation. This whelp of eighteen years was presuming to tell him—a village elder—that his engine could not lift a puny house!

"Enough," cried the old man. "I say it will fly. Your opinion is not welcome!"

"Sir, I beg you! You know nothing of the workings of the *bihangki.*"

"Presumptuous young ox!" Kwan cried. "Is it not the *kikwan* that causes it to fly?"

"Yes, but—"

"But nothing! It is the *kikwan* that counts—nothing else."

"Without a propeller—as I have explained, sir—it is useless."

"Then we shall fashion the most magnificent blade in all the world! Now leave me, young scoundrel," he said, shaking with rage. "Leave me before I remember what you did to my Beautiful Flower and take a stick to your back!"

"Because I love Mi Fwa I have tried to save your face," said Yun Wi. "But like my father you refuse to listen. Very well, do your ridiculous best. The house cannot fly. Not even with your absurd machine!"

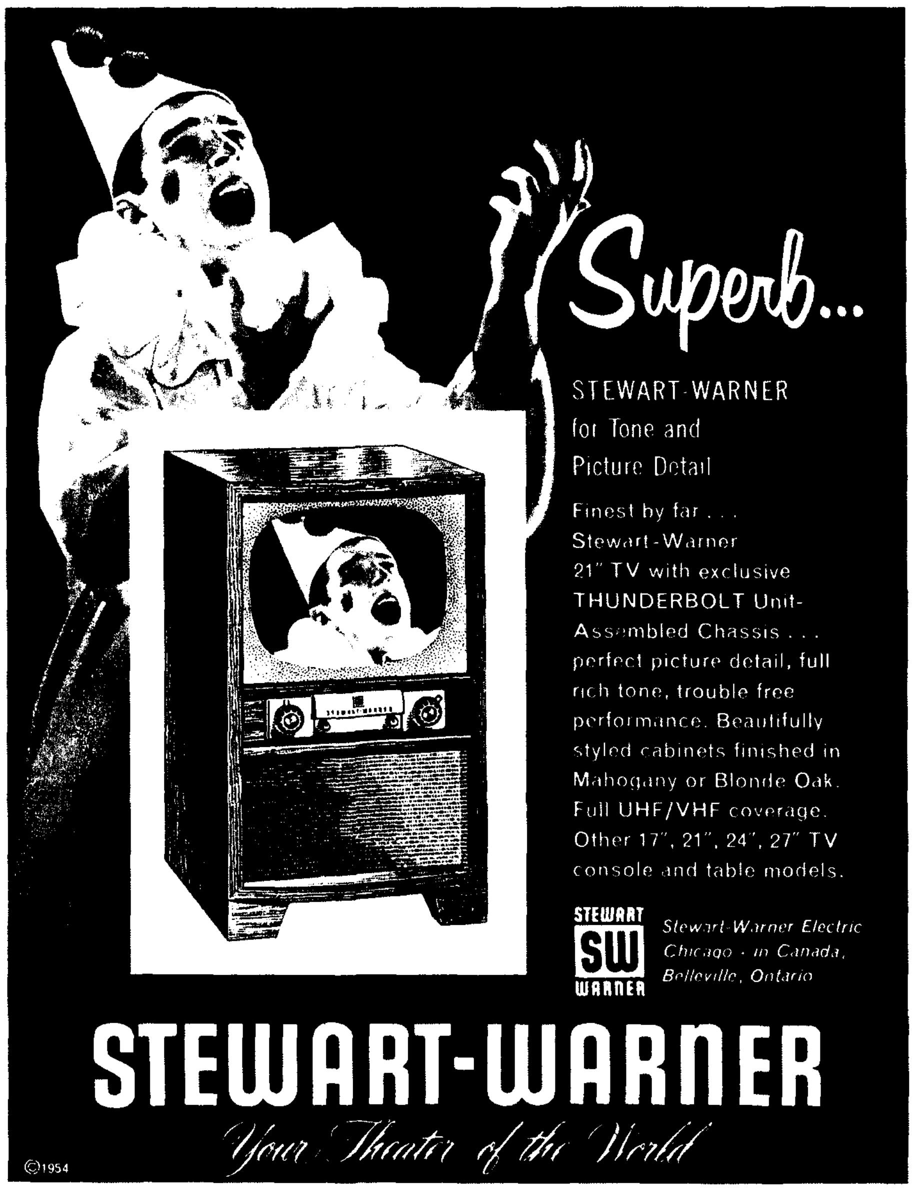
For an instant, anger gave way to terror in the old man's heart. But he straightened and stared angrily after the receding figure of the boy. How dared he? The house could fly—would fly, with the aid of his engine. He—Kwan Sun Yul, the wisest of the elders—knew it!

THE day of the greatest event in the history of Sangyang-ni dawned clear. Mr. Kwan, who had hardly slept for the alternating anxiety and joy that coursed through his old body, knew it would be a fine day for the flight. He thought of the last days of exciting preparation. He thought of his friends, active as children at play, as they had oiled and turned the magic machine and fitted it with a gigantic propeller made of stout wood. Despite violent headshaking on the part of the pessimistic youngster, Pak Yun Wi—and influenced no little by the all-knowing Mr. Kwan—they had reasoned that the bigger the propeller, the greater the resulting power.

Then had come the mounting of the clean, proud mechanism. There again, the wisdom of Kwan-Shi had prevailed over the many arguments. Some thought it belonged in front, as in the small *bihangki;* others thought it should be along one side, as on the larger ships. But Mr. Kwan, pointing out that the purpose of the blade was to generate air upon which the structure might float, ruled that it should be attached inside, where none of the air could escape. Thus, the engine was mounted on a stout platform inside Mi Fwa's wedding house.

At exactly noon of the wonderful day, Mr. Kwan, followed by the elders, made his way up the knoll upon which sat the little cottage that was to become Sangyang-ni's first airplane.

The immense crowd of villagers, and curious strangers who had come from miles around, parted to make a path for him who was said to be the greatest man in the history of the village. At the door he held up his arms for silence. "My friends," he said, "I am Kwan Sun Yul, owner of the greatest machine on earth. In a moment it shall cause this *geep* to rise and fly before your very eyes!" Then, with a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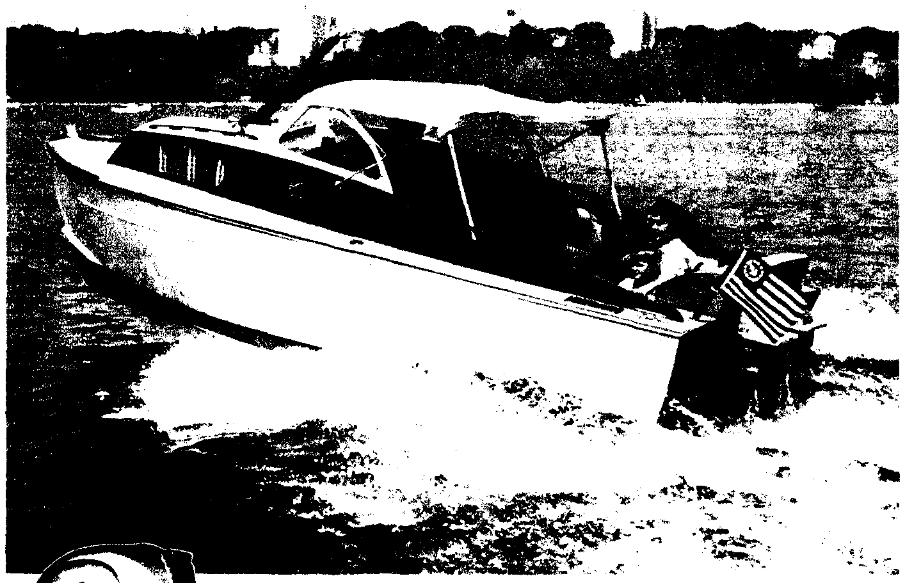
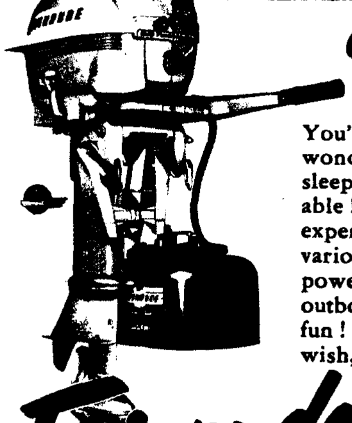
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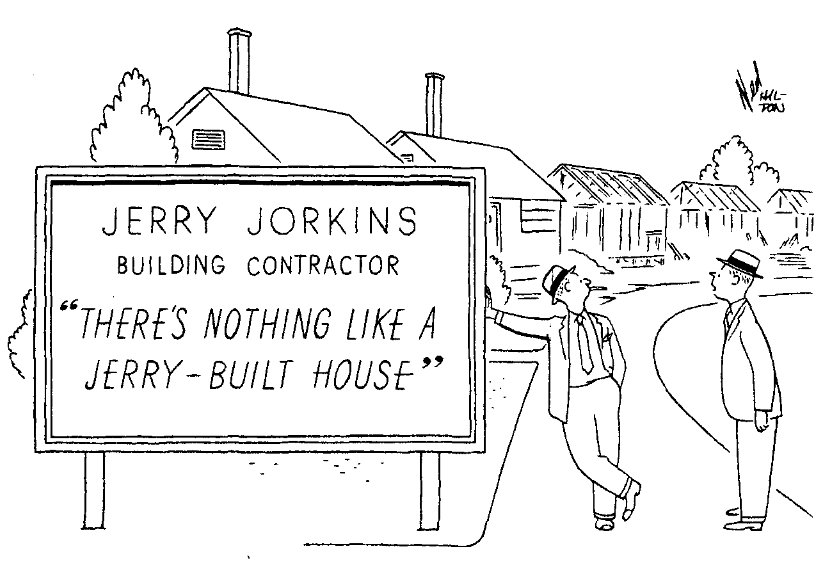

COLLIER'S

"Mind if I make a suggestion, Jerry, old man?"

NED HILTON

dramatic flourish, he went into the hut, followed by the excited elders.

Inside, Yun Wi was connecting a container of gasoline to the carburetor. The huge propeller, which reached from ceiling to floor, was ready to begin its work.

"It is prepared," the boy announced dejectedly. "Please, I beg you—"

"Step aside!" Mr. Kwan said rudely. He went over to inspect the machine. "It is ready," he said authoritatively. The others nodded gravely.

The walls were decorated, the shelves stocked with dishes and the floors covered with mats, for Mi Fwa, refusing to recognize the madness in which the elders had involved her first home, had gone on to outfit it for living. Yun Wi, trapped between two fires, looked about his new house in despair. At Mr. Kwan's signal he gulped, primed the engine and spun the propeller. Nothing happened.

"We fly to Seoul!" cried Mr. Kwan, choking with emotion. "Start it! Start the *kikwan!*"

THE boy spun the blade again. The elders, now clinging to the walls in terror, saw him fuss nervously with the machinery. Then Yun Wi gave a mighty swing and the engine exploded frightfully and the blade swished through the still air like a scythe in the hands of a madman.

Outside, the crowd saw the hut suddenly shudder with unbelievable violence, and they fled screaming. Those who stopped to look back saw the house not rising, not flying, but vibrating itself to pieces, with plaster and shattered articles of furniture hurtling through the windows and walls. They saw the elders scrambling for their lives, shouting that the world was ending, and begging mercy of mighty Buddha. Then the roof erupted into a rain of straw and the walls exploded, exposing for a terrifying instant the thundering, shrieking, oil-splattered steel madness within. Suddenly, the propeller went zooming off through the air—the only part of the contraption destined to fly—and with a sigh, the engine ceased its mad gyrations. Then it fell thundering from its platform. Sangyang-ni was safe again.

An hour later, while the others still hid and spoke in whispers of Tok Kae Bi, the evil one, five fuming elders held their council and compared notes. The liar! The fox! The slippery old devil! Then they marched to the ruined cottage and disassembled the machine, and each carried his part of the property away.

At that moment Mr. Kwan sat in his *geep*, a defeated old man from whom the last shred of dignity had fallen. He knew that once the elders divulged the story behind the fiasco, there would be not one friendly word left for him in Sangyang-ni. He was ruined, utterly and irretrievably; and worse, he had robbed Mi Fwa of her chance for respectability and happiness.

That night when he saw Mi Fwa's beautiful eyes, swollen and red, he knew she had seen Yun Wi for the last time. Then, crying bitterly, she told him about the disassembling of the engine.

For two days Mr. Kwan sat like one dead, so that Beautiful Flower all but forgot her own sorrow in her concern for him. He could not hear, could not eat, could not sleep; it was as though he courted the death dragon. It frightened her to see the frail old man cover his face and sob soundlessly during the night.

She resolved one day not to let him die. She gathered up their clothes and the remaining food. Then she took her uncle's hand and led him from their little hut toward the trail that led to the road to Seoul.

THE word that Mr. Kwan was leaving spread quickly through the village. When the news reached Pak Yun Yan, who had sat brooding for days, he suddenly sprang up with a shriek. "No!" he cried, "he cannot leave. We must stop him!" And he rushed from the house to see his fellow elders.

Mi Fwa, who first heard the crowd, was frightened. From the outskirts of the village it sounded like the low rumble of wagon wheels, hurrying to overtake them. "Seize them!" came the cries, and the next instant the villagers were all about. Mi Fwa, fearing for Kwan-Shi's life, covered him protectively, fighting back her tears.

Later, shaken and confused, they were sitting on the floor of their own *geep*, their belongings beside them, when Yun Wi dashed in. He shook Mr. Kwan's hand and took Mi Fwa into his arms and kissed her.

"We'll be married, Mi Fwa! We'll be married!" he cried, while she sobbed with happiness at his words.

Mr. Kwan blinked in disbelief and

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turned his wrinkled face to Yun Wi. "You *want* Mi Fwa? You *love* her?"

"Love her who is the light of the world to me? Who dispelled my misery? Who took away my pain? Was there another woman with the courage to visit me as I lay in agony, imprisoned in plaster while I mended?"

"Imprisoned?"

"Like a shellfish!" Yun Wi answered. "Unable to stir in bed without aid."

"You could—not move?"

"Not at all. Without Mi Fwa to read to me, comfort me and hold my hand, I would have gone insane!"

"But—the baby?"

"Baby?" Yun Wi asked perplexed. He glanced at Mi Fwa. "What baby?"

"I do not know," she said. "What baby, Uncle?"

THE old man's eyes lighted with sudden understanding. So the *bi-hangki* was not his only folly. He felt so inadequate, somehow, so far from the infallible wise man he had once considered himself.

"I—I simply meant I hope you will have many of them when you are married," he said, smiling.

"Why, I should hope so!" Yun Wi exclaimed, making the girl blush. "Now, Kwan-Shi, another matter. Some who would see you wait outside."

Kwan's smile quickly vanished. "True," he said gloomily. "I have been a foolish old man. There is much I must atone for."

As the elders entered, Mr. Kwan averted his head, not wishing to meet their accusing glances. But there were no accusations. Slowly they sat before him, and they carried gifts, as on that night when they had first entered his house in friendship.

"We have come," said Pak Yun Yan in a subdued voice, "to ask forgiveness."

Had he heard correctly? Mr. Kwan raised his head and saw the elders sitting stiffly, their wrinkled faces contorted with fear of what his answer might be. A great emotion swelled within him, choking him so that he could not breathe. His heart pounded.

"I—" Lee Chi Ho began, shoving his gift awkwardly at Mr. Kwan.

"You—bring me gifts?" he said in disbelief. He still did not understand; he knew only that something, some miracle, had brought them back.

"You were leaving Sangyang-ni," Dr. Han said in a strange voice.

"We ask you to stay," said Pak Yun Yan. "We all ask it."

Old Kwan sighed with happiness. "I thank you, Pak-Shi, for permitting Yun Wi to wed my niece," he said. "I shall repay each of you every *whan*."

"We did not come for money," said Pak. "Nor for gratitude." He paused and clapped twice. Several young men came in bearing five bundles, which they laid at the feet of Mr. Kwan. Each contained parts of the *kikwan*.

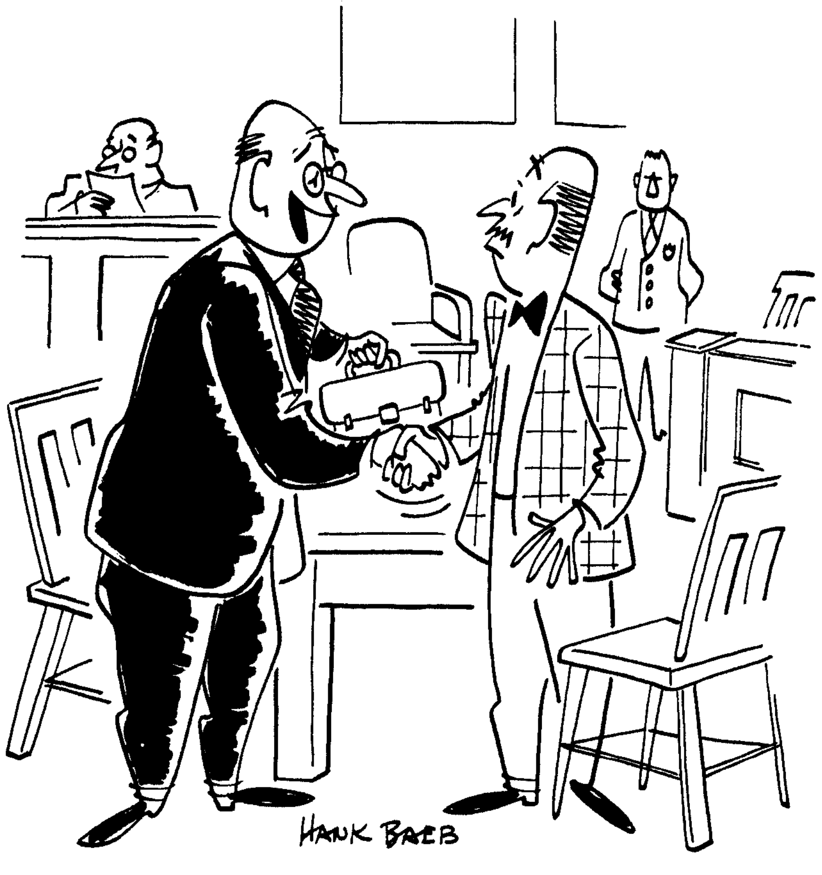
"Before you brought us this heart of the bird, we were nothing," Pak said. "We were old and lonely men. It became a living heart that brought us together and gave us laughter and happiness. Apart, it dies and we are lonely again."

The others rocked gently, nodding to his every word. "Take it back, Kwan-Shi," Pak said. "Keep it and permit us to visit as before, when we were whole and happy."

While Mi Fwa and Yun Wi went out to see the moon, the old men reassembled their engine, the heart that had become their heart. They cleaned it lovingly, and polished it to the brilliance of pure silver. Then they placed it where they might all sit next to it, and arranged the lamps so the light would shine upon it.

They ate then, and drank and laughed happily, discussing what old men discuss and filling the tiny room with the thick, pungent smoke of their long pipes. And the *kikwan*, large and proud and beautiful once more, seemed very much a part of the little hut—the gay little hut that would never know unhappiness again.

—W. DOUGLAS LANDSFORD



COLLIER'S "I was beginning to think I'd *never* win one" HANK BAEB

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Elephants? Swindlers? Runawa

Stationmaster Fischer is stopped by passenger who asks directions

Everything Happens at GRAND CENTRAL STATION

By EDWARD G. FISCHER with WAYNE AMOS

EVERY night when I go home from my job I'm sure I've seen everything. Next day back at work I know I haven't.

I've escorted Presidents of the United States and chased pet animals through underground tunnels. The building I manage is so huge it contains a hospital, a nursery, a police detention room and a morgue. Because it houses such a range of human interests, I naturally run up against all sides of life. Mothers have deserted their babies on my doorstep; husbands have been reunited with their wives. Swindlers once sold two brothers part of the building for $10,000. It was even my task, once, to help a minister and a wheat farmer straighten out a misunderstanding about their mislaid false teeth.

I'm the stationmaster at New York City's Grand Central Terminal—the busiest and perhaps the most famous railroad terminal in the world. Every day 500,000 people and 565 trains (800 on holidays) pass through the station. During rush hours three trains enter or leave every two minutes. It's my job to see that all this traffic moves in orderly fashion. To help me, I have seven assistant stationmasters, 29 gatemen, 75 information clerks, 150 redcap porters and 15 matrons and maids. As soon as trains enter the yard their crewmen and conductors come under my jurisdiction, too. I check to see that trains are routed to the proper tracks for loading and unloading, cleaning and washing, and final making-up. And if a special train is required for a crown prince or a Shrine convention, the arrangements for handling it in the terminal are left to me.

But also in the line of duty I have held up traffic while an elephant boy coaxed two elephants to kneel and creep through a taxi ramp (the only exit big enough for them), lent a millionaire society woman five bucks for a cab (she had lost her handbag), escorted a young lady and her pet—a full-grown deer—to her private drawing room, and helped a young mother change the diapers of her triplets (I brought the family into my office).

I celebrated my sixtieth birthday not long ago, and 44 of those years have been spent in Grand Central. Still I find I run into something different every day. Once, a little late, I tried to stop 35 Los Angeles policemen who rode through Grand Central on their motorcycles. The moment their special train arrived for an American Legion convention they shot out of a baggage car with a thundering roar and rode straight up the train platform into the station, across the 385-foot-long grand concourse, through the waiting room, out the main door and down 42d Street, sirens screaming.

Another time the late cowboy actor Tom Mix rode through the station on his horse, Tony. Sparks flew as the iron shoes clattered and slipped on the marble floor. It was a miracle that the horse didn't fall on anyone. Luckily, Roy Rogers warned us when he wanted to pull the same stunt with Trigger. I talked him out of it.

I'm on the job seven days a week. My doctor says I've got to take it easier, but he doesn't understand about trains—they get into your blood.

Even at home—we live in the Bronx, seven miles from Grand Central but overlooking the tracks—my wife catches me at the bedroom window with my watch in hand clocking the Wolverine or the Twentieth Century Limited or the Advance Commodore Vanderbilt to see if they got away from the terminal on time. When my daughter married, my son-in-law's interest in railroading was one of the main reasons I gave my okay. He's now a train dispatcher here in the terminal. I've not been too successful in influencing my son; he's a doctor of mechanical engineering.

Getting a Start As a Railroad Man

I couldn't stop living and breathing trains now even if I wanted to. Grand Central has been my life since I started out as a messenger in the train dispatcher's office when I was sixteen years old. I worked up as a clerk through the passenger transportation office and the car service department, became trainmaster in 1942 and finally stationmaster in 1947.

That full experience has been invaluable in teaching me my way around the huge station. Grand Central is no two-car garage. The building itself covers almost six square city blocks and there are 67 underground tracks—26 on the lower level and 41 on the upper; I figure I walk 20 miles a day on the average. My familiarity with the terminal often comes in handy.

One Sunday, I was passing a baggage car when a prize Doberman pinscher, about to be shipped out on an express car, slipped his collar and high-tailed it up the tracks. There are 79 acres of tracks stretching from 42d Street to 59th Street, where the tunnel to 97th Street begins. The tracks are all electrified.

I didn't want to ask anyone to risk his life down there so I took out after the Doberman myself. I chased him to 59th Street and back twice—it's dark where the tunnel begins and he'd get scared and turn back—and through the station four times. A full three hours later I finally caught him.

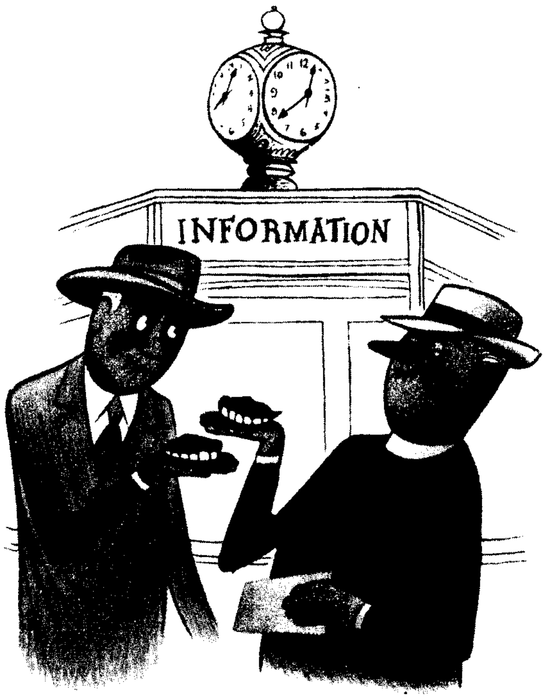
My knowledge of the backways of the terminal is also put to use whenever a celebrity like a President is due. Secret Service men come to see me a week ahead of time and we go over the exact route to be followed from the train platform to the cars and motorcycle police waiting on the street outside. The Presidential route is safe but not scenic. The President rides up a scarred and battered freight elevator and is escorted out through the rear baggage room.

But during the 1952 Presidential campaign, Harry Truman turned down the suggested baggage-room route; he wanted to make a speech right on the grand concourse. I took him up to the balcony and he gave a talk for Adlai Stevenson before some 30,000 people—the biggest motionless crowd I ever saw in the terminal.

Soon after, I was standing beside General Eisenhower on the rear platform of his special campaign train, when one of the photographers said: "Where's Mamie? We want a picture of her." Ike took a deep breath and let out an ear-shattering whistle. No fingers—he just sucked in his lower lip and let 'er go. It wasn't a command; it was just good-natured efficiency. Mamie appeared as if by magic.

I have a comfortable private office right off the

randpas? They all turn up in New York's huge terminal



A minister and a farmer met in concourse to swap false teeth. They lost dentures on the train, took wrong sets at Lost and Found

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WERNER WOLFF

When a cigarette set a woman's hat afire, a redcap put the blaze out. His rewar

concourse, but usually I'm outside and on the double. The most hectic time of all, apart from the holidays, is at the end of summer when 32,000 children return home from camps.

On hand to welcome each of them are parents, relatives and friends. When the children arrive with their pet lizards, squirrels, frogs, caterpillars, raccoons, rabbits, skunks and snakes, Grand Central Station becomes a circus.

People Who Lose Things Go to Him

However, I do get to my office occasionally—and it's usually to straighten out the kinks in human situations. If anyone in the terminal loses his ticket, his money, his wife or his memory, he sooner or later comes to me. And whenever anything goes wrong for a passenger on any of the lines that operate out of Grand Central—the New York Central to Chicago and St. Louis with connections to the West Coast, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford to New England with connections to Canada—conductors and porters always say: "See the stationmaster when you get to New York. He'll take care of everything."

A Kansas wheat farmer came in one day and said he'd left his new set of false teeth on the train that morning. He hadn't remembered them until he'd ordered a steak sent up to his room in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. I took him up to the lost-property department and, sure enough, a set of teeth had been turned in. They looked like his, he said, and he put them in his mouth muttering: "That's one thing we don't grow in Kansas—new teeth. Sure wish we did, because these feel like a pair of hip boots."

A few hours later a brakeman delivered another set of false teeth to Lost and Found. Just after he left, a minister walked up.

"I arrived from Boston this morning," he told the boys behind the counter, "and I think I left my dentures in a paper cup on the window ledge."

The Kansas man had taken the wrong set of teeth!

"I thought something was wrong," the farmer said when one of the clerks reached him on the telephone at the Waldorf-Astoria. "I just spent ten dollars having these dern things filed down. But I'll take care of everything," he added. "The wheat crop was good this year."

So the Boston minister and the Kansas wheat farmer met by the information-booth clock and trooped off to the best dentist in town to get new choppers all around.

Late one Friday night I was just about to leave for home when a seventy-five-year-old man from Minnesota came in and said he had been walking all day trying to find his hotel. He had arrived at Grand Central that morning, taken a taxi to a hotel recommended by a train acquaintance, and gone out for a long walk. When he turned back, he realized he remembered neither the name of the hotel nor the street it was on. In the hotel room were all his belongings, a ticket on a ship leaving for Norway early the next morning, and $5,000—his life savings. He had been planning to go back to the old country to retire.

The taxi had cost 70 cents and the room $4. With those two clues, the Travelers Aid Society, which maintains a booth in the terminal, began telephoning all medium-rate hotels "70 cents away from Grand Central by taxi." The agency found the right one on the eighty-seventh call, just in time for the man to make his ship.

Every day many people come in frantic because they have lost a husband or a child. We hold the distracted person in the office and broadcast a plea over the amplifying system for the missing relative to come to the stationmaster's office. When the lost person arrives, the pair embrace fondly, and then give each other the dickens for being stupid enough to get lost.

Runaways, three or four a week, are regular customers. Old people, I've noticed, run away almost as often as children, and for the same reasons. They get peeved at their families and want to show their independence. One old man over eighty told me he had tried unsuccessfully to join the circus at Madison Square Garden as a water boy.

About once a year we get a real heartbreaker—a child deserted by its parents. One of my matrons in the ladies' waiting room, Mrs. Asonta Peterson, still thinks one woman must have been run over by an auto. She came into the nursery a year and a half ago with a cute six-month-old baby and asked a maid to watch the child for a moment while she went across the street. She never came back. The railroad police took the baby to the New York Foundling Hospital.

Every year or so one of my matrons comes to me with the same story: a man, usually between fifty and sixty, rings the bell outside the ladies' rest room and asks if his "wife" is in there. She said she'd be right out and she's been gone an hour; he describes her as young and pretty. The matron looks but the woman isn't there.

Then the maid tells him the ladies' room has another exit, leading to a back stairs to the other level. He tries to laugh. "She's gone, then," he says, "and with my watch." Or perhaps it is his diamond ring or wallet. The man met the girl on a train and she persuaded him to let her hold his valuables.

One of the chief duties of my crews and myself is to help people. But our aid is not always appreciated. One of my redcaps once noticed an elderly woman in a floppy straw hat stop at Gate 23 to light her cigarette. Suddenly the flame leaped to the brim and the entire hat blazed up. The redcap grabbed at it and tried to pull it off the woman's head, but it was anchored firmly with hatpins. He pulled out a big handkerchief and as he smothered the flames, the flabbergasted old lady, unaware of her danger, beat him on the head with her umbrella. Even when she found out he had saved her from possible serious injury, her dignity was so ruffled she walked off in a huff.

The Lady Had Good Reason to Hurry

Another redcap told me he was carrying a suitcase for a lady who was in a terrific hurry. As they rushed across the concourse, he tried to tell her she had plenty of time for her train.

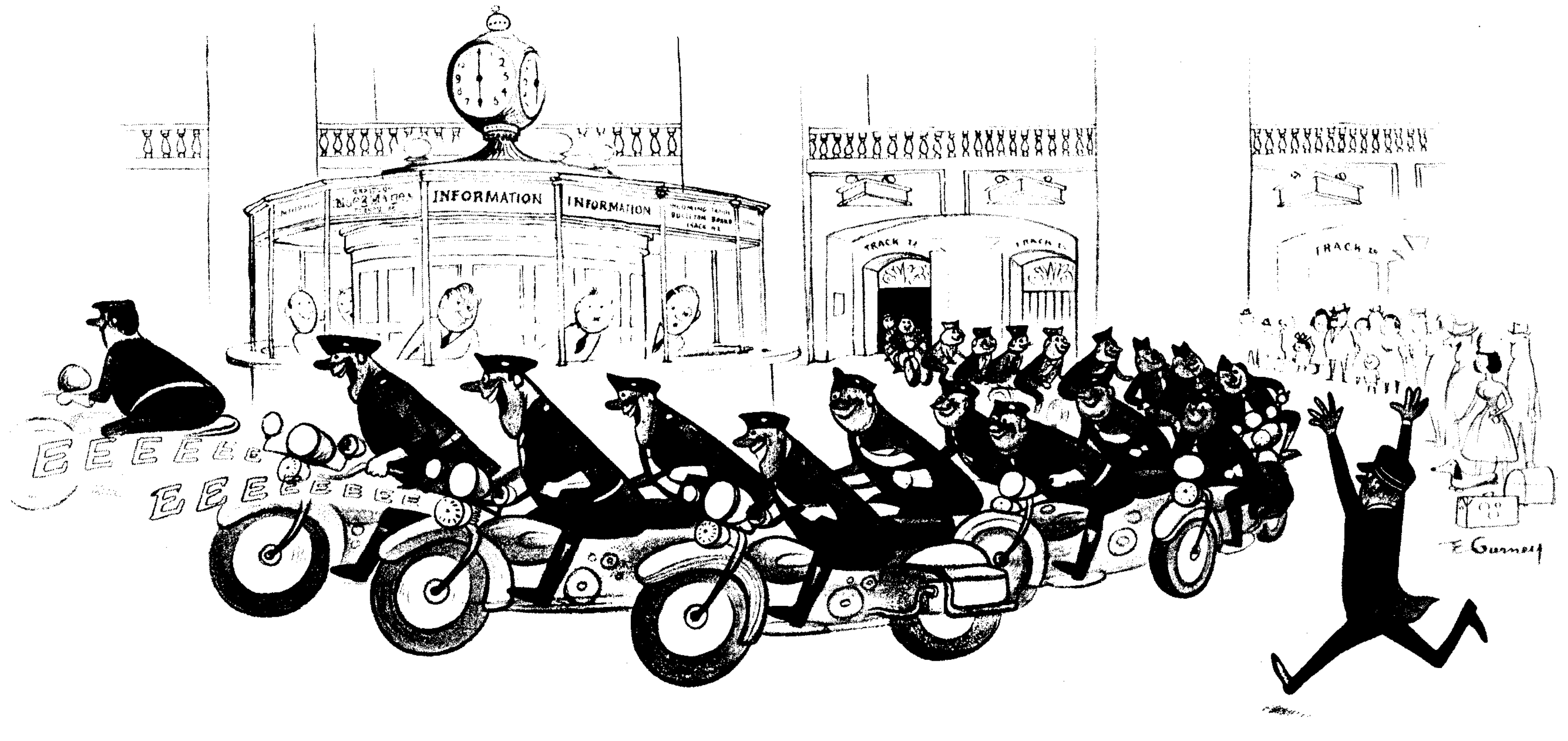
"My husband is after me," the lady said, "and I've just had six stitches taken where he cut me with a knife."

Just then, the redcap heard a man's deep voice call out right behind him: "Put that bag down."

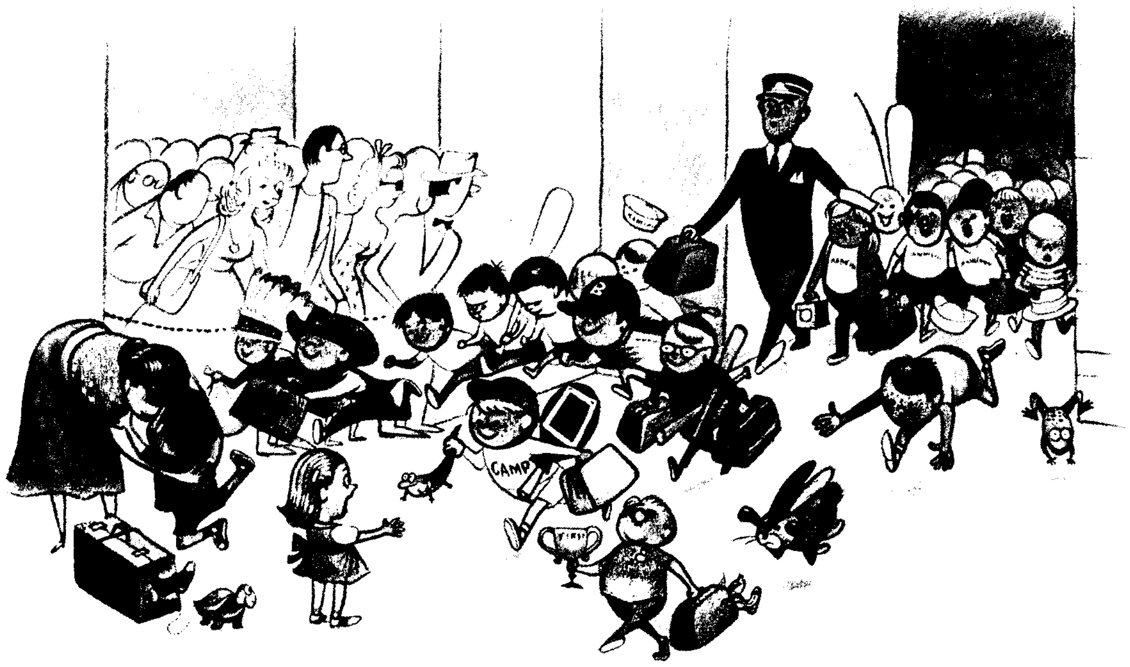
"What happened?" I demanded.

"I put the bag down like the man said," he replied, shamefaced, "and kept right on goin'. I didn't even look back."

Redcaps have a tough job, perform a great service in the terminal and are indispensable, but contrary to what most people think, they cost us money. The 25-cent charge the railroads keep for each bag a redcap carries fails to pay their combined salaries by from $11,000 to $14,000 each month. Before the minimum-wage laws went into effect, we used to pay them $1 a month and let



With a thunderous roar, 35 Los Angeles motorcycle cops raced out of their train, through terminal on way to Legion convention



When summer camp ends, Grand Central is invaded by 32,000 children, their relatives, pet lizards, snakes, turtles, rabbits, frogs

them keep all the money that the travelers gave them. Now we pay them $1.46 an hour, and they keep their tips.

Probably the busiest members of my crew are 26 telephone information service operators in a soundproof room upstairs. On July 3, 1942, the busiest day on record, they handled 17,313 telephone calls for information.

The History of the "Golden Clock"

The two information booths—one in the center of the grand concourse and the other on the lower level—are the best-known spots I operate. Topping the concourse booth is one of the world's most famous clocks—the "golden clock," a four-faced self-winding timepiece set in a big brass ball. Commuters have checked their watches by it since the terminal was built.

The years have taken their toll, however, and the clock went amuck a couple of months ago. It lost 10 minutes just as the evening rush hour began. With the whole operation of Grand Central keyed to a minute-by-minute schedule, trains continued to leave on the correct time—and commuters besieged me with complaints that the old reliable timepiece was out of order. But before we could cover the dials with a huge paper bag that we keep for the purpose, the hands suddenly leaped ahead and the clock began running three minutes fast.

The terminal management decided that—after 41 years—the clockwork should be removed for repairs. Four ordinary electric clocks substituted for the "golden clock" during its absence.

In each information booth there are always three to five men on duty, answering an average of 125 questions an hour ranging from inquiries about the time of the next train to Corn, Iowa, to such queries as: "Will I have time to go to Forty-second Street and buy a pair of shoes and still catch my train?" When I hire a new man, I put him through a month's training before he answers a single question. Even then, I don't expect him to be of any real value for almost a year. Some of my clerks have been on the job more than 40 years and can rattle off answers for hours without ever looking at a timetable.

There are probably as many fictitious stories about city slickers selling the main information booth to new arrivals as there are about Brooklyn Bridge. But my favorite is one that old-timers swear by so vehemently I'm convinced it's true.

It seems that two prosperous Italian brothers who owned a chain of fruit stands were approached by two men who represented themselves as the president and vice-president of the Grand Central Holding and Real Estate Company, Incorporated. The information booth in the center of the concourse was being closed because people asked too many foolish questions, they said, and they were looking for a reliable firm to open what should become the world's busiest fruit stand. The brothers wanted to put a deposit on the deal then and there but the crooks waved the money aside. Other firms were being investigated, too, they said.

Finally, an appointment was made and the crooks met the brothers at the information booth and led them to an office in the Grand Central Building—a rarely used room reserved for long-distance train conductors. In return for a gilt-edge and very legal-appearing lease, the confidence men accepted a check for $10,000 for six months' rent in advance.

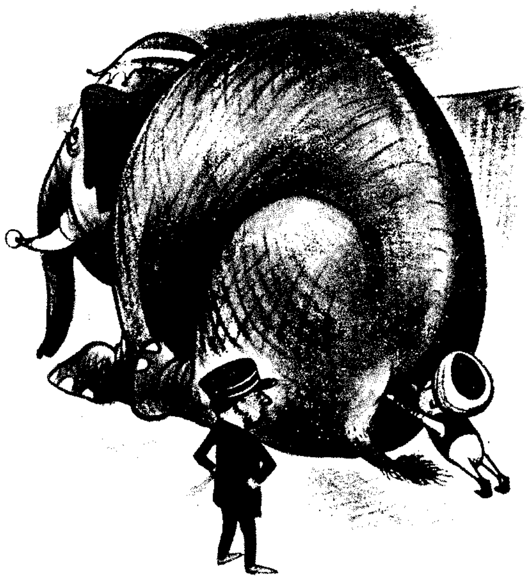
The brothers didn't know they'd been swindled until they arrived at the booth the morning their lease was to have begun. Behind them trailed a crew of carpenters to enlarge the counters and six helpers with hand trucks piled high with crates of oranges and apples.

But the human failing that we run into most often is not gullibility, but forgetfulness. A commuter stopped in the terminal for a shoeshine one morning and took off his galoshes, to discover he had forgotten to put on his shoes; he had pulled the galoshes over his bedroom slippers when he went out to shovel snow after breakfast. Since the slippers were leather, he got a shine anyway—and said he was looking forward to the most comfortable day in the office in years.

One rainy noon I passed the coach lost-property window and saw that 33 raincoats and 30 umbrellas had already been brought up from trains. Actually, 96 per cent of the items passengers report as lost turn up behind the Lost and Found counter.

One such article was a 16-pound bowling ball in a specially made canvas bag, which showed up not once but six times, always on a Thursday. It belonged to a stockbroker who had a weekly bowling session that day and brought in his own ball from his home in South Norwalk, Connecticut. Each morning he would get on the local train at his home station, ride to Stamford, and transfer to an express. The bowling ball would ride the local into town. Thursday evenings the broker would call at Lost and Found and pick up his ball.

But the brakeman on the local who had been carrying that 16 pounds up the stairs from the tracks each week had been doing a little figuring. He noticed there was a big bowling alley right next to Grand Central. Maybe, he guessed, the broker was using him for a little free redcap service.



Elephant boy had to force charge to knees so animal could be squeezed through a taxi ramp

The sixth Thursday, when the broker appeared with his usual apologies, there was a message waiting for him.

"The brakeman says to tell you," the boys said, "that the next time he finds that ball on the local this side of Stamford he's going to drop it off in Cos Cob Creek."

And that was the last we saw of the South Norwalk stockbroker's 16-pound bowling ball.

He Preferred Sleeping to Reading

Another commuter came in one day and asked if a book had been found. What was the name of the book? He didn't know.

"My wife tucks a book under my arm every morning to impress the neighbors," he said. "I never read them. I sleep all the way in."

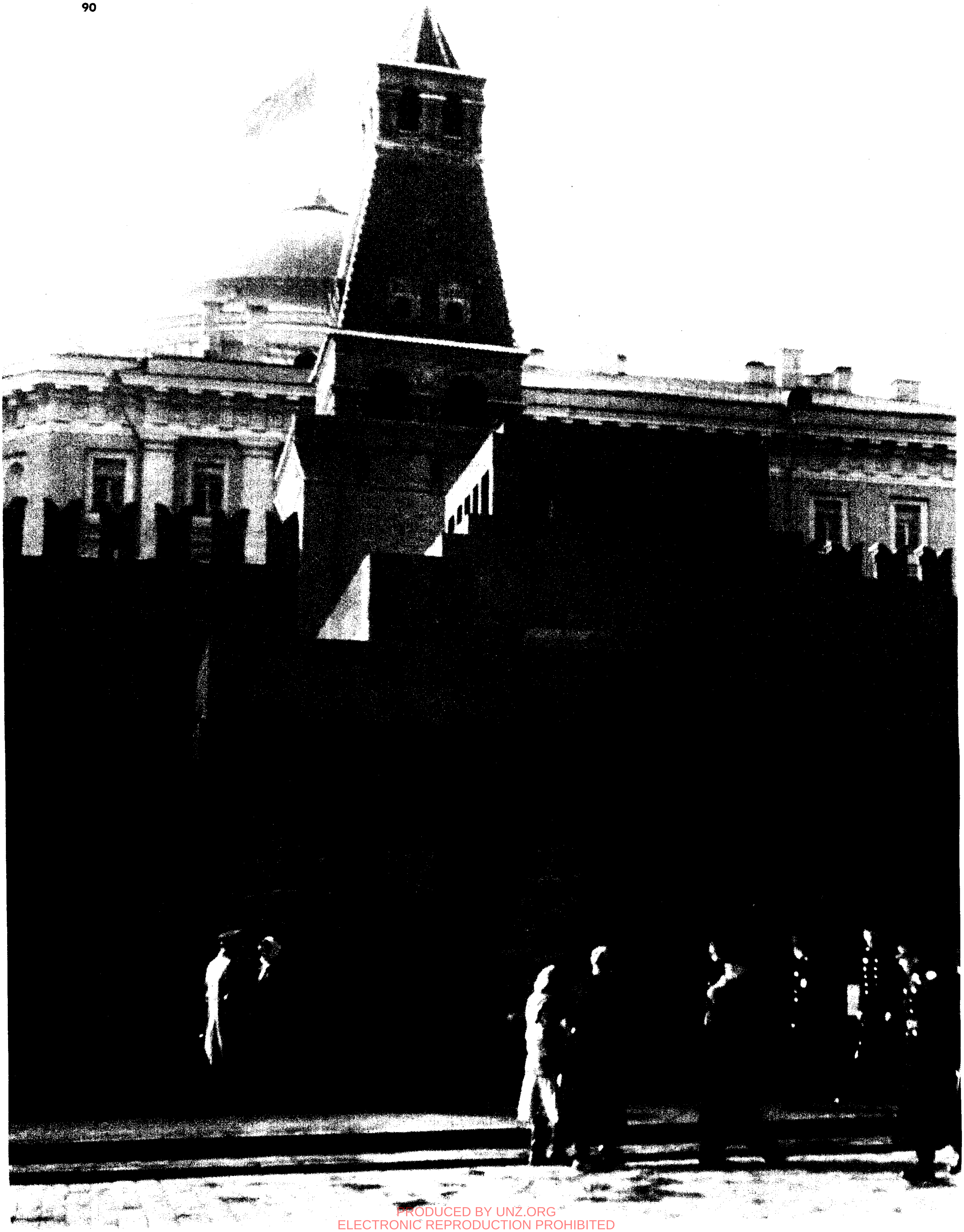
Strangely, at the height of the holiday excitement, at Christmas, few people lose anything—even though some have so many packages they rent a Pullman bedroom to put them in.

But whether it's a holiday or not, there's always a flurry of excitement whenever the Century leaves. Like the day Jimmy Durante did one of his famous song skits at Gate 34. He had stopped to tell a joke to a friend and 40 or 50 people crowded around to listen. When they asked for a song, he obliged. But when the crowd began to block his way, Jimmy banged his forehead with the palm of his hand and dashed for the train.

Then there was the rainy day not long ago when the Duke of Windsor came down to board the Montreal Limited. He had just played eighteen holes of golf, and he was smoking a pipe and dressed in an oilcoat, rubber hat and boots. It was quite a contrast to his first visit to Grand Central as the young Prince of Wales. That was the only time I know of that a red carpet was laid from the steps of a train all the way across the concourse and up the marble stairs to a limousine waiting on the street.

I like to think now that it's my job to see that everyone gets a red carpet at Grand Central. If you stand on the balcony when the sun sends shafts of light down from the eight-story-high windows and watch the flow of people—executives and diplomats indistinguishable from clerks and secretaries—you understand what a visiting maharaja meant when he said: "Why, this is not a railroad station. This is a temple for all the people."

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC GURNEY



RUSSIA UNCENSORED

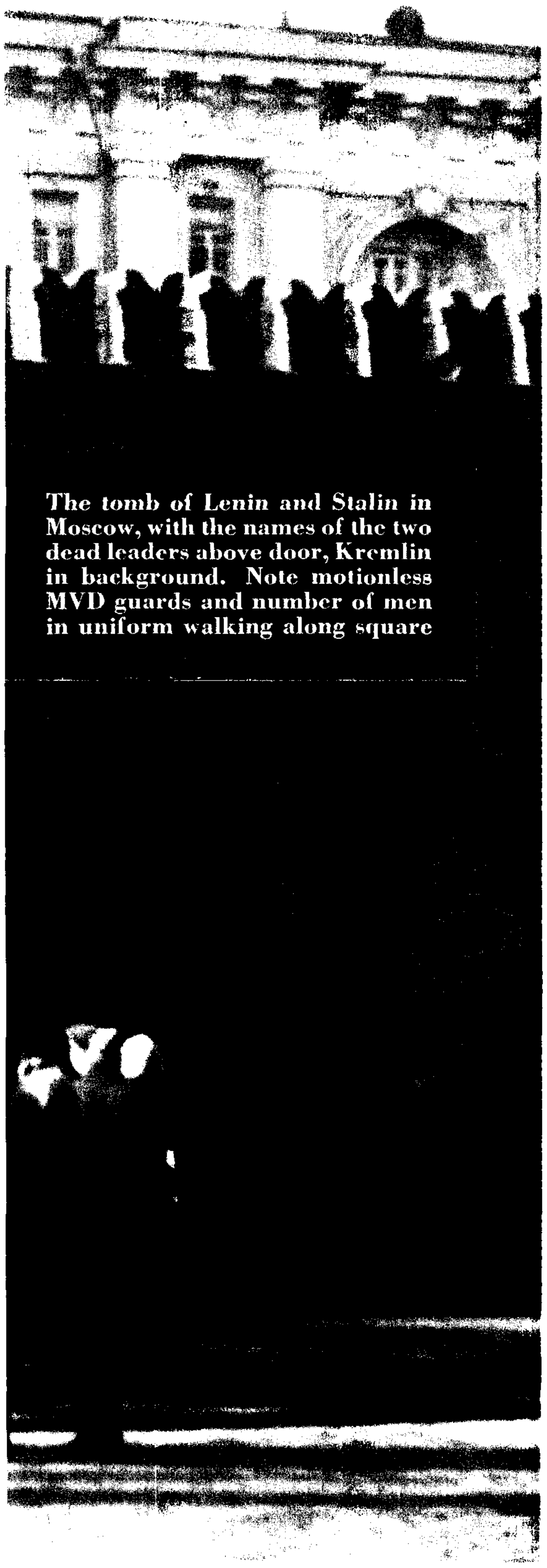
By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE

Here's the inside story on the Soviet Union that everyone has been waiting for—what the Russian people are like, what they're saying, how they look, the way they live—written by a man who made a 10,000-mile, 65-day tour into remote corners of the nation

For two months, while he traveled thousands of miles through the Soviet Union, interviewing, photographing, observing, Marshall MacDuffie took notes: wages, menus, quotes, prices, impressions, incidents, names. Both notes and pictures came out of the U.S.S.R. uncensored. When MacDuffie returned to the U.S. the notes were typed up in manuscript form. They covered 2,145 pages. What follows is a choice selection from those notes—the high spots of MacDuffie's trip

OF ALL the men I interviewed during almost 10 weeks in the Soviet Union, I can recall only four who wore white shirts: Nikita S. Khrushchev, the country's second-highest official; the manager of a bank in Baku; the engineer in charge of building the Kiev post office, and the boss of a restaurant in Moscow. I'm not sure of the reasons, but I'd guess the shortage of textiles and the poor quality of Soviet soap have something to do with it.

I BELIEVE I may have been the first Westerner to see the inside of an ordinary Soviet city worker's flat. Heretofore, the government has been wary about disclosing



The tomb of Lenin and Stalin in Moscow, with the names of the two dead leaders above door, Kremlin in background. Note motionless MVD guards and number of men in uniform walking along square

The author (center, wearing felt hat), with officials and workers of collective farm in Kazakhstan, 2,500 miles from Moscow, only 150 miles from China. Tall man beside MacDuffie is farm director, a Ukrainian

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Women laborers, a frequent sight in Soviet Union, help build new post office in Kiev, which was heavily damaged by Nazis. These workers get paid 500 to 700 rubles (equivalent to $125 to $175) per month—with a four-week vacation, instead of usual two weeks, for doing heavy labor

Woman conductor on train from Tiflis, Georgia, to Baku, Azerbaijan. The railroad workers, including executives, wear blue uniforms. Trains in Russia average about 27 miles an hour and make frequent long stops. They almost never have diners; peasants hawk food on station platforms

the living conditions of the average worker, but in Minsk, and later in Zaporozhe and Baku, I inspected occupied and unoccupied apartments.

The workers' apartments are standardized; those I saw, some of them 2,500 miles apart, were almost exactly alike. Most of the flats have two to four rooms, not counting the kitchen and bathroom. The rooms are about 10 by 18 feet in size, except for the kitchen, which is about nine feet square.

I saw only two electric wall outlets; usually, the only illumination came from a socket that hung from the center of the ceiling, and the wiring—like almost all wiring in the Soviet Union—was exposed; it ran up the side of the wall and across the ceiling. The plumbing usually was exposed, too; the pipes were visible in both bathroom and kitchen.

By law, Soviet citizens in big cities are entitled to a minimum of 13 square meters (about 139 square feet) of living space. Most families, however, are terribly cramped. There are few closets, and they're small; clothes cabinets take up a lot of room. Often, the bedrooms are filled with narrow iron beds and cribs. It is not unusual for a husband and wife to sleep in one narrow cot-size bed, with two children occupying another bed in the same room.

It's somewhat grim, but it's better than most Russians ever had before—and the rent is low: 36 rubles ($9) or less a month for a two-room apartment.

NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV, Stalin's successor as secretary of the Communist party, and generally rated No. 2 man in Russia today, told me he is not Premier Georgi Malenkov's brother-in-law, as has been reported in the U.S. press—and that Stalin was not married to the sister of Lazar M. Kaganovich, the U.S.S.R.'s production boss, as was also reported in the West.

NO ONE WHO hasn't been subjected to it (as I was for 65 days) can appreciate the violence and crudity of the Soviet anti-American propaganda campaign. The people live under a constant barrage of distortion about the "ruling classes" of the United States—in newspapers, magazines, radio, in the theater, even in textbooks.

I went to the circus in Kharkov. Two clowns came out with a long rubber cow labeled, "U.S.A." "This is the longest cow in the world," they explained. "It feeds in Western Europe and gives milk in the United States." (U.S. Ambassador Bohlen pointed out to me later that the cow gag originated in the West as a crack about Russia. In the Western version, the cow feeds in Czechoslovakia and gives milk in the U.S.S.R.)

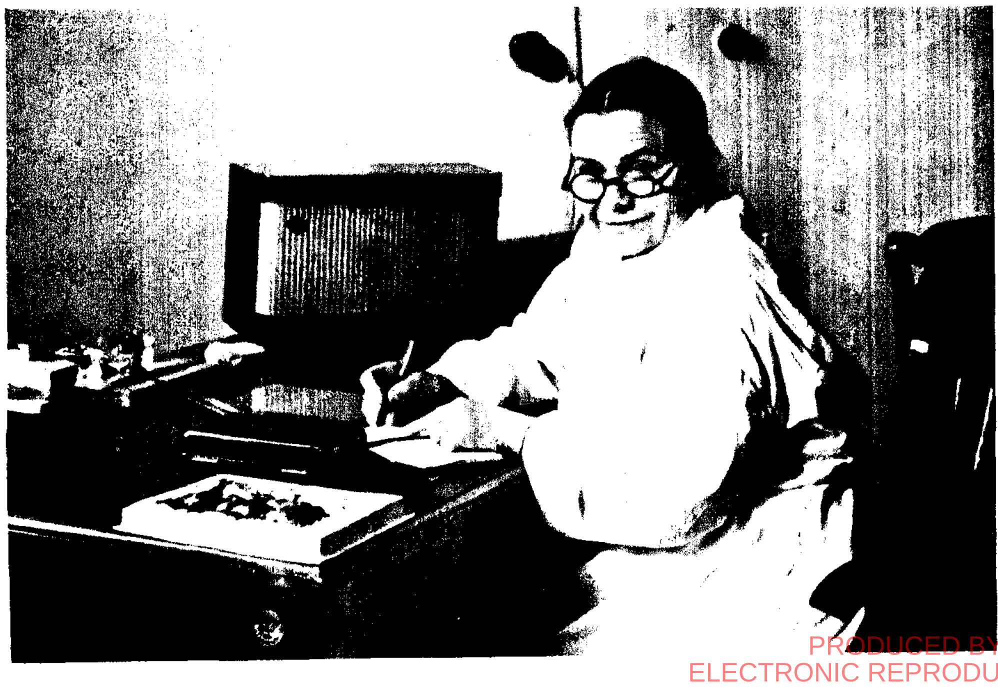
A typical "factual" story in Trud says American food growers are having trouble selling their products because "the impoverishment of the working class and the ruining of the toiling peasants are narrowing down the internal market." Another "news" story accuses the U.S. Army in Korea of "burning prisoners of war alive, using them as live targets, burying them alive, tearing out their hearts, and gassing them."

Children studying English use textbooks which contain reading exercises like this: "John Smith is an American. John's elder brother is an engineer. He is not married because he cannot afford to keep a family. He is out of work now." A favorite trick of the propagandists is to quote the late Theodore Dreiser and others on the deplorable sweat-shop working conditions of a half century ago—with no indication that the same doesn't apply today.

The most vicious piece of propaganda I saw is a Soviet movie called Silver Dust, which is being shown everywhere. It's about an evil U.S. scientist who develops a deadly bacteriological weapon and wants to try it on human guinea pigs before using it to kill Koreans. He gets the local sheriff to pin phony rape charges on some Negro "progressives," so they can be turned over to him for the experiment. In the film, an American clergyman is depicted as lecherous, corrupt and warmongering; American Army officers as drunken, brutal and crooked.

It's a shocking, outrageous, hypocritical movie—especially when viewed against the background of the concurrent Soviet campaign for "Peace."

Woman doctor helped treat author when he fell sick in Tashkent. Most physicians in Russia are women, wear white coats even for house calls. Desk in hotel room is typical of all desks author saw in Soviet, with double inkwell and curved blotter apparently patterned after Stalin's



Fashion show featured one of few long skirts MacDuffie saw during whole trip. Note typical heavy stockings worn by women. Russians have new material similar to nylon, but it's still too expensive for most people. Model below is unusually slender; average Soviet woman is short, stocky

THE EXTENT OF the Soviet domestic propaganda campaign for "Peace" is beyond belief if you haven't seen it, and almost impossible to describe adequately if you have. I couldn't walk a city block without coming across a poster, billboard or banner bearing the slogan "Peace for the World," or some other like it.

The newspapers, magazines and radio blare "Peace." I saw the Pablo Picasso dove, the Communist symbol of peace, being inlaid in tile in the wall of an apartment house under construction in Minsk; I saw "Peace for the World" spelled out in white stones on a pile of coal in the wilderness of the Caucasus Mountains. The famous Moscow Circus is decorated with ten banners, each carrying the word "Peace" in a different language.

The Soviet people, in short, are being absolutely saturated with peace talk. I believe that if they ever go to war, they'll go with the feeling that they're carrying on a great crusade for peace. Of all the people I talked to at length in the Soviet Union, not one failed to stress the peace theme at some point in the conversation—not one!

I spoke to an old woman in Georgia. "Tell the mothers of America," she said intensely, "that I'm a mother and it's hard labor to bring up a child and see him killed in a war. You tell the mothers of America we want peace." An Uzbek boy, when I said I might write something about him on my return to the U.S., said, "Say only that I wish to live in peace." I took a picture of a judge. "Put on the picture our desire for peace," he said. A river-boat captain in Stalingrad said, "Convey my greetings to the riverboatmen of America and tell them we want peace." I mentioned to the mayor of Samarkand that he was successor to Tamerlane. He answered, "But I am not an aggressor."

MOST RUSSIANS are surprisingly short. I doubt if the entire Presidium (formerly the Politburo) averages more than five feet six. I am an even six feet, and I felt like a giant in most parts of the Soviet Union. Only among the Ukrainians did I see men as tall as I.

THERE IS A 48-HOUR work week throughout the Soviet Union. The 1953 Russian textbooks claim the United States was forced to adopt a 40-hour week—because there wasn't enough work to go around.

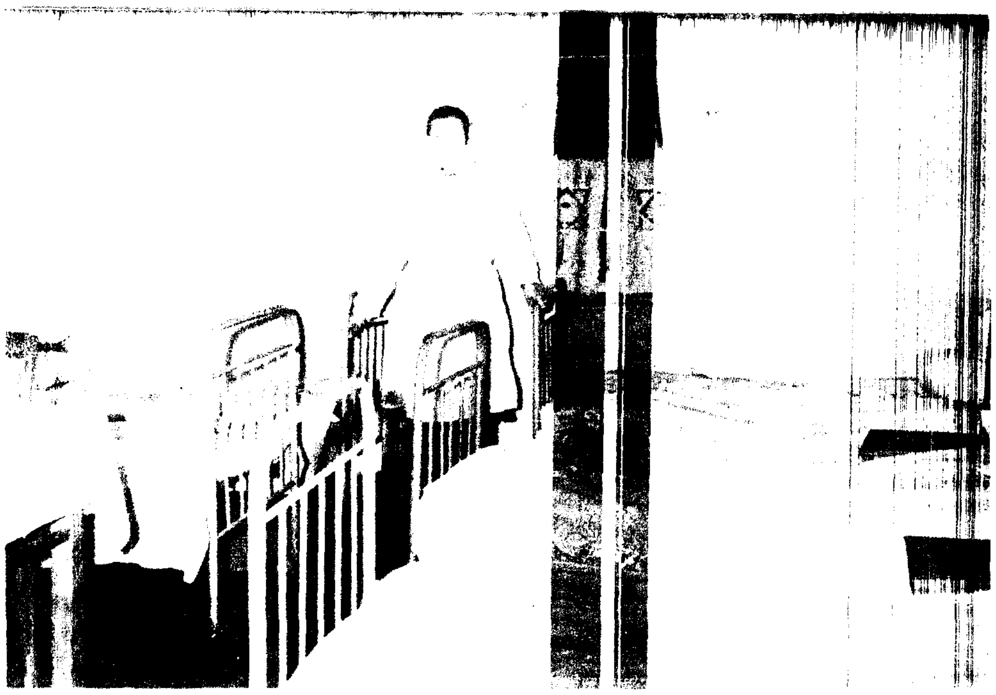
SOVIET AGRICULTURE is in a bad way. Government officials admit that there are actually fewer cattle in the country now than there were before the Revolution of 1917. Between 1940 and 1952, while industrial output was rising 230 per cent, farm production was up only 10 per cent.

Today, the nation's farmers are being subjected to an incessant, shrill nagging —I can think of no better word—in the public prints, aimed at increasing production. A Pravda article on October 8th lectured readers sternly on the subject of fodder. A Stalingrad newspaper railed interminably against "the shallow, impractical running of agriculture," the "weakness of some party organizations," and "serious failure in fulfilling plans of farm workers."

As part of the program to boost output, taxes have been eased on production by individual farmers, and state payments for farm products have been greatly increased. Machine tractor stations are being reorganized and more technical experts are being sent into the field. Directors of collective farms are being shifted around, too.

The collective farms must be seen to be believed. They are enormous. One I visited in Alma-Ata had a population of 10,000 people, including children of workers. It had 25,000 acres of farmland and 150,000 acres of pasture. Its livestock included 30,000 sheep, 1,200 cattle, 1,300 horses—even 135 camels (presumably beasts of burden). The farm raised prodigious quantities of apples, grapes, vegetables, potatoes, wheat and fodder. It had 52 accountants and its own banks. Its 1952 income, according to the director, was equivalent to $1,820,750.

It's hard to tell how well the workers live on such a farm. Once I asked a couple of engineers how they would categorize the Soviet peasant in the economic scale. They first insisted that the U.S.S.R. had no categories, then

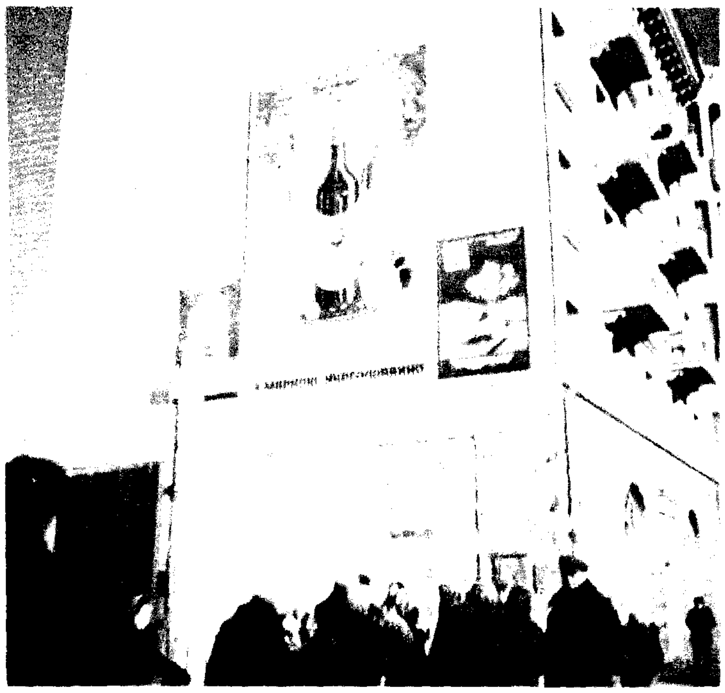


Russians are proud of resthouses where people can go for vacation, but this one in Kiev seemed drab, dull. Beds were crowded together, sometimes nine in room. Weekly rate is high, but unions sometimes foot bill. This chambermaid was one of poorest-paid workers MacDuffie met

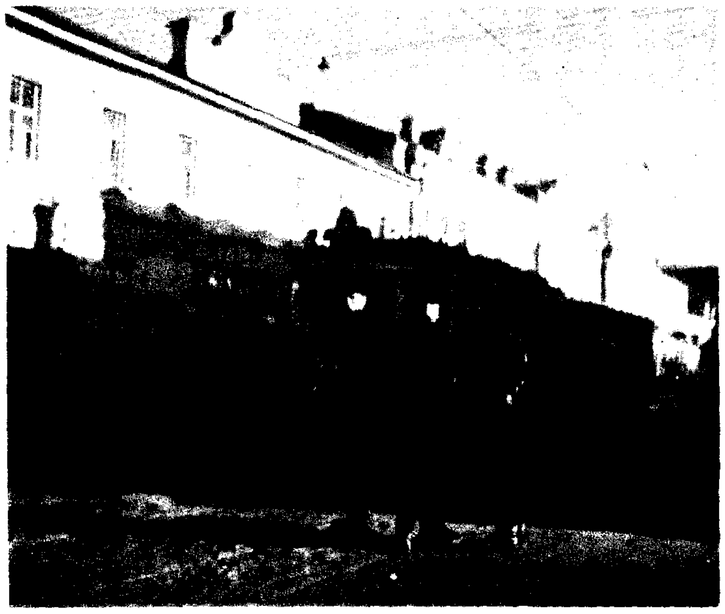
Refrigerator in Tiflis hotel room was one of very few author saw in the U.S.S.R. He was told it was used only in summer—as air conditioner. Ornately decorated walls are painted, not papered. Cut-glass pitcher on table was duplicated all over the country, even at Leningrad airport

Broad, empty street in Alma-Ata, capital city of Kazakhstan, illustrates scarcity of auto traffic in Soviet Union. Traffic light is operated by hand; a woman cop warned the author against crossing when light was red, despite few cars. Balconies on buildings are typical of the East

Near Alma-Ata, author posed with two Kazakhs and their donkey at a free market. Dress is typically Russian, donkey typically Asiatic. Sign on small white building advertises, surprisingly: "Ice cream." Note Oriental features of man at right; China is just across the mountains



While trying to photograph this sign in Kiev ("Buy grape wines trade-marked Ukrgolovino"—Ukrainian wine trust) author was arrested by three cops below. After release from police station, he boldly returned, snapped sign—then got a picture of the startled policemen



said: "A peasant on a good farm might be in the first category, a peasant on a poor farm in the last." Judging by some of the peasants I saw, there must be plenty of poor farms.

THE RUSSIANS SEEM to have junked the famous Karl Marx dogma, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." The last part of the maxim now reads, ". . . to each according to his *work*." That phrase was quoted to me time after time to explain how it happens that some Soviet citizens make so much more money than others whose need is obviously greater.

I'LL BET 75 PER CENT of all the men in Georgia, Stalin's native region, wear mustaches—I counted 43 out of 50 in one theater—and they all look like Stalin. And the women all look as though they might have been his aunts or sisters.

MOST SOVIET WOMEN wear little jewelry or make-up and their hair always seemed a mess to me. I did see some real beauties in the classic Russian style, and the women of the Caucasus and Asia were often charming, but the average Russian girl is short and dumpy.

There seems to be an intense desire among Soviet women to own colored hats. The simplest hats cost about 40 to 112 rubles ($10 to $28).

As a further indication that women are the same the world over, I must report that Soviet women use the international form of female mathematics in discussing their age. A woman judge in the Kazakhstan Republic told me she was thirty-six years old and that she had been on the bench for 17 years. I later found out that the absolute minimum age for judges there is twenty-three. Maybe addition is not one of her strong points.

THE MOST DRAMATIC fact of Soviet life today is the tremendous amount of construction that is going on. Wherever I went, I saw row upon row of offices and apartment buildings being erected, and in a single street in Kiev I saw eleven giant cranes at work on a group of workers' flats.

When I last was in the Soviet Union in 1946, more than 75 per cent of Minsk had been destroyed by tne Germans. Today, one of the happiest persons in all Russia must be the chief architect of Minsk, a man named Matzkevitch. His job is to rebuild completely, in 15 years, an entire city of 400,000 people. He has plenty of money and man power, and his plans have been approved. And I must say that so far he is doing a magnificent job. The new Minsk has miles and miles of new apartment houses, department stores, schools and office buildings, all radiating off spacious, tree-lined boulevards, some of which are 160 feet wide. There are squares galore to provide light and air, and an 85-acre Park of Culture and Rest. The same kind of reconstruction is going on elsewhere in the U.S.S.R. The chief architect of Kiev, charged with rebuilding 42 per cent of a city of 900,000, told me, "It's a pity the day is so short and life so brief."

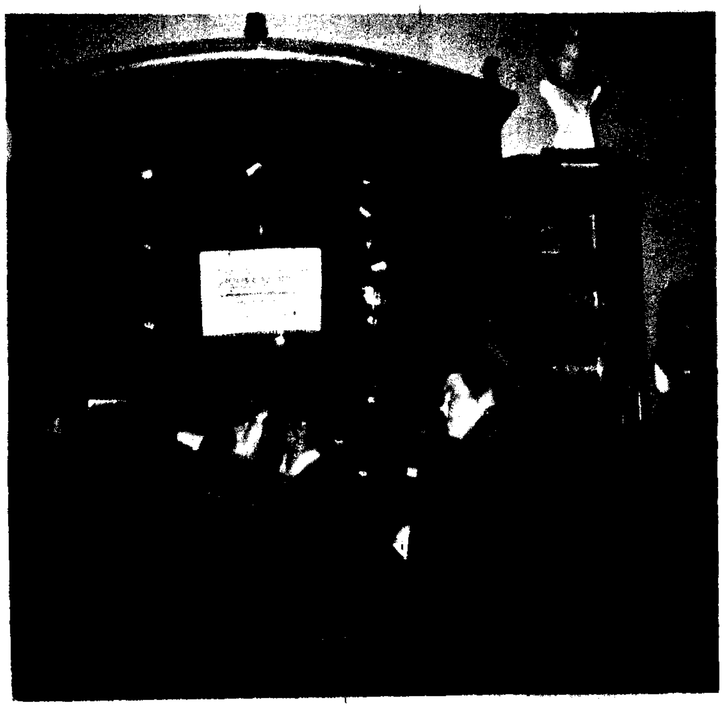
There's one great problem though: Soviet workmanship on buildings is very bad. I noticed recent construction with the paint chipping, doors sagging and bricks out of line. Throughout the country, the newest buildings often look at least twenty years old. The Russians are aware of this shortcoming; a cartoon in the humor magazine, Crocodile, recently depicted a decrepit apartment house with tenants practically falling through the gaping walls. A man is asking the janitor, "Hasn't this building ever been repaired in all these many years?" and the janitor replies, "Why, of course not. It's a brand-new building!"

In Moscow; eight massive skyscrapers have been erected or are in the planning stage. The largest is the new University of Moscow, which towers 32 stories, dominating a 700-acre tract on the edge of the city. The new university has classrooms, laboratories, dormitories, apartments, restaurants—and eventually it and its surrounding buildings will house 45,000 in a self-contained community.

I visited Moscow's Museum of Construction to find out how the nation-wide building program is being carried out so fast. I was told that much building is now done on a prefabricated basis—that whole stairways and sides of buildings are built as units and transported to the site on special trucks, permitting a single crew to work on 15 buildings at once, piecing together the prefabricated sections as they arrive. The Russians claim they can erect a four-story 48-apartment building in 29 days. One result, of course, is that monotonous conformity all over Russia, with the same windows, the same set patterns of rooms, the same exteriors.

I VISITED LENIN'S tomb in Moscow the day after Stalin's body was put on display there. I had only a moment to look at the two figures—my guides took me past at a fast walk—but I got a few swift impressions. The bodies lie side by side, glassed-in, under brilliant spotlights. Their faces appear lifelike, but the hands are waxy and unrealistic. I looked for the withered left hand and pock-marked face Stalin was reputed to have. The hand seemed normal and the face pallid and mottled, but

Below, hat counter in Kiev department store. Sign on mirror says special sale is under way. Normal price of hats like those shown is $10 to $20. Hats seem to represent affluence to Soviet women; most wear the traditional shawl



Interior of typical Ukrainian peasant home, with a grandmother and two youngsters. Note icon—old Russian religious symbol—over the window. Overhead lamp supplied only light. House, like most peasant homes, was spotless

Curious children in park near the Kremlin were delighted to pose for author. Crumbling wall is characteristic of Russia, where even new construction—which is devoted largely to dwellings—often shows shoddy workmanship

unscarred. Stalin had the appearance of a man in a troubled sleep.

Lenin looked altogether different. His face was ruddy, his hair and beard red with only faint traces of gray. He looked rather chipper, it seemed to me . . . almost alive.

I ASKED JUST about everybody I met what his average wage was. Nobody refused to answer. The results were astonishing. I discovered that Soviet wage levels in many categories are topsy-turvy by our standards, but forming definite conclusions from the figures is a complicated business.

First of all, the exchange rate for the ruble has been artificially set by the U.S.S.R.—four rubles equals one American dollar. This ratio, however, must be weighed against many considerations in comparing the wage level of the Russian worker with that of his American counterpart. For example, the Soviet worker puts in a 48-hour week; he is pressured to contribute one month's salary to "state loans" which are repayable years later; and he lives in an economy where consumer goods are both scarce and expensive by Western standards. But he has no medical expenses; his rent is exceptionally low; and he pays very low income taxes—two per cent on incomes above 260 rubles a month ($65), up to a maximum of 13 per cent on incomes above 1,000 rubles per month ($250).

And one more point: Soviet scientists, actors, writers and musicians are frequently rewarded by large fees and grants—as much as 100,000 rubles ($25,000) in one lump sum.

Otherwise, the best-paid wage earners, I was reliably informed, are university professors, special workers in dangerous occupations (like top miners), city architects, full generals and marshals of the army, and executives of major farms and factories that overfulfill their quotas. Workers in these categories can make from 6,000 to 12,000 rubles—$1,500 to $3,000—a month.

Next come major executives and professionals: general-grade army officers, high legal officials, medical specialists, scientists, writers, musicians and the like, who make the equivalent of $1,000 to $1,250 monthly. I heard that top government officials make at most only $1,250 a month; but they enjoy many special privileges—use of state-owned country homes, cars, etc.

Skilled workers, editors, fashion designers, officers under the rank of general, engineers, staff executives and most judges make $250 to $1,000.

Unskilled and semiskilled workers—the great majority of the Soviet citizenry—get $150 to $250 a month. I did meet some people doing menial jobs, like cleaners and doormen, who were paid less. The lowest wage I found was the $80 a month paid a doorman who also has a small pension.

Further, the U.S.S.R. employs an incentive system. Most factory workers and farmers are paid on a piecework basis; I came across workers who made more than the foremen who supervised them.

The richest man and wife I met were the codirectors of a Georgian folk-dance ensemble. Each of them earned $2,000 a month, and they had recently won a $12,500 Stalin Prize. The two highest-paid individuals I talked to were a prominent professor and a university president in Tashkent; each received $3,000 a month.

For older people, pensions are often an important item of income. Eligible pensioners, who may continue to work, draw from 50 to 80 per cent of their last base pay. In many fields, pensions start at age fifty for women, fifty-five for men.

CHESS IS THE great indoor sport of the Soviet Union. I saw chess games under way in railroad stations, banks, parks, everywhere. At one airport I saw a radio operator who had a chess set next to his radio, apparently ready to take on all comers. Incidentally, the Russians have different names for the chessmen. A knight is an officer; a rook is a tower; a bishop is an elephant.

ONLY ONE MAN I met openly criticized the Soviet government. He had traveled outside the Soviet Union and spoke excellent colloquial English. "I make 375 dollars a month," he said when we were alone. "I'd willingly swap it for 25 bucks a week in America." He blasted the government as a dictatorship, complained about the cost of living, and said most Russians were abysmally ignorant of conditions outside the country. I don't know whether he was a real griper, or—as Western sources say sometimes happens—a plant sent my way by the government. But the conversation was so exceptional I'm almost positive the man was a Soviet *agent provocateur.*

THE PRINCIPAL automobiles in the U.S.S.R. are the Moskvich (a small car about the size of the Austin), the Pobeda (like a small Buick), the Zim and the Zis (both big seven-passenger limousines). The Moskvich costs about 9,000 rubles—approximately $2,250; the Pobeda $3,750; the Zim $10,500. The Zis is not for sale but is produced as an official car for the government. All the cars I saw were well equipped, with radios, heaters, dashboard clocks and imitation-wood interiors.

The price of the Moskvich is equivalent to a year's pay for the average worker. Most of the cars I saw were Pobedas. All over the country people told me their one ambition was to own a car, and possession of an automobile was always pointed out as a symbol of affluence. Zims are so rare that in Minsk, a city of 400,000, people stared at the one that took me to the airport. In smaller towns, even Pobedas drew crowds.

I did count 88 cars in a five-minute period at one of the main intersections in Kiev—but then I checked traffic as I drove along a 58-mile stretch of the main highway between Kiev and Kharkov, Russia's fourth and fifth largest cities, with a combined population of about 1,700,000. For an hour and a half, I counted everything moving in both directions: 41 trucks, 5 automobiles, 2 busses, 1 jeep, 1 motorcycle, 22 bicycles and 22 wagons—an average of less than one motor vehicle to the mile. Think of the traffic on the main road between Washington and Baltimore, two American cities of comparable size, and you'll see what I mean.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE of much wine in Alma-Ata, a Kazakh professor conceded to me that there might be 5,000,000 people in Soviet prisons, but he claimed that only 10 per cent were political prisoners. "Don't you, too, have people who can be handled only by imprisonment?" he asked. Another person with whom I discussed Soviet prisons was one of my interpreters, Victor Ionkin. Victor claimed he personally knew of only one man who had been sent to Siberia—an acquaintance who was sentenced to a corrective labor camp for embezzlement. The acquaintance, he said, was paid while he worked, and when he returned he had saved a good deal of money.

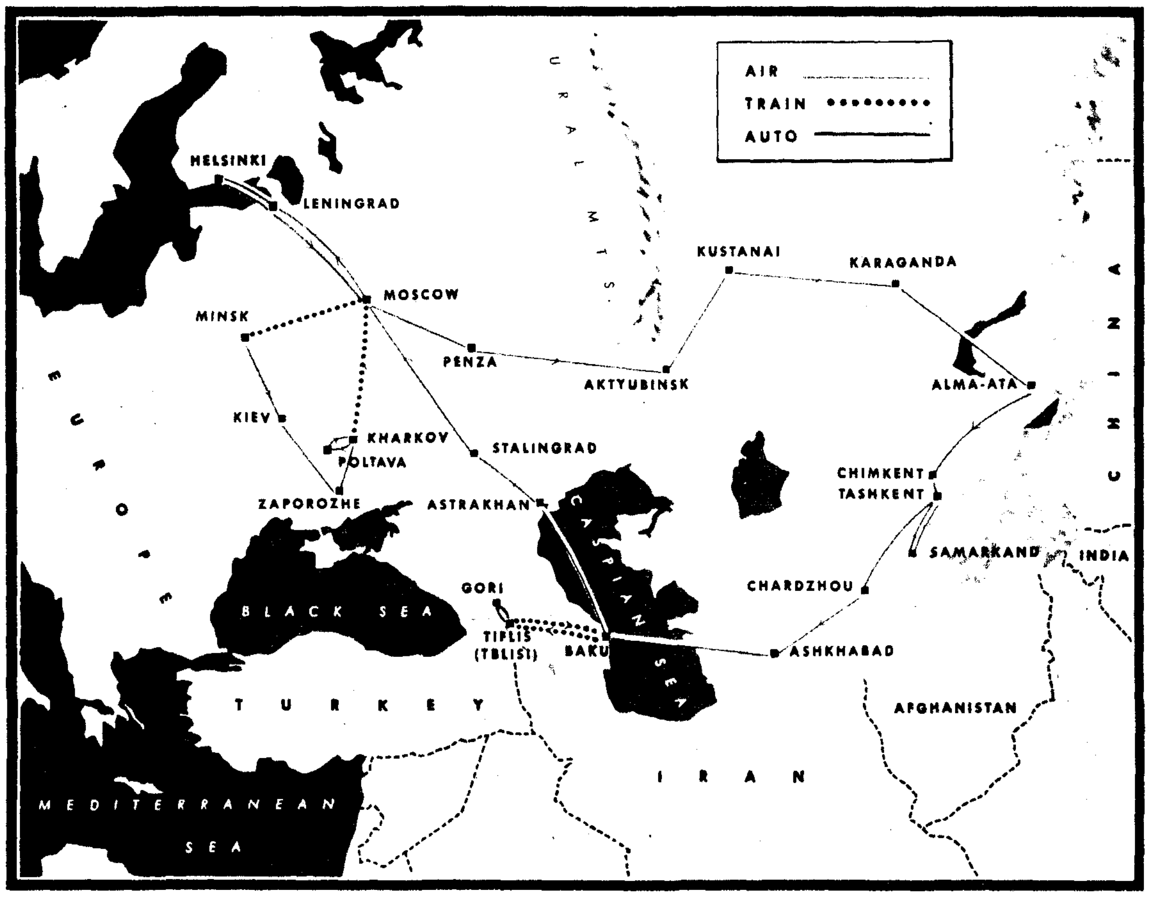
MOSCOW PAPERS RUN want ads—for secretaries, chauffeurs, engineers, electricians.

ANY TIME RUSSIANS asked me what I liked least about their country I answered without hesitation: "Your toilets." Toilets are incredibly filthy all over the country—in office buildings, museums, schools, theaters. There was a clean toilet at the Leningrad airport and a fair one on a farm in the Ukraine. I remember them vividly because they were so unusual.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT and press constantly urge the citizens to criticize industry, agriculture, shops and other state-operated organizations. I heard of three restaurant directors who were removed because of customer criticism.

On the other hand, there must be an element

AL TARTER



Map shows route MacDuffie followed on 10,000-mile tour of Russia. He traveled 8,000 miles by air, 2,000 by train—including four overnight rail trips—and 300 miles by automobile. His route took him through eight republics of the Soviet Union: the Ukraine, Kazakhstan, the Greater Russian Republic, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Byelorussia, Azerbaijan, Georgia

of risk in criticizing anyone of real importance. I saw a vaudeville skit in which a couple of people wanted to blast a stage play. They thought of criticizing the author, the actor, the theater manager and the reviewers, but decided they were all too big to tangle with. They wound up blaming the messenger who had carried the text of the play from the author to the theater.

RUSSIAN WOMEN WORK at everything. They are railroad conductors, construction workers, bricklayers. Most street cleaners are women, and so are most of the country's doctors, bank cashiers and teachers. I saw female union leaders, steel-mill technicians, uniformed cops, chauffeurs, crane operators and judges.

The Soviet Union makes a big fuss about equality of women. Yet of all the top executives I met, only a couple were women. There are no women in the Presidium, the top governing body, and at the celebration of the 36th anniversary of the revolution, only five women appeared among the 47 high officials present.

I think Westerners are most surprised at the sight of elderly women lifting rocks, shoveling snow and doing other heavy labor in the streets. Apparently, however, they don't mind the work. I sat in on a Moscow court where one of these women street workers was suing the Road Supervision Section of the government. Her bosses had wanted to transfer her to an easier, inside job; she had refused and had been fired. She was heavy-set and in her fifties—a typical stolid peasant type. She said, "I have two years to go and I will be entitled to a pension. I don't want to live with my daughter. I want my job back."

"But," said the government attorney, "this is hard work to do, is it not?"

"No," she said.

"She has high blood pressure," said a representative of the Road Supervision Section. "She could fall in the street and endanger traffic."

Despite all their entreaties, the woman remained adamant. She wanted her old job back . . . and finally the judge and the jury decided that she should be restored to it—with 20 days' back pay.

I MET POETS in Russia who said they are paid by the government—by the line. The going rate: $2 to $4 per line.

IN TWO CITIES, I noticed that pictures of the liquidated Lavrenti Beria which had been permanently inlaid in building walls have now been covered by a layer of cement.

ONE RECENT DEVELOPMENT in the U.S.S.R. is the use of advertising on a wide scale—a startling circumstance in a nation which brags that it has done away with capitalist competition. I asked one man the reason state enterprises had turned to advertising; he said it was to stimulate trade. When they made the move they did it in a big way. Newspapers, radio and billboards plug everything from cornflakes to insurance. Neon signs have sprouted all over the larger cities.

One huge sign near the Kremlin indicates the noncompetitive nature of the ads. It urges, "Smoke Astra, Pamir, Ducat and Prima"—four of the Soviets' leading cigarettes.

The big newspaper Izvestia has moving electric-bulb signs running across the front of its building like the news bulletins on The New York Times Building. The Izvestia signs, however, are devoted completely to advertising. Here are some examples: "Mineral water—Moscow Mineral Water is hygienic. It is also used for sick stomachs. Drink Moscow Mineral Water. . . . Repair your watches in shops labeled True Time. Quality guaranteed. . . . Different fish products—cooked, fresh, salt, smoked herrings in cans in big assortments. Buy ever-fresh products in the fish shops."

There are similar exhortations in the newspapers. One ad by the Ministry of Food Products is for "Natural Tea—a tasteful, sweet and healthy drink." The ad is decorated with a picture of a box of tea, a lemon, a cup, a cake, a teapot and some flowers. Another is one of the many new plugs for Soviet Champagne (the bubbly stuff seems to have been picked out by officials as a symbol of the better living they've promised their people). The ad reads, "Soviet Champagne is a fine wine, the pride of Soviet wines. Soviet Champagne, the best decoration of the table."

Wherever I went—in the Ukraine, White Russia, Central Asia and the Azerbaijan Republic—billboards would suddenly rise up in the wilderness with such messages as "Drink Beer," and "Buy Cornflakes—they are tasteful and healthful." The identical signs kept popping up everywhere—the same size, the same colors, the same print—until I knew them by heart.

One of the strangest of the billboards contained a backhanded free plug for an American company. I saw it in Aktyubinsk, a tiny town behind the Urals. It was an advertisement for Silver Dust, the most disgraceful anti-American movie I have ever seen. In the foreground is a representation of an evil-looking American scientist holding test tubes full of germs for bacteriological warfare. In the background is a montage of New York skyscrapers. On one of them is a sign that says clearly, "Coca-Cola."

The Soviet government also makes widespread use of the billboard advertising technique to warn, lecture and propagandize its people. There are innumerable signs saying, "Parents, look out for children at crossings," "Forward to the victory of Communism," "Glory to Soviet mothers," "It is a public duty to preserve and increase our trees," "Increase production!" and "Take care while crossing streets."

And most overwhelming of all, of course, are the thousands of billboards expounding the Soviets' current propaganda line of "Peace!"

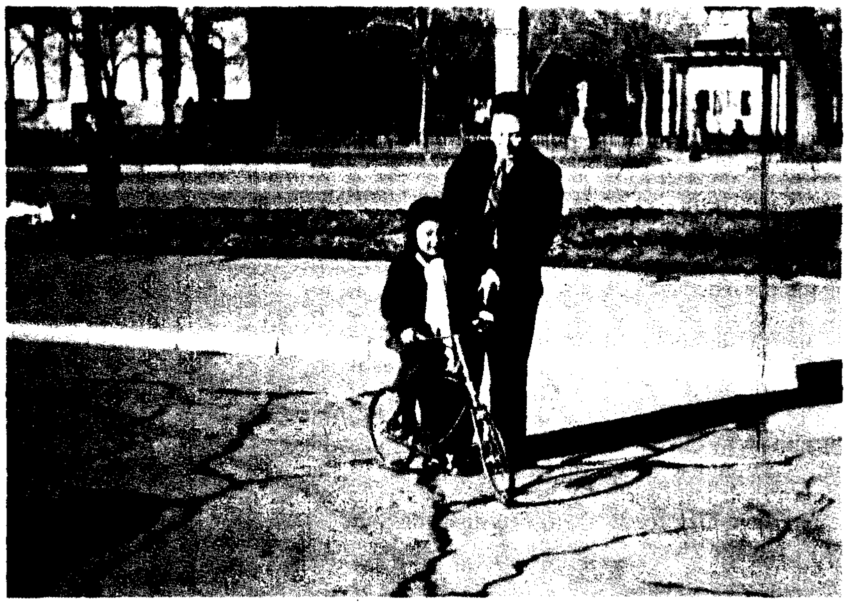
I MET A MAN in Kazakhstan who earned 800 rubles ($200) a month as secretary of the local Communist party and only 330 rubles ($75) for being chairman of a farm bank.

RUSSIA HAS 3-D films. They won't hurt Hollywood—just the viewers' eyes.

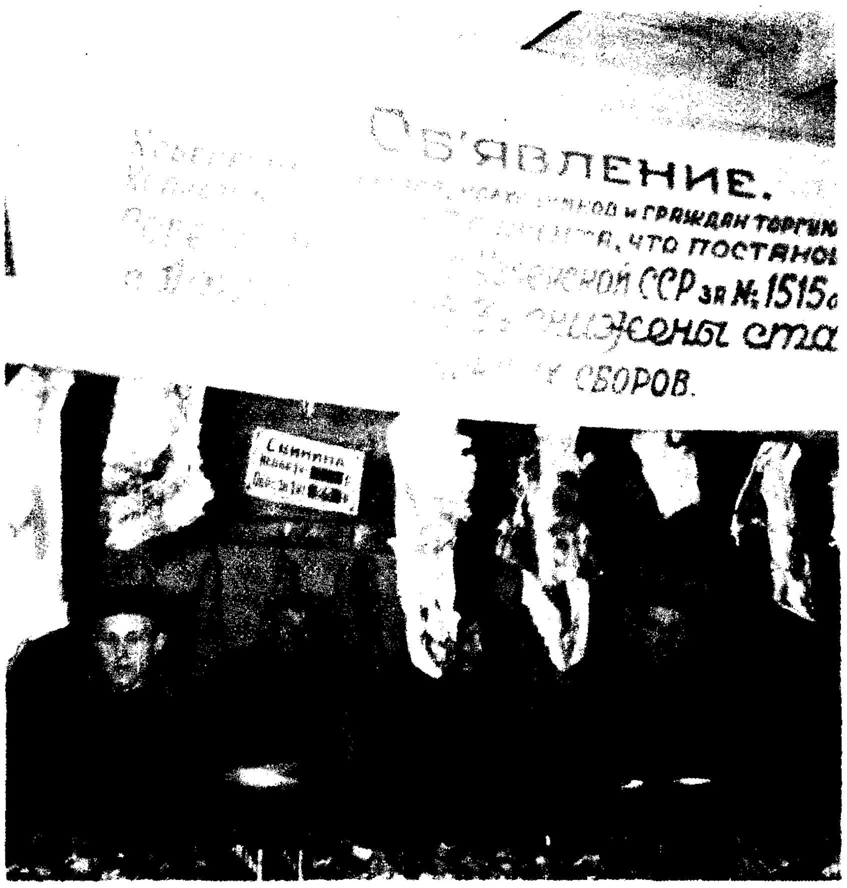
THE SOVIET PEOPLE seem reasonably well fed—at least, compared with the near starvation I saw when I headed the UNRRA mission to the Ukraine in 1946. There is plenty of bread, but only a fair amount of meat and vegetables. Fruits are very scarce. I rarely saw fruit other than apples in the markets; when lemons showed up from time to time there were block-long queues outside the stores. Apparently nobody goes hungry in the U.S.S.R., but the diet appears badly balanced. The Russians earn less than Americans, spend far more for food and clothing—and get less for their money, in quantity and quality.

I believe I broke a precedent when, a foreigner, I walked about and openly jotted down the prices of food and other products. Prices are a sensitive point with the rulers of the Soviet Union because

Apples on sale in the free market in Alma-Ata—which means "Father of Apples." MacDuffie says these apples are the best he has ever eaten: sweet, juicy, with small core. Western agricultural experts in Russia say they're the best farm product country produces, better than anything of the kind grown in West. Free markets are used by individual farmers and by collectives which have surplus not bought by state stores. Food is more plentiful in free markets, but expensive



A father in Alma-Ata teaching his son to ride a bicycle. Very few children in Soviet Union seem to have bikes, and comparatively few adults, at least in cities—in contrast to Western European cities, where they're widely used. Alma-Ata, though closer to China than to main part of Russia, is a Soviet cultural center, with major schools and museums, motion picture studios. Around turn of century, city was twice destroyed by earthquakes within a period of thirty years



Butcher store, located in a Tashkent market. Large sign announces cut in license fee to sell in free market—in typical bureaucratic lingo: "For information of collective farms, collective farm members and citizens trading on collective farm markets of city of Tashkent, by decision of the Council of Ministers of Uzbek SSR, No. 1515 of Sept. 19th: from Oct. 1, 1953, rates of market levies are reduced." Small sign prices pork trimmings at 24 rubles a kilo ($6 for 2.2 lbs.)

These girls marched in big Moscow parade celebrating anniversary of the October Revolution. Uniform indicates they are junior athletes. Bored by long wait, they broke ranks and rushed playfully at author when they saw his camera, had to be herded back by officials (men in civilian clothes). Short time afterward, MVD man in plain clothes ordered MacDuffie to leave. Part of the Kremlin is in background; the yellow structure at right of picture is government office building

Picasso peace dove, part of unrelenting Soviet "peace" propaganda campaign, appears even on a miniature train in children's amusement park in Kharkov, with words, "Peace for the World!" under it. The peace theme is hammered all over U.S.S.R.—in banners, posters, on radio, in newspapers—and evidently is having powerful effect on the population. Of all the people MacDuffie interviewed in Russia not a single one failed to mention peace upon learning he was an American

Soldiers line parade route during observance of 36th anniversary of revolution. Their clothing is standard winter uniform, but note the different gloves. Posters show Presidium member Lazar Kaganovich and inevitable "Peace for the World!" slogan. Only civilian heroes of Communism were displayed in parade: the top nine (all Presidium members), foreign Red chiefs, Stalin, Lenin, Marx and Engels. No Army leaders were shown—in keeping with de-emphasis of the military they are a good gauge to the standard of living.

It's difficult to generalize about food costs in Russia. Prices are higher in free markets—where individual farmers are permitted to sell the stuff they raise in their spare time, and collective farms unload their surplus—than they are in state stores. (The other side of the coin is that the free markets I saw had much more food to sell.) Prices also vary widely from one area to another. For example, one day in Kharkov I priced butter at a state store, where it cost the equivalent of $2.84 a pound, and at a free market—$3.98. But butter in the state store in Aktyubinsk, behind the Ural Mountains, was only $2.41 a pound. In Alma-Ata, it was $5.11 in the free market. Eggs, 42½ cents each in the Alma-Ata free market, were 27½ in the Kiev market.

Here are some food prices selected at random from my notes (they aren't average prices, because there is no such thing in Russia, but they give a pretty good picture of living costs): pork costs about 20 rubles per kilogram (about $2.27 a pound). Pork fat, which is esteemed by the Russians, runs as high as $3.41 a pound. Beef is about $1.82 a pound, lamb approximately the same or a little less.

Apples cost the equivalent of 70 cents a pound, tomatoes 95 cents a pound, walnuts $2.25 a pound, milk $1.25 a quart. The staple vegetables are cheaper: potatoes and cabbage about 23 cents a pound, and beets 12 cents a pound.

Clothing and other items are far more expensive than in America. In a department store in Aktyubinsk in Central Asia, I saw women's ordinary rayon dresses for 400 to 500 rubles—that is, $100 to $125. Men's blue-striped shirts were 57 rubles (about $16).

In a Baku department store, there were women's sweaters costing the equivalent of $39; I'm sure that in the United States the same sweaters would sell for less than $10. A man's suit cost $325, men's straight-edge razors $17, a celluloid soap dish 75 cents, a good-quality electric teapot $19.50, a very small vacuum cleaner about $112.

A 75-watt electric light bulb cost about 60 cents; the cheapest lipstick was $1.40; rayon brassières $7.50 and $5; and a small doll, about eight inches high, was a little more than $3. There was a huge crowd around some upright pianos which were selling for 3,500 to 5,400 rubles ($875 to $1,350).

Not only are prices high, but wages are low. As I said, they average about 173 rubles—$43.25—for a 48-hour week. A citizen of the U.S.S.R. must work two or three hours to earn enough to buy a pound of beef (the average American factory worker earns enough for a pound of beef in 20 minutes). To provide his children with seven quarts of milk a week, the Russian would have to work a day and a quarter.

I WAS HAVING a conversation in German with a Russian lieutenant on the train from Moscow to Minsk, when a colonel called over to him in Russian, obviously telling him to shut up. The lieutenant snapped back at the colonel, who flushed and turned away. I raised my eyebrows and the lieutenant said to me: "It's a democratic army. He's not *my* colonel."

NO ONE CAN enter a government building or certain other buildings (Moscow University, for one) without a pass. I attended the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow the night top members of the government made their annual appearance there, and my identification papers were read by two uniformed MVD men right down to the fine print. So were the papers of a Soviet general and admiral who came in next.

A SMALL-SCALE Russian revolution has started since the death of Stalin, involving a major upheaval in domestic policy. The first indication was Premier Malenkov's speech last summer, in which he said that Soviet heavy industry had made great gains and that future emphasis would be on developing light industry and agriculture: The new policy has stirred great hope among the people. And since the Soviet government has made prodigious promises, expert observers think the Kremlin may be heading for trouble.

THE SOVIET UNION is a nation of aging political leaders and youthful business executives. The country's seven top leaders all are in their late fifties or early sixties—with the single exception of Malenkov, who is fifty-two. But almost all the factory and farm directors I saw were in their forties, and their top assistants were in their thirties—men raised from childhood under Communism.

THERE'S AN INTENSIVE drive for education throughout the Soviet Union. University professors are among the very highest-paid people in the country. A college education appears to be within the reach of all who can qualify scholastically. Lower grade schooling is compulsory for seven years, and a plan now going into effect will make it obligatory for 10 years. In short, the best brains of the country are being sought out and developed.

I visited all levels of the education system, from nurseries to graduate schools. Youngsters who have completed seven years of basic schooling can, if they qualify, move on to three years of middle school and then five years of college (those who don't want a university education may attend tech-

Author visited churches of all faiths in Russia, found people seem free to worship but are discouraged from doing so. Nation has few churches, few churchgoers, mostly old women. Also, religious leaders follow the official propaganda line (they all signed U.S. germ warfare accusation). Above, MacDuffie and Moslem clergymen in Alma-Ata. Center, with chief rabbi of Moscow (r.) and other officials of city's only synagogue. At bottom, women praying in Russian Orthodox church in city of Zaporozhe

nical institutes). A system of subsidies enables all students with passing grades to go to universities at little or no cost. Certain large groups, like the Asiatic nationalities and the children of soldiers, attend colleges tuition-free.

The Russians are obsessed with education. I was asked constantly, by all kinds of people, "Does everyone have a chance for a college education in the United States?"

THERE'S NO DOUBT that the Voice of America and the B.B.C. are getting through to the Russian people, despite intensive Soviet jamming. At a collective farm near Kiev one day, I suddenly heard a burst of jazz from a radio loud-speaker, followed by a voice which said in unmistakably American accents, "This is the music of Stan Kenton and his band." Another time, in Baku, I was surprised to hear the voice of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. It was the B.B.C. rebroadcasting a Dulles news conference in Washington. A few months ago, when the rumor was printed in the U.S. that Senator McCarthy's committee had made contact with Lavrenti Beria outside the U.S.S.R., the same rumor, carried by the Voice, spread quickly inside Russia.

The Voice is a source of much heated feeling in the U.S.S.R.—which may be an indication of its effectiveness. People mention the B.B.C. with less rancor, but dozens told me that U.S. propaganda is distorted. A standard Russian wisecrack is, "You're as big a liar as the Voice of America."

ALL COPS IN Russia belong to the MVD, which—ominous though it sounds—simply means Ministry of Internal Affairs. The uniformed policemen are called "militiamen," and they are the politest cops I ever saw. They salute you respectfully even when they accuse you of wrongdoing. Once, when two of them were examining my credentials in Moscow, they allowed a snoopy citizen (he just happened to be walking by) to read over their shoulders and offer advice. Another time, I saw a Kiev cop pushed reeling into the street by a hefty drunk he and another policeman were trying to hustle off for sobering up. The cop just stared in a hurt, bewildered way as the inebriate moved off.

Besides the militiamen, there is the MVD elite guard, which protects the leaders of the country at public gatherings and so on. They wear regular army uniforms distinguished by blue-tinted caps. During the recent big Anniversary of the Revolution celebration in Red Square I noticed that while the armed forces marched past, they stood about five feet apart in front of the reviewing stand, where all the top leaders stood. But when the civilians began to march, more elite guards showed up and stood shoulder to shoulder—not taking any chances with the proletariat.

There are also un-uniformed police whom I took to be ordinary plain-clothes detectives. I still don't know whether these are the dread secret police or whether there are special formations of secret MVD detectives.

In any event, I was often conscious that the plain-clothes men were there. At the Red Square parade, the same man in civilian clothes popped up in front of me several times, in several places, blocking my lens while I was trying to take pictures. Another time, while I was traveling on a train, alone, from Moscow to Minsk, I'm pretty sure I was followed. Here's what happened:

Shortly after the trip started, a civilian entered my compartment under some flimsy pretext, then stayed, even though his ticket wasn't for that compartment. He was a grim, sober citizen. He refused to pose for a picture, which is unusual in the Soviet Union, and he wouldn't answer when I tried to talk to him, which is also pretty unusual. When I got out at whistle stops to take pictures, he got out, too, and watched. Once, in the compartment, I tried the direct approach. "MVD?" I asked chummily. He froze and shook his head.

Then, at one stop he met another man on the platform. They talked and several times looked my way. Back on the train, the first man was gone—but twice, when I went to the diner, the second man promptly appeared and sat at the next table.

Then a third civilian got into the act. I was talking in German to two Red Army officers, when he butted in, also in German. I left for a moment; when I got back, all three were gone—and when I encountered the officers later they wouldn't talk to me. I got off at a stop to photograph some peasants, and my officious friend shooed them away. I was beginning to burn. I returned to the train and opened a conversation with a couple of other men—and once again Snoopy butted in. I exploded. "You've been following me, and I'm sick of it!" I snapped. "Now get the hell out of here! *Heraus!*" He looked flustered and left.

Maybe they weren't MVD, any of them. Naturally, I can't be sure. But I'd bet on it.

On one occasion, I *know* I was dealing with MVD men, because they admitted it. That time, I was really scared.

I was alone in Kharkov that day, without my interpreter, trying to take a picture of a sign on a building, when a cop stopped me. He led me to two other policemen; while they were trying to decide what to do with me, a third man in civilian clothes came up and joined in the conversation in a highly authoritative way. The

Three Soviet commercial establishments. Above, free market in Tiflis. Free market prices fluctuate greatly, depending on demand. One lamb seller, asked price, said, "I don't know; it's too early." A man who sold onions replied to same question: "Take them; nobody is buying." Center, wine counter in state food store. Sign advertises cordials. At bottom, gas station behind Russian Orthodox church in Kharkov was run by woman who let customers serve themselves, then collected money

Author at Stalin's birthplace in Georgia. Sign says: "Great Stalin, leader of working people of the world, was born and lived here—1879-1883"

One of few woman executives MacDuffie met was head of railway workers hospital, Kiev (above). He had to don white coat to tour place. Below, curious Russians examine 25-ton truck at a farm fair near Minsk. Author saw only one more truck this size, at Minsk auto plant which makes them

uniformed police listened to him closely, then all four took me to a trolley car.

I protested. I showed them documents, talked in my lame Russian, gestured toward my hotel, where my interpreter could intercede for me . . . nothing did any good. I was worried. I was alone, and loaded with notes and film. I thought of AP correspondent William Oatis in the Czech jail; I thought of Siberia. After a ten-block streetcar ride, we got off and walked into a police station that was exactly like so many worn and dirty police stations in the United States. Cops and nondescript-looking civilians were milling about busily; the civilians obviously knew their way around the place. "M-V-D?" I asked four of them in turn. All said, *"Da"* (yes).

I waited there for 20 minutes. Finally a cop came in and motioned that I was to follow him upstairs. I thought: Here's where I get the works. I entered an office; inside there was a handsome, tired-looking man with stripes on his shoulders and another whom I took to be the chief of detectives. The uniformed man handed me my documents and said something in Russian. I didn't understand, and the other repeated it. I was free to go. I pointed to my camera: Could I continue taking pictures? They nodded.

So, as I returned to the street, I wheeled and snapped a picture of MVD headquarters. Then, walking back the way I'd come, I ran into my three cops again—and snapped them, too. They didn't object, although they looked uneasy.

I later related the incident to a Western diplomat. When I mentioned photographing the police station and the police, he winced visibly. He seemed to think that anyone so rash was lucky to be there to tell him the story.

"CLASSLESS" RUSSIA has, I'm sure, the world's highest percentage of chauffeur-driven cars. Outside Communist headquarters in Moscow once, I counted 55 cars at 6:00 P.M.; 48 had chauffeurs.

RELIGION SEEMS to be losing its hold on the people of the Soviet Union. I did see some icons—religious symbols—in peasants' homes in the country. But I made careful counts in more than a dozen Orthodox churches, a Catholic church, Moslem mosques and a Jewish synagogue and found wherever I checked that there were few worshipers, mostly old and mostly women. One Sunday, I spent an hour and a half in the great Kiev Cathedral. There were 500 there; women outnumbered men by eight or nine to one, and almost all seemed old and poor. I saw four babies, 12 older children—and only 20 adults under fifty years of age.

There seems to be freedom of religion, all right—but there's also evidence of an unrelenting opposition to it that apparently is very effective. There are 55 churches in Moscow for a population of five to seven million (there hasn't been a precise head count since 1939). New York City (population 8,000,000) has more than 2,600 churches.

THE LABOR UNIONS in Soviet Russia have extraordinary limitations—and extraordinary power. For example, they don't have the right to strike, about the most valuable prerogative of Western trade unions. I could not accept one union leader's explanation: "Since the people own everything, it would be like striking against ourselves." Still, they frequently become involved in sharp disputes with the government-appointed management, and I was told of unions which had removed factory directors by proving they were unsatisfactory or inefficient. They complained to the ministry controlling their enterprise; when the charges stood up, the boss was fired.

RUSSIAN TELEVISION reception seems clearer than ours (the image is more sharply defined: 625 lines to the inch, compared with our 525) but the standard Soviet receiving set has only a 5-by-7-inch screen. I was told there are only 50,000 TV receivers in all of the Soviet Union, but some apartment-house roofs are beginning to resemble the TV antenna jungles so common in America. Programming (about 36 hours a week) is heavily weighted with concerts, lectures and movies. All the best available entertainment—plays, operas and the like—is televised in full.

The Russians are concerned about the possibility of their children becoming juvenile delinquents from watching TV—as they have been told is the case in America. One night, after a film was announced, a woman appeared on the screen and warned that the movie was not for children.

RUSSIAN MEN are always combing their hair—at restaurant tables, in theater lobbies and other public places. I never saw a woman making up her face in public.

THERE'S A SIGN in the Kiev post office that reads: "You may send a letter without a stamp, but it will go more slowly."

MOST RUSSIANS have a good sense of humor, although their jokes sometimes are labored, by our standards. Their humor often is directed against themselves and their government.

In one vaudeville skit, a highly regarded worker in a clothing factory is being rewarded for his great production record. The reward: a suit of clothes. The worker indignantly refuses the gift, explaining angrily: "That's the suit *I* worked on!" His sally brought hearty laughter from the audience. What happened next brought even more. The factory director remonstrates with the worker, insisting that the factory makes excellent garments. Then the executive steps out from behind his desk—revealing that one pant leg is missing from his suit.

Crocodile, the humor magazine, is full of the same sort of satire. A recent cartoon that caused a lot of comment while I was in Moscow shows a man asking a little girl how to get to a tractor depot. The countryside around them is littered with the wrecks of abandoned farm machinery. "Just follow the trail of the damaged tractors," says the little girl. "You'll get there."

I HAVE NEVER seen such conformity in my life as I did in the offices of Soviet officials. On every desk was a desk stand with two inkwells, an old-fashioned nib pen, a curved hand blotter and a container filled with knife-sharpened pencils, facing up. Usually there was a table—either to one side or shoved against the desk in the form of a T—covered by a green or red felt cloth. Against every wall was a safe, and on the wall hung a sort of half grandfather clock. In a corner, always, was a rubber plant. For wall decorations there were pictures of Lenin or Stalin or both, and sometimes a map of Russia or the world. Even the offices in stage plays fitted the picture in all details.

I couldn't quite understand this rigid conformity until I visited a Moscow museum and saw a model of a room which Stalin had used as a study from 1918 to 1922. There it all was, in its drabness—desk, double inkwells, curved blotter, pencil holder, safe, rubber plant and central lamp.

IN A KIEV department store, there was a mink coat for sale. Price: 20,004 rubles ($5,001).

AT THE DOOR of every Orthodox church I visited—and I saw at least a dozen of them—was a group of beggars. The worst was in Kharkov: 28 women beggars, five men.

LOWER SOVIET courts have one judge and two "jurymen," all of them elected officials (the jurymen are elected for two- or three-year terms, serving 10 days a year). All three question the witnesses. Rulings needn't be unanimous, and the jurymen in theory can outvote the judge.

Occasionally there's an attorney who represents the government; one stated he could appear only in cases involving injury on the job, job suspension or the taking away of living space. The government lawyer theoretically comes to the trial with an open mind and later recommends a decision to the judge and jury. If they disregard his suggestions, he can take the case to a higher court—as can the principals.

There is supposed to be equality in Russia, where everyone works for the same boss, the state. But in the cases I saw, the juries seemed to favor the individual in any dispute between individuals and state enterprises. They questioned government-appointed executives sharply and leaned toward the individuals in their decisions.

IN A GRAMMAR SCHOOL in Moscow I came across two books in English: Brother Rabbit and His Friends, and The Last of the Mohicans.

OF THE 10,000 MILES I traveled in the U.S.S.R., 8,000 were by air, and I had a good chance to study Soviet airlines and airports. Most airliners were twin-engine planes like our old DC-3s. Some apparently had been war planes; one still had wires inside to trip paratroopers' chutes.

I seldom saw stewardesses; those I did encounter were usually heavy-set, plain-looking girls, wearing simple dresses and woolen stockings and shawls over their heads. Meals are served only rarely aboard the planes. Usually the schedule seems to call for a landing around mealtime so the passengers can dine in the airport restaurant.

I'd heard stories that the Russian pilots were wild and careless. The pilots I flew with seemed competent and cautious. They warmed up their engines carefully before take-off, and never made a rough landing while I was aboard. They did make rather nerve-racking take-offs, yanking their planes off the ground very quickly, and then flying a long time just above the ground before gaining altitude. I suppose they take off that way because most of their airports, outside of those in big cities like Moscow and Baku, are just rough dirt fields. When I visited Central Asia in November, the airfields were nothing but seas of mud. On one landing, we plowed into such an immense puddle that mud splashed clear to the top of the fuselage.

Notwithstanding the relative crudity of Soviet air travel, airline fares are three times those in the U.S. I paid 200 rubles ($50) to go from Minsk to Kiev. A corresponding flight from New York to Washington costs about $16.50.

One more word about the pilots. "In my country," I told a Russian, "the pilots have a reputation for high-flying even when they're not in an airplane." He grinned. "In that respect," he said, "our pilots and yours are brothers."

I ASKED a bank official in Baku if the bank could influence the management of a company to which it was making loans. "Quite often," he said, "we demand a change in the manager."

PART OF one car of each Moscow subway train is reserved for the physically handicapped, pregnant women, mothers with children and the aged.

PAINTINGS, busts and photographs of Lenin and Stalin are everywhere in Russia—in homes, parks, offices, hotel lobbies, streets, on buildings, factory walls, trains, over and over again. Every classroom of a school had pictures of one or both; so did every room of a university I visited.

Russian wolves. At Zaporozhe, MacDuffie took this picture of a pretty girl attracting same attention pretty girls get all over the world

In the Ukraine, I finally met a man who was a nonconformist—and proud of it. He was the assistant director of a factory, and his office had pictures of neither Lenin nor Stalin. Just Molotov.

FOR A LONG TIME, the Soviet press did not report news of crime and berated Western papers for doing so. Now, however, Russian newspapers carry crime reports, like a story which appeared in the Moscow Pravda of December 13, 1953. The article, loaded with the usual editorial comment, tells about three young comrades who "constantly got drunk, acted like hooligans, and caused uproars." One evening the "fine fellows, feeling their oats as usual, turned up in the canteen of the coke and gas factory, began to annoy the workers . . . and tried to pick a quarrel." The fight they started resulted in the death of one worker and injury to two others. The three troublemakers were sentenced to long terms in a corrective labor camp, and the story concludes: "The workers of the coke and gas factory present at the trial greeted the sentence with unanimous approval. The hooligan bandits received their just deserts!"

THE U.S.S.R. TODAY is in many respects a very puritanical country. There's no pin-up art; no writing about sex; virtually no display of the female body. In the Soviet Union's great art museum, the Tretyakov gallery in Moscow, I saw only two paintings of nudes. One was placed so high on the wall it was hard to see. The other, called Sword Dancer, featured a female figure about 10 inches high. It was at eye level, all right, but it was roped off—the only painting with a rope around it. (Three Russian GIs were eying it steadily.)

THE LEAST EXPENSIVE item in the Soviet cost of living: a haircut (1½ rubles or 37 cents).

SOVIET CHRISTMAS trees—or, rather, New Year's trees—have a star on top, like ours. There's one difference. The star is red. ▲▲▲

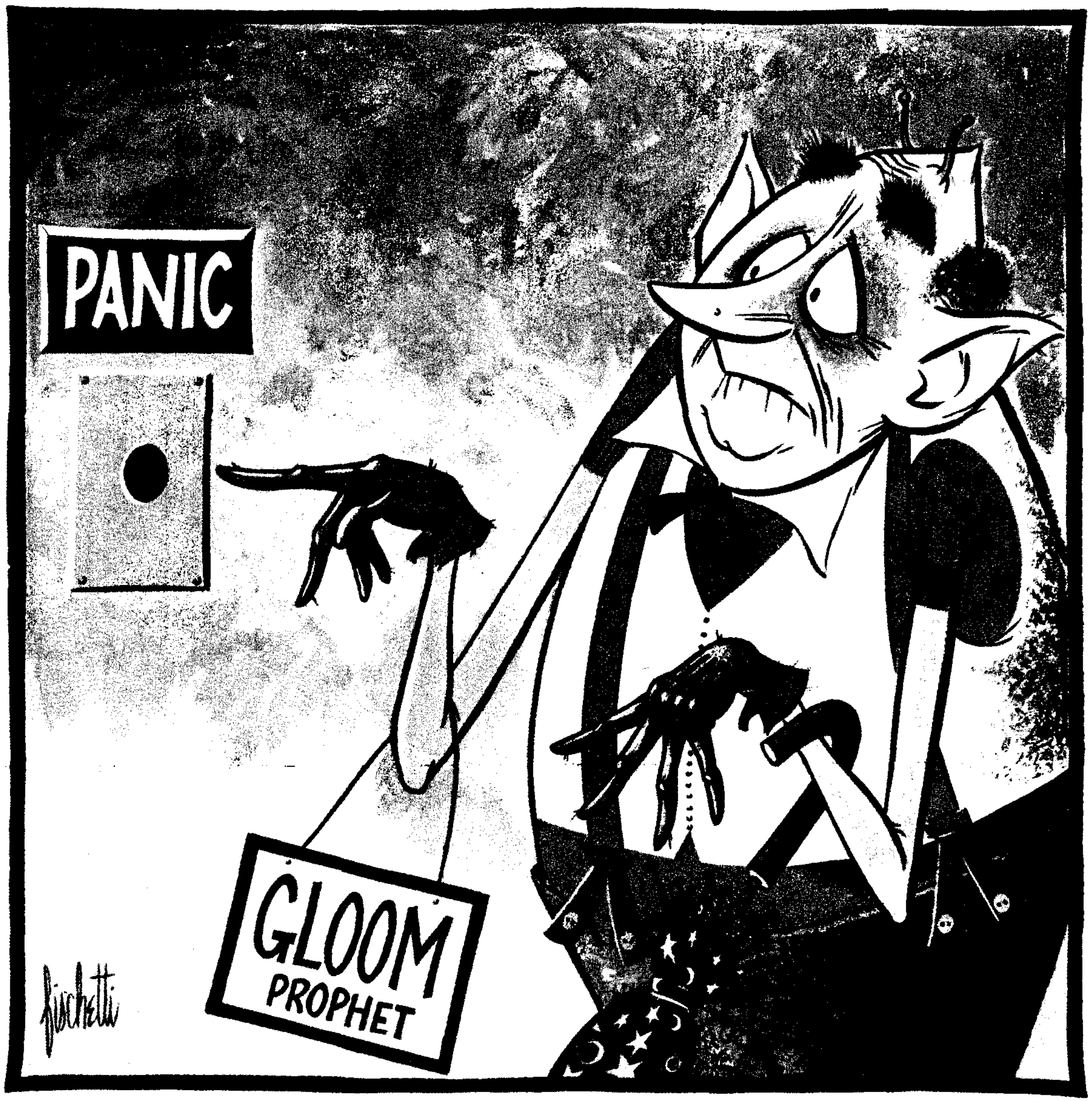
In the Next Issue of Collier's

RUSSIA'S No. 2 MAN SPEAKS

Exclusive 4-Hour INTERVIEW

In his first talk with a Westerner, Nikita S. Khrushchev, the successor to Stalin and Malenkov as Communist party secretary, informally discusses U.S.-Soviet relations and some of Russia's internal problems

In the March 19 Issue, on Sale March 4



JOHN FISCHETTI

Let's Not Push the Panic Button

WE ARE WILLING to grant that a country can't talk itself into prosperity simply by adopting a Pollyanna philosophy. But we aren't so sure that fear and the talk of fear can't induce a slight economic paralysis. There can be tangible reasons for the fearful talk to start in the first place. But certainly pessimistic rumors and predictions have their part in provoking a "panic," which is an old-fashioned term but, to our mind, far more apt and accurate than the newer, politer "recession."

The talk of fear, if it is loud and long enough, can scare consumers into retrenching rather than spending. This in turn can force retailers to curtail their orders, and manufacturers to contract their operations rather than expand them. An epidemic case of jitters, chain-reacting throughout a nation, can aggravate whatever actual economic ills may be present.

In recent weeks we have read and heard a lot of gloomy prognostications. Some economists talked of a "decline" or "downturn" or "orthodox recession." Others took the view that the boom was going to go bust in a big way. And since we don't share these dour forebodings we are glad that the Advertising Council, a war-born, still-active group of representatives from business, advertising and publishing is considering a campaign to accentuate the positive. We trust that it will be carried out.

We don't believe that the council's members are kidding themselves. They are able and successful men. And we believe they have good reason for a hopeful approach to the coming year, using the same facts and statistics which the gloomsters have employed.

In a speech at the tenth annual White House Conference of the Council's Business and Industry Associates, William C. McKeehan, Jr., of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, mentioned a Washington meeting of the American Statistical Association which took place in late December. And he recalled that a majority of the country's top economists, after lengthy deliberation, concluded at this meeting that the present year should be the *second* best year, economically speaking, in our entire history. He also reminded his listeners of several changes and needs which, though often overlooked or taken for granted, are positive forces in shaping our national and individual prosperity.

He cited, for example, our rising standard of living and greater life expectancy; our high employment and high wages; our educational and cultural progress; our technological advancement and ever-increasing farm mechanization. He also noted needs which can be read as future job opportunities as well as present deficiencies: more and better highways and schools; increase in output of electrical energy; rebuilding and remodeling of many dwellings and buildings; expansion of the voluntary hospital system; modernization of industry.

We realize, of course, that there is another side to the picture. In the last year employment has receded slightly from its record height. But the reasons for this slight (on a national basis) drop in jobs are not fundamentally frightening. The truce in Korea has curtailed the false and tragic "prosperity" of war production. Freewheeling government spending is generally less. Supply has pretty well caught up with, and in some cases passed, the great demand for civilian goods left over from World War II.

Furthermore, for all our present prosperity, we are not on the joy ride of the 1920s. The government is alert to potential dangers and prepared for emergencies. Our economy is sound and expanding. Beyond that, our need is for faith and calmness. Our greatest present peril, perhaps, is that we as a nation might worry ourselves into a psychodepression. A calamity of that sort is not only unnecessary but avoidable. And we feel that confidence is the correct preventive prescription.

Space-Happy?

IN THE LAST TWO YEARS Collier's has devoted a portion of seven issues to articles which discussed space travel, man-made space satellites, and possible human exploration of the moon. At times we have had to take a good bit of kidding from other publications whose writers seem to feel that the whole idea is fantastic, and that we have become a little space-happy.

Well, we feel about space travel just as we did last year when we commented editorially on the panel of distinguished scientists who have written for us or advised us on the subject: "They have, over the years, proceeded from the most abstruse equation to the most practical detail. They have examined every conceivable problem—mathematical, aeronautical, astronautical, mechanical, physical, emotional. And they have concluded that the mission of the great project can be accomplished."

We are pleased to say that we and our advisers are not alone in our belief in what some have called wishful thinking, escapism or pure imagination. As evidence, may we quote the opinion of a pioneer aviator, a tough combat flier and distinguished military commander, an aeronautical engineer and doctor of science, and a successful businessman, Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle (ret.).

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight, the publication Planes asked General Doolittle to predict what the next half century of aviation might bring. The general complied, with the cautious foreword that "I believe that if I have erred, it is in the direction of conservatism." Here is his estimate of the possibility of creating man-made earth satellites:

"While many of the technical problems involved in the production of a successful earth satellite have not yet been solved, expenditure of sufficient effort and money should lead to the required answers. It is entirely probable that an earth satellite will be built within the next 50 years, and possible that attempts will be made to send missiles through space as far as the moon."

We hope that this admittedly conservative opinion from an experienced, practical-minded authority will help convince our skeptical friends that the conquest of the regions beyond the earth is the next great frontier that challenges man—and, incidentally, that maybe Collier's doesn't have bats in its space helmet after all.

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